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A PROVENÇAL PILGRIMAGE.



HEN Coleridge wrote "The spring comes slowly up this way" he was, no doubt, wholly within his poetical rights, but what he meant was, the spring comes late. It is only in the South that the spring does indeed come slowly, with noiseless footsteps, taking her gracious leisure, lingering lovingly over the opening of every leaf and the fashioning of every flower. When we had fairly set out on that vernal pilgrimage to Provence of which we had been dreaming for so many years, and found the apple-buds beginning to show pink in all the cider orchards of Normandy and the chestnuts lighting up their torches of blossom along the dazzling Parisian boulevards, we had a passing fear lest we might be too late after all for the overture to the year in the poetic precincts of Gard, Vaucluse, and the Bouches du Rhône. But we comforted ourselves by remembering the loitering footsteps and long pauses of the fair season in Italy, and when we were once clear of Paris we were amply reassured by the golden green of the meadow grasses, the keen fragrance of willow trees in flower, and the diaphanous drapery of the swaying poplars (I have borrowed Thomas Hardy's incomparable word for the texture of young leafage), which went with us in a glad procession all the way. Nay, we had outstripped the spring before we reached the height of land which formed of old the northern boundary of the Provincia Romana.

The almost unvisited chain of La Lozère is every bit as wild as the Maritime Alps, and, as we slowly climbed, the population seemed always more and more poverty-stricken, and the snow in the treeless glens gave little sign of yielding. "But now we shall shoot straight into the South," we joyously cried the moment we

had satisfied ourselves that the mountain brooks were making for the Mediterranean, and shortly thereafter we were among beautiful chestnut woods just beginning to show their green, and in an hour we were raising a pæan at the sight of our first olive. The sweetest and least traveled member of our party had a great revulsion of feeling when enabled to identify the object of our enthusiasm. "What! That little one-sided, whity shrub? Is *that* what you are singing and weeping over?" We knew that the dear tyro would one day feel with us. For what does not the meanest specimen of the olive say to those who have once passed under its profound poetic spell?

As the afternoon declined, our train began to slacken speed among the odorous gardens of Nîmes, and we felt that we had arrived and that our pilgrimage was fairly begun. Yet Nîmes looks less like a southern town than any other of the South which I know. It has rather the air of affecting to despise its ancient lineage, and wears and seems to cultivate an indefinable aspect of Protestantism and prosperity. And as a matter of fact it is the stronghold of the so-called reformed faith in these parts: the guardians of the monuments officially declared "historic" are every one Protestants, and reflect on their dark memories of persecuting days with much acerbity.

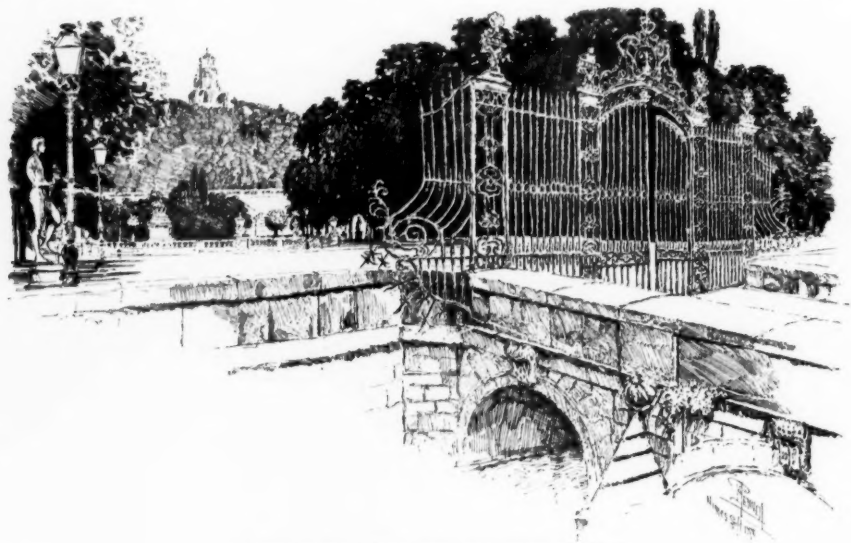
At Nîmes, nevertheless, even in the gay center of the modern town, we first identified a spot associated with the work of that unique contemporary genius—that living singer of the nineteenth century with notes of the ninth before our era—who has gathered into a single nosegay all the perennial poesy of the land; who has left untouched no picturesque custom nor romantic tradition of this immemorially inhabited coast, and has touched nothing which he has not adorned. Need I

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say that the poet whom I mean is Frédéric Mistral, and the poem his "Mirèio"? The *félibres*, votaries of the Provençal dialect, have but sung to his baton and danced to his piping; he himself has produced later works which are marvels of rich fancy and ingenious versification, but the "first, fine, careless rapture" has never been recovered. "Mirèio" is the one

The Nymphæum — perhaps because of the modern Versailles-like parapets which surround its basins of limpid green water and the well-patronized café at the gates of Diana's Temple — has a certain spurious air like that of the well-made ruins at Virginia Water; but those three are overpoweringly impressive.

It is a sharp climb up through murmuring



LA TOUR MAGNE, NÎMES, FROM THE FOUNTAIN-GARDEN.

perfect aloe flower of a literature which had slumbered well on towards a thousand years. Vincen and Mirèio are as real as Romeo and Juliet; they are almost more real than Petrarch and Laura, to whom they yield precedence at Avignon; and it was on the esplanade at Nîmes that Vincen ran the famous foot-race and sustained the honorable defeat which he so ingeniously describes to the fascinated Mirèio in the dewy first canto of the idyl.

Ten yards away from the glowing theater of his contest you may involve yourself, if you will, in the dark, tortuous streets of a mediæval town. Traces of ancient splendor are seen at every turn — grand porticos crumbling into dust; graceful, statueless shrines, with their dainty Gothic carving veiled by thick-hanging cobwebs; and, finest of all, the disfigured and mutilated front of the old cathedral, once as richly wrought as any in Lombardy.

So much for the Nîmes of to-day and the Nîmes of yesterday. Both sink suddenly into insignificance when we discern the three great existing relics of the *Colonia Nemausensis Augusta*, which was planned by Augustus and fostered by Agrippa — the amphitheater, the peerless Maison Carrée, and the Tour Magne.

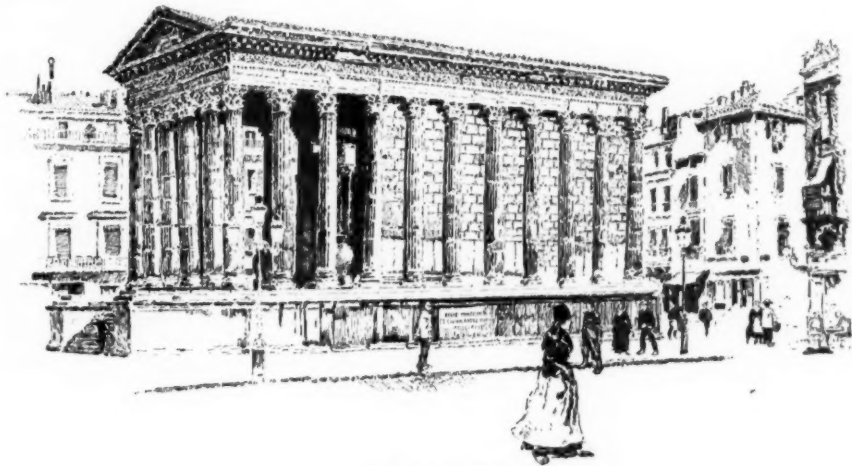
pine woods, which throw out a spicy fragrance under the hot sunshine, to the table-like summit of the hill where what is now called the Tour Magne was built — by whom, or for what purpose, is barely guessed. Lighthouse tower or mausoleum, it may have been either. Let the antiquaries decide. The unlearned visitor is at once reminded of that triumphal monument to Augustus above Monte Carlo — the *Trophæum Augusti* — from which Turbia takes its name, and which dominates long stretches of the richly colored Mediterranean and its luxuriant coast, as the Tour Magne the pearl-gray landscape of Provence. One restores in imagination a broad portico in front of the monument, whose circular base was thickly incrustated with marble and the octagon of its second story supplied with a statue between each pair of its half-engaged pillars; and upon the summit we erect a statue of Augustus himself, destined as a perpetual reminder to all the surrounding country of the world-shadowing power of Rome.

Fascinating as is the Tour Magne and the spacious view that it affords of olive orchards and lines of thick-set mulberry trees, of silent farmsteads and lazily turning windmills, we

must leave it behind and descend to the Maison Carrée, one of the most exquisitely made and perfectly preserved pagan temples in all the world. Formerly this, too, was referred to the Augustan age, but the latest and most probable theory identifies Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus as the *principes juventutis* who acted as its sponsors and set their names in bronze letters under its beauteous pediment. How have they ever remained intact, those rich and delicate moldings, through all the vicissitudes which the building has sustained? By turns heathen temple and Christian church, stable and receiving-tomb, meeting-place of a revolutionary committee and warehouse for grain, the Maison Carrée is now the municipal museum, and contains a small collection of antiquities and a few modern pictures. The authorized guardian of these treasures is an unconscious imitator of Charles Lamb, and excuses the lateness of his arrival at the scene of his duties by promising to depart early.

wandering through interminable corridors and clambering over the broken ranges of seats, we descended and asked to be let out. The wife of the guardian was for the time being in charge. Waving her fat hand with true southern dignity towards the nearest archway, through which a straggling line of miscellaneous mankind was passing to the interior, "Ladies," said she, "I counsel you not to leave. This afternoon, as doubtless you know, there will be a serious affair in the arena, with tridents and cockades, but just at present the youth is going to exercise and amuse itself with a cow—a small cow—left over from the last course."

We were impressed by her manner, and began meekly to retrace our steps. Having found and established ourselves in a shady spot, we turned towards the arena and perceived for the first time that the central space was encircled by a low wooden paling, closed at one extremity by a pair of red-painted doors which might have been looted from a north New England

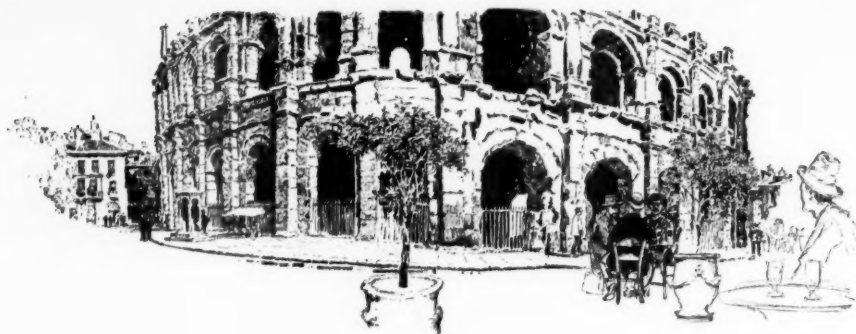


LA MAISON CARRÉE.

On the massive amphitheater—about as large as that of Verona—the history of its nineteen hundred years is more legibly written. The fortification of it under Goths and Saracens has left its trace, and so has the attempted destruction of the edifice by Charles Martel, when corridors and passages were filled with wood and set ablaze, with the sole effect of blackening and cracking the heavy masonry; so also have the close-set hovels which packed its arena until the middle of the last century, when they were removed to make room for that noble local amusement called variously *la ferrade* and *la course aux taureaux*.

Wearied out that Sunday morning with

barn. Inside the paling, in convenient proximity to these doors, were grouped some forty of *la jeunesse de Nîmes*, of age varying from fifteen to fifty. There were soldiers and policemen off duty, clerks from the town-shops and "hands" from the neighboring farms, boys with dogs and boys without, all swayed by the same passion for the classic diversions of the arena. A cry is raised of "*Elle vient!*" and a tumultuous movement arises among the youth, followed by a series of loud thuds, as eighty heels smite the wooden paling and eighty legs are adroitly swung over to the side of safety. The alarm proving false, they cautiously return to the post of danger, and not until this escapade



THE ARENA AT NÎMES.

has been several times repeated do the barn doors actually turn upon their creaking hinges and admit to the arena a lean and wistful-looking heifer. She let her eye drop languidly, first on the *jeunesse* astride the fence, and then with a shade more of interest upon ourselves. Even thus, beholding her full face, we could but own that she was a small creature. A little triangular black head, with moody mouth, sleepy eyes, and widely branching horns, two short thin legs, and a waving tail, were all that we could discern. After a few moments of suspense one of the more adventurous youths stole forward upon tiptoe, whooped in the animal's ear, and then dashed back to the fence amid loud applause. Moolly turned her head half around and contemptuously switched her tail. The experiment was repeated from the other side of the oval space, and she started on a calm trot for the red doors, only to find them closed. Her movement had quite sufficed, however, to clear the arena of human com-

batants, with the exception of one plump sergeant, who missed his leap over the paling and lay biting the dust. We waited impatiently for the next act of the drama, but nothing ensued, and the conviction slowly forced itself upon us that the fun was all over. "It was very interesting, was n't it, ladies?" said the guardian's wife as she accepted her fee and ceremoniously bowed us out.

Well, it was not exactly our idea of a Roman *venatio*, nor even of one of those fierce branding-bouts described with such magnificent vigor in "*Mirèio*." Still, it had been intimated to us in the beginning that this affair would not be serious, and we had indeed found it quite the reverse. The next day, at Aigues Mortes, we were to see the genuine thing.

We were cheerfully disappointed in the approach to Aigues Mortes. Mr. Murray warns the readers of his excellent guide-book, and we had been told by previous travelers, to expect the acme of desolation. Even Mis-

tral speaks of the utter sadness of the briny plains, traveled only by vagrant sea-gulls. It must all depend upon the season of the year, for nothing could have been more affluent and smiling than the aspect of the plain the day we crossed it. The greater part of the land seemed to be reclaimed and well cultivated. Every marsh island had its farm and orchard. The wheat-fields were gay with poppies, and the ditches which divided them crowded with the lance-like leaves and splendid blossoms of the yellow

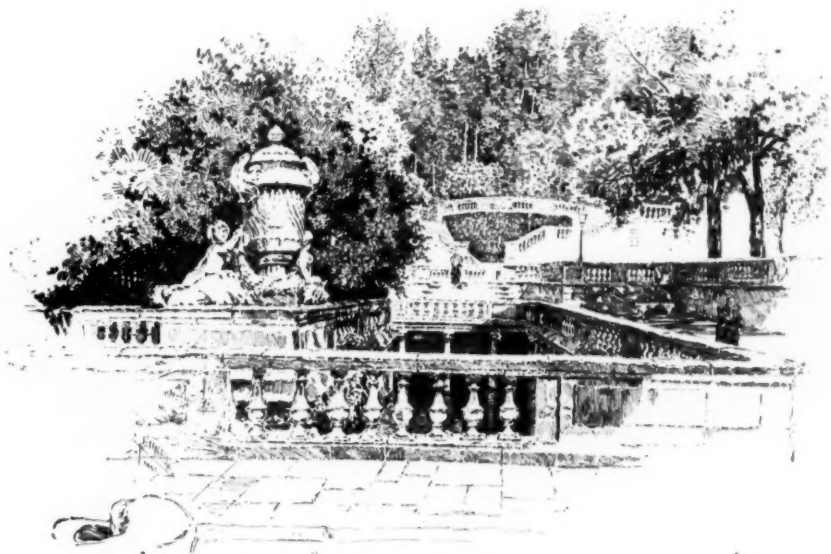


CATHEDRAL AT NÎMES.

iris. The unbroken parallelogram of the massive town wall of Aigues Mortes starts abruptly out of the flowery level, a perfect example of medieval fortification. Philip the Bold built these walls, but it was St. Louis who purchased the site of the town of the melodious monks of the Abbey of Poalmodi, hard by, and thereby secured for his crusading fleet a port upon the Mediterranean. The statue of the sainted monarch sits in the market-place, looking both meek and obstinate, as doubtless he did in life, and the solitary inn is named for him.

How we might have fared for our lunch there on an ordinary day I cannot say, but, thanks

crowd which surged about St. Louis in the square, and looked for a little while at the course. There were veritable bulls in question to-day—small, black, vicious-looking beasts, every one having a cockade on his forehead inscribed with a number 5, 10, 25. The men were armed with tridents, and he who could pick off a cockade with his classical weapon received as many francs as the number thereon designated. The sport seemed to us more stupid than cruel, and the guide who was waiting to show us the famous Tour de Constance, at the northern angle of the town wall, professed himself quite of our mind. The people of Aigues Mortes were very *bête*. They always



A FOUNTAIN AT NÎMES.

to the *course aux taureaux*, we found preparations of a festive order well advanced, and many were the dishes set before us, new acquaintances and old friends following in bewildering succession: *bouillabaisse* and beefsteak, salad of dried olives, and — baked beans! Lunching at another table in the same room with us were the very wildest-looking set of men that I have ever seen, in hue like the North American Indian, quite satisfying one's ideas of Camarguan cattle-breeders. And such they were, come to take part in the day's sport; but their manners were mild and civil, though they talked a strange guttural dialect, which was no more the elaborate language of the *fêlibre* than it was Parisian French, or the Greek so long ago spoken here.

We hung upon the outskirts of the dusty

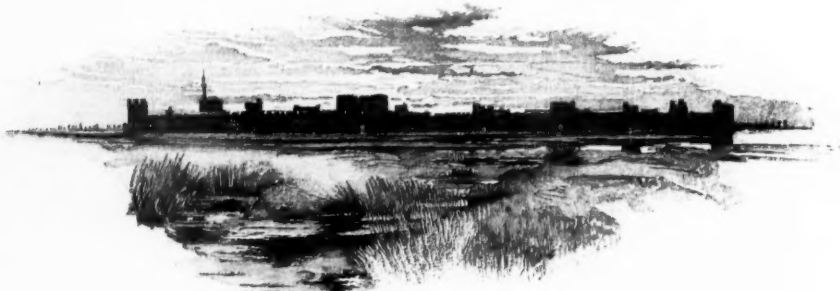
voted for the conservative candidate, actually. Still, we were requested to believe that nowhere else could the real, old, murderous *ferrado* now be seen in perfection, and that the base of St. Louis's statue often reeked with the blood of the slain.

Our guide was a serious-faced man, with slow and weighty delivery, admirably adapted to the blood-curdling tales of the Tour de Constance, not one of which he spared us. He showed us the series of subterranean dungeons, every one with a hole in the floor, communicating with a still lower chamber of horrors, and certain sad relics found in a corner of one of these—a pair of lady's slippers, with the Louis Quinze heels turned sidewise and the thin soles worn through with use, and by the side of these a baby's shoe.

The Tour de Constance is of enormous strength: the walls have an average thickness of twenty feet, and the huge blocks of masonry are so chained and clamped together that Viollet-le-Duc said it was more like a tower of iron than one of stone. Naturally it seemed to the men of old a proper prison for those who suffered for conscience' sake, and almost from the beginning it was so used. Forty-five Knights Templars were incarcerated, condemned, and executed here in 1307. During the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Huguenots of either sex were confined here; but later still, doubtless on account of its exceptional strength, it was reserved for women alone. Women of the nobility and the middle class occupied the upper floor, peasants the lower. In 1766 the Maréchal Prince de Beauvau was appointed governor of Languedoc, and started on a tour of inspection. Arriving on the 11th of the following January at Aigues Mortes, he went at once to the Tour de Constance. His companion and eulogist, the Chevalier de Boufflers, relates how they were met at the entrance by an ob-

sailles, avowing his act, and placing himself and his office at the king's disposal. He got a severe reprimand from the minister of state, Saint-Florentin, but nothing more.

In the tiny Gothic chapel of the Tour de Constance, where Louis IX. kept vigil the night before he started on his first crusade, and where he heard mass in the morning, our guide bade us remark the absence of two of its principal foliations from the central ornament of the ceiling. These, he assured us, were knocked off and carried away as mementos by Francis I. and Charles V. in person when they had their famous interview at Aigues Mortes in 1538, after Francis had come back from his captivity in Spain. "And," continued our stately cicerone, "M. le duc d'Aumale informed me on the occasion of his last visit here that those fragments were still in existence, one having descended to Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, the other to himself." It was a curious fancy, and one thinks on measuring the height of the chapel that the two great rivals of the sixteenth century must have been as athletic as they were august.



AIGUES MORTES.

sequious concierge, who led them by dark and winding stairways to a door which he unlocked and flung back with a loud noise, revealing a sight at once hideous and touching. There, huddled in a dim, ill-ventilated room, were fourteen women, whose only crime was that they had been born in the same faith as Henri IV. Marie Durand, the youngest of these women, was fifty years old: Boissy d'Anglas also tells her story in an account of his own visit to the prison, fourteen years earlier. She had been seized when walking at her mother's side to church and thrust into this dungeon at the age of eight. M. de Beauvau had brought with him the gracious permission of Louis XV. to liberate three or four of the prisoners, but he was so overpowered by the sight of them that he nobly took the responsibility of releasing them all, providing for their immediate necessities from his own purse. He then wrote to Ver-

From the top of the tower the whole of the little walled town is seen to great advantage, with the silvery Mediterranean stretching round half the horizon, while away in every direction across the flat green land run the long, undeviating lines of some half-dozen canals. Our guide, who appeared to be a bit of a snob for all his radical politics, had reminiscences of visitors of the highest distinction connected with every tower on the wall. Here had lunched his Majesty of Brazil, and there "your illustrious compatriot the Prince of Wales." Of course we ran up the Stars and Stripes without delay, but he did not seem much impressed by our patriotism. "It's all the same," he observed loftily. "I only noticed your 'ye-es, ye-es,' to one another."

Equally with Aigues Mortes, Mr. Murray appears to have seen *en noir* the stupendous Pont du Gard. He describes it as "spanning

a rocky valley . . . partially covered with brushwood and greensward." The valley is, in fact, richly wooded; the slopes are mantled with cistus and sweet-brier; the turf is green to the very edge of the musical stream whose waters, here iris-hued and there broken into snowy foam, are as clear and cold as those of

From Nîmes to Tarascon is but a half-hour by rail, and we bargained at the station for a little trap to take us on a sort of side pilgrimage to Saint-Remy. And still the dallying spring indulged us with breezy weather, and we found the white road plane-shaded almost all the way. We were now in the beautiful re-



A FARM IN PROvence.

any White Mountain river. As for the enormous range of arches in three tiers, which spans the entire valley and supports the now empty aqueduct, the grandeur of it simply beggars description. Oh, the race of Titans who made it! how dwarfed one feels beside the slightest memento of their passage over the earth! We crossed and recrossed through the covered way along which the water-pipes were carried, and where the marks of the Roman workmen's tools are as sharp as though the rocks had been chiseled and the cement laid but yesterday. The line of aqueduct may be traced for about twenty-five miles from a spring near Uzès to the Pont du Gard, and thence to the hill of the Tour Magne and the Nymphæum, whose water it supplied.

gion from which Joseph Roumanille, the precursor of the *félibre*, sprang, and where was situated the rich farm or *mas* of Master Ramoun, Mirèio's father. Any one of a dozen which we passed might have been its original:

Tè, veses pas soun òuliveto?
Entre-mitan i'a quàuqui veto
De vigno e d'ameliè —

Look, do you not see their olive-orchard, laced with ribbons of vines and almond trees?

The farm buildings lay always deep in the fields, and were approached by long, densely shaded avenues. Arrived at the picturesque little village of Saint-Remy, we left our horses to their feed and our driver to a harmless tippie of red wine in the shady market-place, while

we proceeded on foot to the Roman monuments which we had come to see. Again, as we inquired our way of a passing peasant, we were struck by the accuracy, down to the minutest local detail, of Mistral's drawing: "It is the *antiquities* you seek? Mesdames are on the right road." And then we remembered how, when the first and worthiest of Mirèio's suitors made a point of pausing by the *mas* door and asking his way of the little coquette, she told him to cross a certain rocky pasture, and then



THE CHÂTEAU, TARASCON.



BEAUCAIRE.

climb by a hill path to a tomb and a portico, "which the folk here call antiquities." ("Ei ce qu' apellon lis antico.")

These are all that is left standing of the Roman town of Glanum, but they quite suffice to prove that in its heyday it must have been one of the fairest of the fair land which was The Province, *par excellence*, to its Italian overlords. A small triumphal arch and a beautifully proportioned monument raised by the piety of his children to some forgotten proconsul stand, half a dozen yards apart, on a silent grassy plateau, with the purple hills of the Alpines for a background and half Provence lying in sunlit reaches far below. Both structures are in wonderful preservation. The semicircle of the arch is surmounted on both faces by a deep border of fruit mingled with laurel and oak-leaves, very richly carved, reminding one of those which Mantegna loved to paint above the heads of his majestic Ma-

donnas. The monument, with its storied quadrangular base, also most elaborately wrought, has the statues of the proconsul and his wife under an elegant cupola at the top. Pine trees grow here and there about the plateau, under whose shade we sat, lost in a dream of the old world, until a shepherd's dog dashed up, panting, and stretched himself for a moment's rest confidently at our feet. Presently the shepherd appeared. He was leading his flock up into their summer pasture in the mountains. Their bells tinkled sweetly as they passed, and the thyme, bruised by their small footsteps, filled the still spot with its keen aromatic fragrance. The monuments of Saint-Remy are two antique gems in a setting of perfect beauty.

The Tarascon and Beaucaire of to-day need no description for those who have followed the fortunes of the immortal Tartarin and know the delicious apology of Daudet for himself and his hero in "Trente Ans de Paris." They say the *félibres* had a good mind, at first, to quarrel with Daudet for poaching on their preserves in the "Lettres de mon Moulin"; nevertheless, these are quite indispensable to a full knowledge of the country, and they are savory with that salt of humor which is the one delightful element lacking to the fine lyric staves of Mistral.

The bare quadrangle of the castle of Tarascon, as we see it, is the work of an old count of Provence. The many embellishments which René d'Anjou is said to have added have all vanished. His was not the sort of genius that leaves lasting results in stone and mortar. Let us turn, therefore, to the graphic description of the good king and his court at Aix which the practical English hero of "Anne of Geierstein" received from his thoroughly loyal guide.

"You must know further," continued Thiébauld, "that the king, powerful in all the craft of troubadours and jongleurs, is held in peculiar esteem for conducting mysteries, and other of those gamesome and delightful sports and processions with which our holy Church per-



A STREET IN BEAUCAIRE.

mits her graver ceremonies to be relieved and diversified, to the cheering of the hearts of all true children of religion. It is admitted that no one has ever been able to approach his excellence in the arrangement of the Fête-Dieu; and the tune to which the devils cudgel King Herod, to the great edification of all Christian spectators, is of our good king's royal composition. He hath danced at Tarascon in the ballet of St. Martha and the Dragon, and was accounted in his own person the only actor competent to present the Tarasque. His Highness introduced also a new ritual into the consecration of the Boy Bishop, and composed an entire set of grotesque music for the Festival of Asses. In short, his Grace's strength lies in those pleasing and becoming festivities which strew the path of edification with flowers, and send men dancing and singing on their way to heaven."

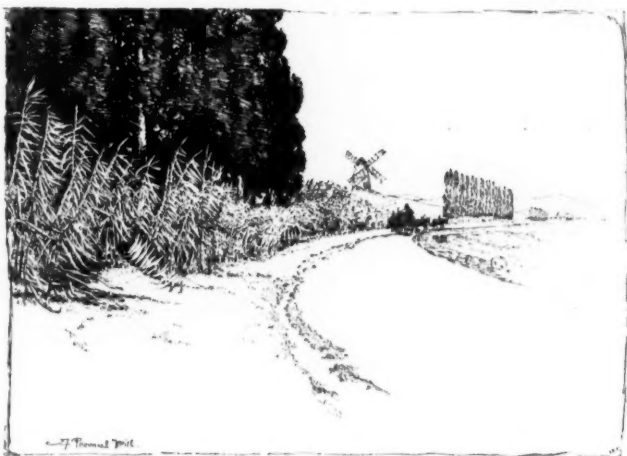
Minutestage directions for these mimic dances, in which the text, as sung by a chorus, was illustrated by the steps and gestures of the actors proper, have come down to us in the old chronicles. In the Fête-Dieu festivities mentioned above, the devils who cudgelled King Herod were to sprinkle with holy water the horned head-pieces which they wore, "lest some true devil should make his way into their band, and at the end of their performance they should find they were one too many, as they say happened once upon a time." When the Queen of Sheba appeared, it was her duty "to put her two hands upon her hips and swing herself about nobly, without leaving her place, keeping time to the music of the air composed by King René."

This mode of representing a story by dance and song was in vogue for both religious and secular subjects. All through the early centuries of the Provençal church we find the bishops inveighing against the *coronlas*, or *corolas*, as they were indifferently called, names plainly derived from the Greek χορός. Despite the fulminations of the Church, the secular *corolas* were hard to die, and the sacred lingered until our own day. The play of "Ste. Marthe et el Tarasque"—the fabulous beast which gave its name to Tarascon, and which the more practical of the sisters of Lazarus is said to have bound and led captive with her girdle

—was one of the last to go, as it had been in its day one of the most popular. Louis XI. came down to see it in 1444, while he was still dauphin. At all events he solemnly protested that he came for the play alone, albeit unfriendly critics accused him of wishing to spy out the land and estimate his chances of succeeding to his uncle King René, whose only child was a daughter, Margaret, the hapless wife of Henry VI. of England.

Louis had about forty years to wait for the realization of his dream. The moment the reunion with France was accomplished, Aix, the capital of old Provence, dropped into a secondary position. Fifty years later its palace was burned by the Duke of Savoy, who desired to destroy certain documents which he erroneously believed had been secreted there.

The portraits of King René and his second



A PROVENÇAL MILL.

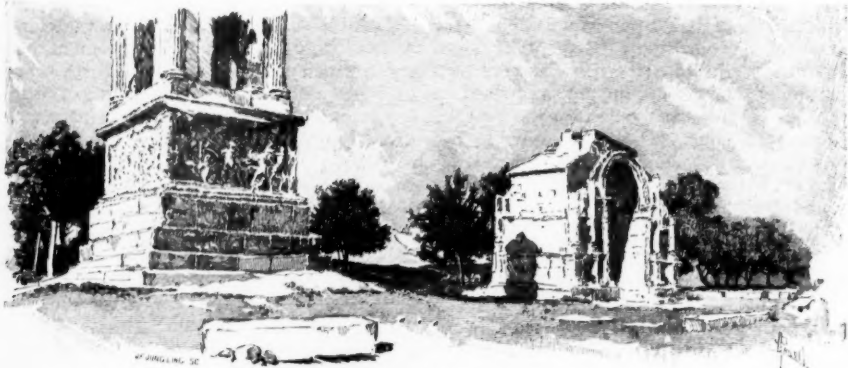
wife, surrounded by their patron saints, may still be seen at Aix, in the cathedral of St. Sauveur, whose twelfth-century cloister well repays a visit. So does the church of St. Jean de Malte, and that of St. Maximin, in a hamlet sixteen miles to the eastward of Aix. Tradition makes the latter church the burial-place of Mary Magdalene, and points to a pair of rude sarcophagi in its very ancient crypt as those of the saint and her maid Marcella.

Three among the many gifts which the bounteous René bestowed upon his little kingdom have not merely withstood the waste of time, but have multiplied exceedingly with the years. They are the rose, the clove-pink, and the muscat grape. It is hard to realize that the landscape of Provence must have been much more stern in the days of the troubadours than at present. Then the white mul-

berry was unknown in the land, the vine and the olive were rare, and the royal revenues were chiefly derived from the countless flocks of goats which browsed over the rocky and scantily wooded hills.

One spot there is, however, four miles only by the passes of the Alpines from smiling Saint-Remy, where the landscape which often sup-

died from the shock occasioned by seeing a flock of black-birds alight on his window-sill once while he was dining. It was an intensely superstitious race, and over and over again the head of the house refused to increase his possessions for fear of breaking the charm of the magic number seventy-nine, which told the tale of his towns and villages.



ROMAN REMAINS AT SAINT-REMY.

plied so grim a background to the fiery love dramas of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries may be seen in all its pristine austerity. I mean Les Baux—the solitary, grotesque, and gruesome ruins of Les Baux, whose lords in their great days defied, not the counts of Provence merely, but the kings of France and the emperors of Germany, refusing, in fact, to do homage to any earthly suzerain. One tradition ascribes the foundation of their stronghold to a descendant of one of the magi, Balthazar; another derives the family from a Visigothic stock. Whatever may have been its origin, from the close of the tenth century onward its members figure on every page of Provençal history. They claimed the rank of independent sovereigns, and sought to fortify their position by the most ambitious matrimonial alliances; and it was by virtue of one of these marriages that the lords of Les Baux fiercely disputed for many years the succession to the county of Provence.

One of its chateaines was the first love of that Guillaume de Cabestan whose ghastly fate all students of the gay—and tragic—science know. Another presided over one of the most famous of the Courts of Love. The men of Les Baux were equally famous in love and in war. Many excelled in the aristocratic pastime of “finding” rhymes and melodies for their high-wrought passions, and one Béal des Baux, of the Marseilles branch, devoted his life to the study of the black art, and was so convinced a believer therein that he actually

The thirteenth century saw the family of Les Baux and the considerable town which had grown up about the castle gates at the summit of their splendor. The line of direct descent failing early in the fifteenth century, the counts of Provence entered and took possession, and, with the rest of their domain, Les Baux passed to the crown of France about fifty years later. In 1640 the lands of Les Baux were made over to the princes of Monaco, who held them until the great Revolution, when the castle was attacked, plundered, and finally ruined in an access of red republican fury by a mob of Arlésiens. The forests on the adjoining hills, which while they remained partly veiled the savage contours of the scenery, were leveled at the same time. The gorge which the castle overlooked still goes by the name of *l'Enfer*, and anything more diabolical in aspect, more hideously barren and awesome than the scene to-day, it would be difficult to imagine. It is impossible, at the first glance, to distinguish the freaks of nature from the handiwork of man. Gaunt rocks thrust themselves up out of the blasted soil, writhing and twisting into distorted likenesses of living or imaginary things. Here is a dragon petrified, and there a leering sphinx, and yonder the crumbling skeleton of some primeval monster:

Penury, inertness, and grimace,
In some strange sort, were the land's portion—
“See,
Or shut your eyes,” said Nature peevishly.

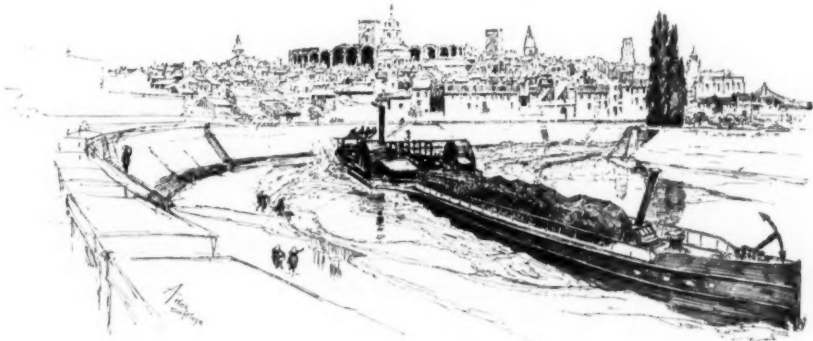
"It nothing skills: I cannot help my case—

The Judgment's fire alone can cure this place,
Calcine its clods, and set my prisoners free."

A fragment of the once haughty castle, perched upon the topmost pinnacle of rock about the ruined town, seems to stare through empty windows at the spectacle of chaotic ruin. Quite enough remains of the immense fortress to show in how strange a manner it was originally constructed. Story upon story, *salle des gardes* and audience hall, lady's bower and princely chapel, all were first hollowed out of the limestone rock. Staircases were cut and chimneys tunneled in like manner, and the living wall was pierced for doors and windows, whose lintels, frames, and deep embrasures were adorned with elaborate sculptures. The retainers of the lords of Les Baux, crowding for defense about their castle gates, imitated their bold manner of building, and there, in a species of stone labyrinth, still dwell their descendants, to the number of two or three hundred. Wretched as are the holes in which they abide, they are a fine race physically, the women statuesque and beautiful like those of Arles, and wearing with grace a very coarse and humble imitation of the same picturesque costume. The story goes that the rocky site was always exceptionally healthy. The plague, which from time to time devastated the lowlands, never touched Les Baux, and the only epidemic ever known there occurred in the time of the Romans, and was sent in chastisement by the Saintes Maries

at their feet, and many a prayer is said there on the Maries' fête-day (May 24); but there are rationalists who hold that the three figures were to represent the great general Marius (who was encamped near by for many months during his Gallic campaign, 100 B. C.), his wife Julia, and Martha, a Syrian prophetess, by whom Plutarch tells us that he was always accompanied.

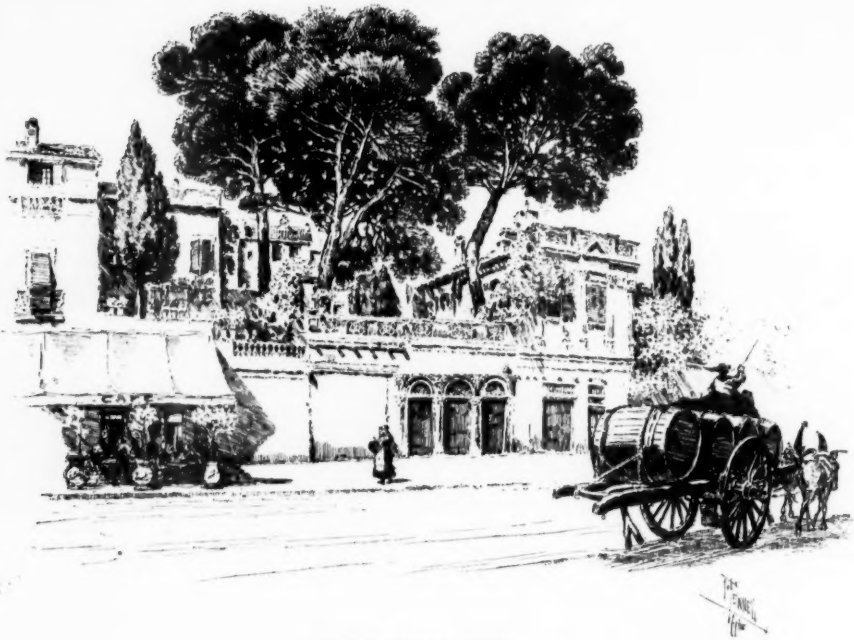
The view southward from the escarped cliff of Les Baux comprises a large portion both of the stony plain of Crau and of the salt marshes of the Camargue. It was over these burning plains that poor little Mirèio took her fatal way to the Maries' church—the monumental pile on the very edge of the Mediterranean which we ourselves were purposing to visit on the morrow. The witch's cavern where Vincen was healed of the ghastly wound which he had got in his little lady's defense was entered from the gorge of *l'Enfer*, and must have ramified under our very feet. I used to think the sixth canto, in which the monstrous phenomena of the cavern are described with minute realism and what seems a perfectly staggering credulity on the poet's part, a great blemish on the convincing simplicity and verity of the rest of the poem; but nightmares appear to have a solid basis at Les Baux, and all manner of witchcraft becomes plausible here. One of the least canny features of the spectral town is the way in which when one has left it and looks back from the first turn in the road every



ARLES FROM THE RIVER.

because they had been refused hospitality there. It was by way of expiating their fault on this occasion—so the country-folk religiously believe—that the men of Les Baux carved on the sheer surface of the rock which afterward sustained the castle three figures in Roman drapery whose outlines, together with an almost effaced Latin inscription, may still be traced among the crumbling debris on the castle's southern side. Flowers are deposited

trace of human handiwork seems to have vanished from the hillside, and you ask yourself whether it were not after all conjured up for half an hour only by some potent spell, and you in a trance while you seemed to walk its desolate ways. I recur with renewed satisfaction to the word I have already used. Les Baux is *diabolical*. So, emphatically, are the large, lean, coal-black hounds with hungry eyes and curling tails that dash out of the farm-



HANGING GARDENS, ARLES.

yards, yelping furiously, as you roll rapidly down in the warm dusk towards the gates of Arles. They look as though they had coursed with the Wild Huntsman.

Three or four miles from Les Baux we passed what we promptly identified as Daudet's windmill—at all events, one among many whose position answered very well to his minute description. A little farther on towards Arles come the imposing ruins of Montmajour, a landmark for many miles as they dominate the bowery hillock, once an island like that of Ely, and known in legal documents as *L'Île de Mont-majeur* as late as the fifteenth century. The earliest existing portions of this vast and heterogeneous pile date from the sixth century; the latest,—the mere shell of an ugly building in the Italian style, sacked in the Revolution, and very disfiguring to the general effect of the ruins to-day,—from the eighteenth. The Pointed church and its crypt are but an echoing waste of stone—impressive, however, from their enormous proportions. But there is a small Romanesque chapel of the ninth century, simply adorned with elementary dogtooth moldings, with a fig tree overshadowing the altar-stone and vine-tendrils weaving a light green lace-work where the windows used to be, which preserves so sweet an atmosphere of immemorial prayer that one is visited by a passing impulse to lie down in one of the rude

coffins hollowed out of the rocky floor itself in the vaulted passage by which one approaches the place, and let the world go by for a thousand years more.

Very interesting, and curious also, is the Romanesque chapel of Ste. Croix, close by, with its massive square central tower and four semicircular apsidal. Whether or not it was built, as long believed, by Charlemagne to commemorate a victory over the Saracens, it is plainly of a hoar antiquity, and the rock which sustains it is honeycombed with early Christian graves.

Once upon a time, they tell us, Arles stood amongst its lagoons as Venice stands to-day, save that its islands—those of the city proper, of Montmajour, and others of less importance—were often rocky and steep, rising to a considerable height above the water level. Merchant ships came from all the Mediterranean ports to the harbor at the mouth of the Rhône, while smaller craft, with their draught reduced by inflated bladders fastened along their sides, navigated the water-ways of the city. There was a Celtic camp here in the very dawn of history, and then a wealthy Grecian colony, which Cæsar rewarded for taking his part against Pompey by leaving there as a permanent garrison a part of his sixth legion, under Claudius Tiberius Nero, father of the future emperor Tiberius. The Roman camp was on

the side of the river where is now the suburb of Trinquetaille, and Roman fashions spread rapidly in the Grecian town, until it became, in the words of Ausonius, "a little Gallic Rome," and the pride of all Provence. Mistral has touched, with even more than his wonted grace, this phase of the perennial beauty of *Arelas*:

Roumo, de nòu, t'aviè vestido
En pèiro blanco bèn bastido. . . .

Rome had arrayed thee in a new garment of well-wrought white marble. She had crowned thee with the five-score gates of thy great Arena; thou hadst, Imperial Princess, to minister to thy delight, circus and stately aqueduct, theater and hippodrome.

Even then, however, the sea was receding, as it is receding still. The indefatigable Rhône filled up the shallow basin under the beholder's very eyes, and called for a new lighthouse every fifty years. If the Tour Maluscat, the beacon erected at its mouth in the thirteenth century, were standing to-day, it would be exactly half way between Arles and the sea. "An utterly incorrigible river," was the verdict of the great engineer Vauban when he was sent, in 1665, to examine the delta of the Rhône; and his decision has never been reversed. The double ranges of dikes which hem it in are periodically broken and the whole country desolated for many miles by the untamable spring floods. Many think it would have been better if the river had been left to its own devices, like the Nile, and that the rich deposit of its broad and quiet overflow might have rendered as fertile as the basin of the Egyptian stream both the stony Crau on the left and the immense triangular tract of the Camargue, whose two remaining sides are bounded by the Petit Rhône and the sea.

Superbly situated at the point where the two streams divide, the Arles of to-day troubles itself very little about either its ancient glories or its possibilities of modern improvement. It is a city of dreams, where visible relics of all the ages group themselves with careless grace and a result of perfect unity. The far-famed beauty of the Arlésiennes is of a distinctly Greek type, straight-featured, low-browed, and delicate. It is enhanced by their graceful black costume, with swelling fichu of white lace and coquettish little cap of the same material set high on the head and bound with a broad black ribbon, one end of which is left free and falls to the shoulder. Young and old, these women, almost without exception, have luxuriant hair, curling lightly about the temples. The smallness of the head as compared with the size of the neck—another strikingly classic feature—accounts in part, no doubt, for their superb carriage. This, too,

is a beauty which they seem never to lose. I have seen a heavy woman of sixty, with the marks of severe toil about her person and carrying a big burden, who crossed the central square of the town with the step of an empress.

Built into the front of a house in this same Place du Forum are two massive granite pillars, plainly of antique workmanship, the very same perhaps behind which Sidonius Apollinaris tells us that he one day saw certain courtiers dodge to avoid saluting him because they fancied him in disgrace. The Hôtel du Forum, where we abode, fronts upon the same square, now shady with plane trees. The soft-eyed daughter of our landlady—who speaks a very engaging English of her own—told us that the old house had wonderful vaults beneath it, where many fragments of fine sculpture had been found and sent to enrich the marvelous museum of Arles. There was a fountain at one side of the courtyard, whose water fell into an exquisitely carved basin, which might once have been, as local piety suggested, a *bénitier*, but looked more like a fragment from the front of a Roman sarcophagus.

Inside the museum one's adjectives fail. One stands divided between speechless admiration at the beauty of the remains there amassed and speechless wrath at the senseless fury of the human iconoclasts who must have whacked away with so brutal a will to reduce them to their present condition. The Roman theater, across whose proscenium once ran a magnificent colonnade, a pair of whose pale-



REMAINS OF A ROMAN THEATER, ARLES.

green marble columns are still standing, connected by their entablature, was deliberately and conscientiously sacked in 446 by a Christian mob under the direction of one Cyril, an ecclesiastic holding the rank of deacon. Its fair statues were hewn in pieces as idolatrous images, its marble facings reduced to lime, its very masonry torn down and rewrought into

history are set forth with the most naïve realism. It sounds incongruous, but the interest is infinite, and the general effect one of unique richness and beauty. The gentle old guardian who showed us about and enabled us to decipher the Scripture incidents on the capitals was fully imbued with the spirit of the place. "They ask me," he said dreamily, "if I never

tire of my cloister. But no; I read my book a while, and then I take a turn and look at my pillars." And prophet and saint seemed to relax a little of their rigidity and smile approval at him from *his pillars*.

On the side of the Place de la République opposite to St. Trophime (what irony, St. Paul's comrade and the third French Republic commemorated in the same square!) stands the deserted church of Ste. Anne, appropriated to the museum aforesaid. The finest among the many fine things there are the pagan sarcophagi from the Aliscamps, and a bust, exquisitely lovely amid all its mutilations, which is said to be of the Empress Livia.

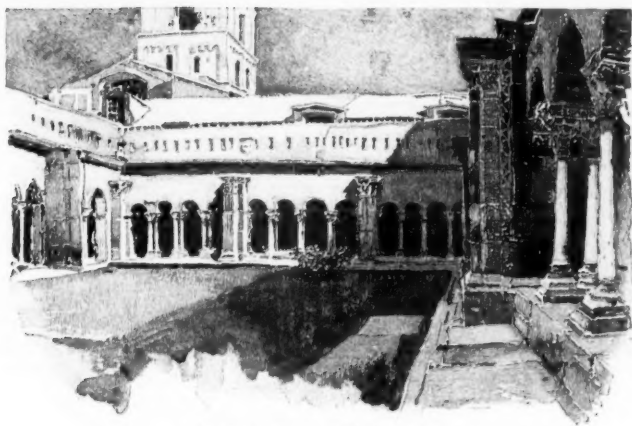


ST. TROPHIME, ARLES.

the walls of church edifices destined to share a similar fate one day at the hands of the Saracen and the Jacobin.

Fifty years ago the archaeologist M. Clair reported that there were nine churches in Arles either desecrated or entirely abandoned, every one of which deserved, by its high antiquity or its intrinsic beauty, to be preserved and restored. The last vestiges of most of these have now been swept away. One supremely beautiful ecclesiastical monument Arles does indeed possess in its Romanesque cathedral, dedicated to St. Trophimus, the disciple of St. Paul and first Bishop of Arles. The deep portal is like a cavern lined with intricate sculpture, the cloister is of matchless loveliness. Over and above the wistful, restful charm that abides in every cloister there is here an infusion of Greek feeling such as one remarks in some of the oldest mosaics at Ravenna, a tradition of Greek methods of work which modifies the stiffness of the early Christian sculpture without impairing its reverential spirit. Rich Corinthian capitals, copied from the models which the Arlésiens had ever before their eyes, alternate with those on which the chief events of Bible

Hence the traveler wends his way, by narrow streets which invite the artist's pencil at every turn, to the great amphitheater, more nearly approaching in its dimensions the Colosseum at Rome than any other known specimen equally well preserved. The twofold circuit of its inner and outer walls is almost complete, and a population of two thousand souls lived or burrowed in the mean dwellings which packed its arena within the memory of living men. You climb, if you are enterprising, to the top of one of the quadrangular watch-towers which the Saracens built at each of the four cardinal points of the amphitheater when they held the place as a fortress, and looking down upon the city, where the Roman remains are still the most conspicuous objects, you summon the ghosts of its untold generations and strive to make some clear image to yourself of those former things which are forever passed away. In vain; they bewilder and baffle you by the very infinity of their multitude — those weak and tenuous ghosts. It is time to go down into that mysterious burying-place where, acre beyond acre, tier above tier, full sixty generations of them have been laid in earth.



CLOISTERS OF ST. TROPHIME, ARLES.

Not always in consecrated earth. The Aliscamps—*Elysii Campi*—had been a pagan *ceramicus* for centuries before the saints arrived from Palestine. St. Trophimus, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, and to whose legend I shall presently recur, is said to have met with great opposition from the other clergy when he first proposed to consecrate the spot for Christian burial. The difficulty was solved, as difficulties always were in those days, by a miracle. A troop of angels—some said our Lord himself was their leader—came one night and performed the act of consecration. After that, of course, the Elysian Fields of Arles were looked upon as doubly sanctified, and all who heard the tale aspired to take their last rest therein. The dead were brought from great distances for interment here. Sometimes, farther up the Rhône, when the friends were too poor to equip a proper funeral cortege, the corpse, robed for burial, was set adrift alone upon the river, like the Lady of Shalott, with a few coins laid in the lifeless palm, to pay for placing it in the holy ground. It was held an especially blessed and salutary work to tow these little skiffs ashore and perform the last offices for the silent voyager. Mistral has told us the history of the Aliscamps in the finest passage of his "*Nerto*," and in the Middle Ages the then vast inclosure was simply crowded with hillocks and humble tombs, princely mausoleums, and mortuary and expiatory chapels. Ariosto mentions "the plain full of sepulchers," and the memory of it arose and fitly mingled with Dante's vision of the Inferno:

Si come ad Arli, ove 'l Rhodano stagna,

Fanno i sepolcri tutto 'l loco varo.

The close-set graves had made the surface hilly even then.

Vol. XL.—45.

Every museum in Europe has rifled this place. Louis XIV. sent five boats laden with sarcophagi hence to the Louvre. Churches destitute of "relics" found a storehouse here from which to repair their lack. The area of the old necropolis has been greatly retrenched, and the river no longer touches it. A part of it is still in use as the public cemetery of Arles. The railway to Marseilles severed another portion, where coffins were found many deep when the engineers

made their cutting; but beyond the railway workshops a space was walled in, and is the only one which still preserves its venerable aspect. Five crumbling chapels are here out of the nineteen which the Aliscamps once contained. A long avenue of whispering poplars leads from an iron gateway down to the best-preserved of these—the church of St. Honorat. Within, arranged as mural tablets, are memorial inscriptions from all the ages—here that of the daughter of a Roman governor, dead at seventeen, there that of a sainted bishop. And what are these rows upon rows of strange, rude troughs or basins which flank the poplar avenue? They are the massive



THE ALISCAMPS, ARLES.



SAINTES MARIES.

stone coffins of the first Christian centuries, empty now save for the soft shower of Provençal rose petals which are shed into them from the tangled bushes running riot over all the place.

A visit to the Aliscamps has the effect of shortening in so singular a manner the perspective of Christian history that it prepares one to receive at least with patience that all-pervading, most ancient, and most tenacious legend of the refugees from Jerusalem, which is commemorated in one way or another by half the old churches of Provence. During the persecution—so the tale runs—which arose shortly after the death of Christ certain of his most intimate friends and followers were forced into an unseaworthy vessel and set adrift on the Mediterranean. Among them were Lazarus and his two sisters, Mary Salome and Mary mother of James the Less, with their maid Sara, Trophimus, Saturninus, and Eutropius. The crazy bark, miraculously preserved

from destruction, was guided to the shores of Provence, and the involuntary missionaries landed at the extremity of the Camargue and devoted themselves to the evangelization of the country. Perhaps the strangest thing about this tale is that it may possibly be true. Certain it is that the family of Bethany, associated so closely with the last and most affecting scenes in the life of Jesus of Nazareth, disappear in a very remarkable manner from the records of his infant church, while on the other hand there were intimate commercial relations at that time between Palestine and Provence and communication by water was frequent. In short, the legend, still implicitly credited and even cherished with a sort of passion by the common people roundabout, because of the healing efficacy supposed to reside in the relics of the Marys, comes nearer than many others to having a plausible historical basis. The company dispersed soon after their landing. If you want the story

told with fascinating garrulity and all manner of picturesque details, go to the eleventh canto of "*Mircio*." The preaching of Trophimus converted Arles; that of Saturninus, Toulouse; that of Eutropius, Orange. Martha delivered Tarascon from a dragon, as we have seen, but the three Marys lived and died on the Mediterranean coast; Mary Magdalene in the grotto of *la Sainte Beaume*, where sacred art has often represented her long expiation, the other two in the Camargue. The very name has perished of the prince who built the vast fortress-like church, with its buttresses and machicolations—built it of extraordinary strength, in order to defend against the incursions of Mediterranean pi-



ROMAN GATEWAY AT ORANGE. (ON THE LYONS ROAD.)

rates both the graves of the patronesses and the houses of the wretched little hamlet which clung and still clings to the bases of the church like children to the skirts of their mother. The sacred graves were somewhere under the massive pile, but it was reserved for merry King René himself, in 1448, to identify them, exhume the relics, and build for their reception upon the roof of the church the curious chapel where they now repose, and whence they are let down by pulleys once a year, on the Maries' fête-day, into the cavernous choir below :

Car cou pourtau (qu'es la parpello
D' aquelo benido capello)
Regardo sus la glèiso :

For the portal (as it were the eye of that blessed chapel) looks upon the church, and far, far away is visible the white boundary-line which at once unites and divides the vault of heaven from the bitter wave—is visible the eternal rolling of the mighty main.

The Maries' fête-day is the 24th of May; we made our pilgrimage on the 23d. The distance across the Camargue is twenty-five miles, and we were off at seven o'clock of the sweet summer morning. We crossed the Rhône to the suburb of Trinquetaille by an iron bridge, which replaces the famous bridge of boats on which the fairies danced in exultation the night after they had lured to his destruction the would-be assassin of Mirèio's lover. No sooner were we out upon the level country than we began to overtake parties of pilgrims, more pious than ourselves, who were on their way, many of them evidently from great distances, to celebrate the festival of the morrow.

Nothing could exceed the variety and quaintness of the vehicles by which they traveled. All had big bundles of hay or fresh fodder for the horses swung beneath or behind. The occupants of the carts, from eight to twenty in each, were for the most part women and children, the former sitting on chairs which they would later use as seats in church, the latter bestowed wherever there was a convenient perch. They were sheltered from the sun by light canvas awnings; they carried provision of bread and fruit and wine sufficient for several days, and the horses jogged lazily along. They would be in ample time for the first of the morrow's functions, and so the women sat knitting and chatting tranquilly, or sometimes the whole company would strike up one of the old Provençal canticles in honor of the saints to whose shrine they were bound. Some of the smarter vehicles had leather-cushioned seats running lengthwise, and gaily striped awnings. Others, poor and crazy to the last degree, with lean little horses, rope-spliced harnesses, and mangy dogs trotting beside the rattling wheels, appeared literally to swarm with wild-eyed, brown-skinned children, handsome as Murillo's beggars amid their dirt, who would in time become just such brutal men and scowling hags as the older members of their party. Gipsies are gipsies the world over, and gipsies cherish a special reverence for Ste. Sara, the handmaid of the Marys, who was of their own race, they say, and lies buried in the venerable crypt of the Camarguan church. Many a big wax candle is yearly bought by "Romany chieils," and burned there in her honor.

Harriet W. Preston.



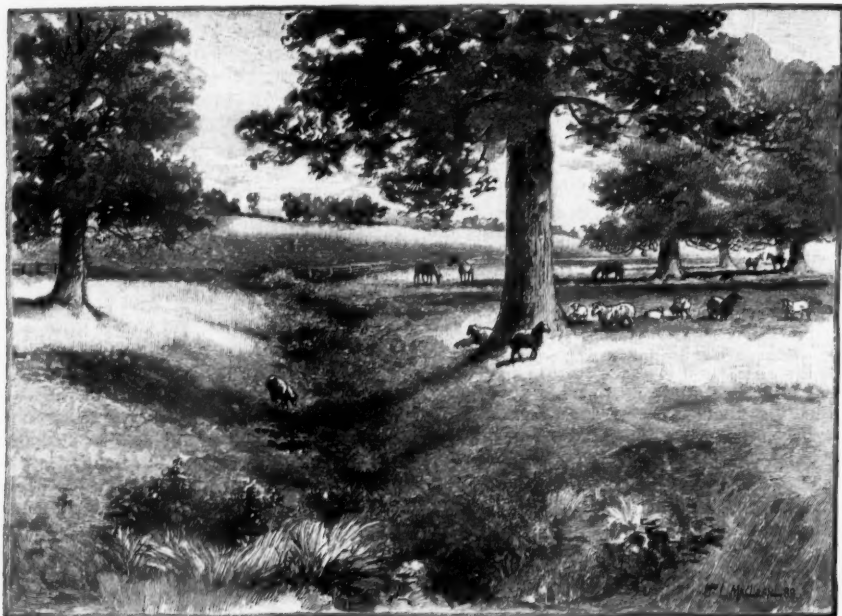
A TASTE OF KENTUCKY BLUE-GRASS.



OW beautiful is fertility! A landscape of fruitful and well-cultivated fields; an unbroken expanse of grass; a thick, uniform growth of grain—how each of these fills and satisfies the eye!

And it is not because we are essentially utilitarian and see the rich loaf and the fat beef as the outcome of it all, but because we read in it an expression of the beneficence and good-will of the earth. We love to see harmony between man and nature; we

love peace and not war; we love the adequate, the complete. A perfect issue of grass or grain is a satisfaction to look upon, because it is a success. These things have the beauty of an end exactly fulfilled, the beauty of perfect fitness and proportion. The barren in nature is ugly and repels us, unless it be on such a scale and convey such a suggestion of power as to awaken the emotion of the sublime. What can be less inviting than a neglected and exhausted Virginia farm, the thin red soil showing here and there through the ragged



BLUE-GRASS MEADOW PASTURE.

and scanty turf? and what, on the other hand, can please the eye of a countryman more than the unbroken verdancy and fertility of a Kentucky blue-grass farm? I find I am very apt to take a farmer's view of a country. That long line of toiling and thrifty yeomen back of me seems to have bequeathed something to my blood that makes me respond very quickly to a fertile and well-kept landscape, and that, on the other hand, makes me equally discontented in a poor, shabby one. All the way from Washington till I struck the heart of Kentucky the farmer in me was unhappy; he saw hardly a rood of land that he would like to call his own. But that remnant of the wild man of the woods, which most of us still carry, saw much that delighted him, especially down the New River, where the rocks and the waters, and the steep forest-clad mountains were as wild and as savage as anything he had known in his early Darwinian ages. But when we emerged upon the banks of the Great Kanawha, the man of the woods lost his interest and the man of the fields saw little that was comforting.

When we cross the line into Kentucky, I said, we shall see a change. But no, we did not. The farmer still groaned in spirit; no thrifty farms, no substantial homes, no neat villages, no good roads anywhere, but squalor and sterility on every hand. Nearly all the afternoon we rode through a country like the poorer parts of New England, unredeemed by

anything like New England thrift. It was a country of coal, a very new country, geologically speaking, and the top-soil did not seem to have had time to become deepened and enriched by vegetable mold. Near sundown, as I glanced out of the window, I thought I began to see a change. Presently I was very sure I did. It began to appear in the more grassy character of the woods. Then I caught sight of peculiarly soft and uniform grassy patches here and there in the open. Then in a few moments more the train had shot us fairly into the edge of the blue-grass region, and the farmer in me began to be on the alert. We had passed in a twinkling from a portion of the earth's surface which is new, which is of yesterday, to a portion which is of the oldest, from the carboniferous to the lower silurian. Here, upon this lower silurian, the earth that saw and nourished the great monsters and dragons was growing the delicate blue-grass. It had taken all these millions upon millions of years to prepare the way for this little plant to grow to perfection. I thought I had never seen fields and low hills look so soft in the twilight; they seemed clad in greenish-gray fur. As we neared Mount Sterling, how fat and smooth the land looked; what long, even, gently flowing lines against the fading western sky, broken here and there by herds of slowly grazing or else reposing and ruminating cattle! What peace and plenty it suggested! From a

land raw and crude and bitter like unripe fruit, we had suddenly been transported into the midst of one ripe and mellow with the fullness of time. It was sweet to look upon. I was seized with a strong desire to go forth and taste it by a stroll through it in the twilight.

In the course of the ten days that followed, the last ten days of May, I had an opportunity to taste it pretty well, and my mind has had a grassy flavor ever since. I had an opportunity to see this restless and fitful American nature of ours in a more equable and beneficent mood than I had ever before seen it in; all its savageness and acridness gone, no thought now but submission to the hand and wants of man. I afterward saw the prairies of Illinois, and the vast level stretches of farming country of northern Ohio and Indiana, but these lands were nowhere quite so human, quite so beautiful, or quite so productive as the blue-grass region. One likes to see the earth's surface lifted up and undulating a little, as if it heaved and swelled with emotion; it suggests more life, and at the same time that the sense of repose is greater. There is no repose in a prairie; it is

stagnation, it is a *dead* level. Those immense stretches of flat land pain the eye, as if all life and expression had gone from the face of the earth. There is just unevenness enough in the blue-grass region to give mobility and variety to the landscape. From almost any given point one commands broad and extensive views — immense fields of wheat or barley, or corn or hemp, or grass or clover, or of woodland pastures.

With Professor Proctor I drove a hundred miles or more about the country in a buggy. First from Frankfort to Versailles, the capital of Woodford County; then to Lexington, where we passed a couple of days with Major McDowell at Ashland, the old Henry Clay place; then to Georgetown in Scott County; thence back to Frankfort again. The following week I passed three days on the great stock farm of Colonel Alexander, where I saw more and finer blooded stock in the way of horses, cattle, and sheep than I had ever seen before. From thence we went south to Colonel Shelby's, where we passed a couple of days on the extreme edge of the blue-grass circle in Boyle County.



PIKE BETWEEN VERSAILLES AND FRANKFORT.



KNOB LAND AND SINK-HOLES.

Here we strike the rim of sharp low hills that run quite around this garden of the State, from the Ohio River on the west to the Ohio again on the north and east. Kentucky is a great country for licks; there are any number of streams and springs that bear the name of some lick. Probably the soil of no State in the Union has been so much licked and smacked over as that of Kentucky. Colonel Shelby's farm is near a stream called Knob Lick, and within a few miles of a place called Blue Lick. I expected to see some sort of salt spring where the buffalo and deer used to come to lick; but instead of that saw a raw, naked spot of earth, an acre or two in extent, which had apparently been licked into the shape of a clay model of some scene in Colorado or the Rocky Mountains. There were gullies and chasms and sharp knobs and peaks as blue and barren as could be, and no sign of a spring or of water visible. The buffalo had licked the clay for the saline matter it held, and had certainly made a deep and lasting impression.

From Shelby City we went west sixty or more miles, skirting the blue-grass region, to Lebanon Junction, where I took the train for Cave City. The blue-grass region is as large as the State of Massachusetts, and is, on the whole, the finest bit of the earth's surface, with the exception of parts of England, I have yet seen. In one way it is more pleasing than anything one sees in England, on account of the greater sense of freedom and roominess which it gives one. Everything is on a large, generous scale. The fields are not so cut up, nor the roadways so narrow, nor the fences so prohibitory. Indeed, the distinguishing feature of this country is its breadth: one sees fields of corn or wheat or

clover of from fifty to one hundred acres each. At Colonel Alexander's I saw three fields of clover lying side by side which contained three hundred acres: as the clover was just in full bloom the sight was a very pleasing one. The farms are larger, ranging from several hundred to several thousand acres. The farm-houses are larger, with wide doors, broad halls, high ceilings, ample grounds, and hospitality to match. There is nothing niggardly or small in the people or in their country. One sees none of the New York or New England primness and trimness, but the ample, flowing Southern way of life. It is common to see horses

and cattle grazing in the grounds immediately about the house; there is nothing but grass, and the great forest trees, which they cannot hurt. The farm-houses rarely stand near the highway, but are set after the English fashion, from a third to half a mile distant, amid a grove of primitive forest trees, and flanked or backed up by the many lesser buildings that the times of slavery made necessary. Educated gentlemen farmers are probably the rule more than in the North. There are not so many small or so many leased farms. The proprietors are men of means, and come the nearest to forming a landed gentry of any class of men we have in this country. They are not city men running a brief and rapid career on a fancy farm, but genuine countrymen, who love the land and mean to keep it. I remember with pleasure one rosy-faced young farmer, whose place we casually invaded in Lincoln County. He was a graduate of Harvard University and of the law school, but here he was with his trousers tucked into his boot-legs, helping to cultivate his corn, or looking after his herds upon his broad acres. He was nearly the ideal of a simple, hearty, educated country farmer and gentleman.

But the feature of this part of Kentucky which struck me the most forcibly, and which is perhaps the most unique, are the immense sylvan or woodland pastures. The forests are simply vast grassy orchards of maple and oak, or other trees, where the herds graze and repose. They everywhere give a look to the land as of royal parks and commons. They are as clean as a meadow and as inviting as long, grassy vistas and circles of cool shade can make them. All the saplings and bushy

undergrowths common to forests have been removed, leaving only the large trees scattered here and there, which seem to protect rather than occupy the ground. Such a look of leisure, of freedom, of amplitude, as these forest groves give to the landscape!

What vistas, what aisles, what retreats, what depths of sunshine and shadow! The grass is as uniform as a carpet, and grows quite up to the boles of the trees. One peculiarity of the blue-grass is that it takes complete possession of the soil; it suffers no rival; it is as uniform as a fall of snow. Only one weed seems to hold its own against it, and that is ironweed, a plant like a robust purple aster five or six feet high. This is Kentucky's one weed, so far as I saw. It was low and inconspicuous while I was there, but before fall it gets tall and rank, and its masses of purple flowers make a very striking spectacle. Through these forest glades roam the herds of

forest, and the mares with their colts roam far and wide. Sometimes when they were going for water, or were being started in for the night, they would come charging along like the wind, and what a pleasing sight it was to see their glossy coats glancing adown the long sun-flecked vistas! Sometimes the more open of these forest lands are tilled; I saw fine crops of hemp growing on them, and in one or two cases corn. But where the land has never been under cultivation it is remarkably smooth—one can drive with a buggy with perfect ease and freedom anywhere through these woods.



OLD ICE-HOUSE AND BARN-YARD.

cattle or horses. I know no prettier sight than a troop of blooded mares with their colts slowly grazing through these stately aisles, some of them in sunshine, and some in shadow. In riding along the highway there was hardly an hour when such a scene was not in view. Very often the great farm-house stands amid one of these open forests and is approached by a graveled road that winds amid the trees. At Colonel Alexander's the cottage of his foreman, as well as many of the farm-buildings and stables, stands in a grassy

The ground is as smooth as if it had been rolled. In Kentucky we are beyond the southern limit of the glacial drift; there are no surface boulders and no abrupt knolls or gravel

banks. Another feature which shows how gentle and uniform the forces which have molded this land have been are the beautiful depressions which go by the ugly name of "sink-holes." They are broad turf-lined bowls

their nests touched one another. As you near the great cave you see a mammoth depression, nothing less than a broad, oval valley which holds entire farms, and which has no outlet save through the bottom. In England these



A ROAD IN THE BLUE-GRASS REGION.

sunk in the surface here and there, and as smooth and symmetrical as if they had been turned out by a lathe. Those about the woodlands of Colonel Alexander were from one to two hundred feet across and fifteen or twenty feet deep. The green turf sweeps down into them without a break, and the great trees grow from their sides and bottoms the same as elsewhere. They look as if they might have been carved out by the action of whirling water, but are probably the result of the surface water seeking a hidden channel in the underlying rock, and thus slowly carrying away the soil with it. They all still have underground drainage through the bottom. By reason of these depressions this part of the State has been called "goose-nest land," their shape suggesting the nests of immense geese. On my way southward to the Mammoth Cave, over the formation known as the subcarboniferous, they formed the most noticeable feature of the landscape. An immense flock of geese had nested here, so that in places the rims of

depressions would be called punch-bowls; and though they know well in Kentucky what punch is made of, and can furnish the main ingredient of superb quality, and in quantity that would quite fill some of these grassy basins, yet I do not know that they apply this term to them. But in the good old times before the war, when the spirit of politics ran much higher than now, these punch-bowls and the forests about them were the frequent scenes of happy and convivial gatherings. Under the great trees the political orators held forth; a whole ox would be roasted to feed the hungry crowd, and something stronger than punch flowed freely. One farmer showed us in our walk where Crittenden and Breckinridge had frequently held forth, but the grass had long been growing over the ashes where the ox had been roasted.

What a land for picnics and open-air meetings! The look of it suggested something more large and leisurely than the stress and hurry of our American life. What was there about

it that made me think of Walter Scott and the age of romance and chivalry? and of Robin Hood and his adventurous band under the greenwood tree? Probably it was those stately, open forests with their clear, grassy vistas where a tournament might be held, and those superb breeds of horses wandering through them upon which it was so easy to fancy knights and ladies riding. The land has not the mellow, time-enriched look of England; it could not have it under our harder, fiercer climate; but it has a sense of breadth and a roominess which one never sees in England except in the great royal parks.

The fences are mainly posts and rails, which fall a little short of giving the look of permanence which a hedge or a wall and dike afford.

The Kentuckians have an unhandsome way of treating their forests when they want to get rid of them; they girdle the trees and let them die, instead of cutting them down at once. A girdled tree dies hard; the struggle is painful to look upon; inch by inch, leaf by leaf, it yields, and the agony is protracted nearly through the whole season. The land looked accursed when its noble trees were all dying or had died, as if smitten by a plague. One hardly expected to see grass or grain growing upon it. The girdled trees stand for years, their

gaunt skeletons blistering in the sun or blackening in the rain. Through southern Indiana and Illinois I noticed this same lazy, ugly custom of getting rid of the trees.

The most noticeable want of the blue-grass region is water. The streams bore underground through the limestone rock so readily that they rarely come to the surface. With plenty of sparkling streams and rivers like New England it would indeed be a land of infinite attractions. The most unsightly feature the country afforded were the numerous shallow basins, scooped out of the soil and filled with stagnant water, where the flocks and herds drank. These, with the girdled trees, were about the only things the landscape presented to which the eye did not turn with pleasure. Yet when one does chance upon a spring, it is apt to be a strikingly beautiful one. The limestone rock, draped with dark, dripping moss, opens a cavernous mouth from which in most instances a considerable stream flows. I saw three or four such springs about which one wanted to linger long. The largest was at Georgetown, where a stream ten or twelve feet broad and three or four feet deep came gliding from a cavernous cliff without a ripple. It is situated in the very edge of the town, and could easily be made a feature singularly at-



ENTRANCE TO "ARCADIA," HOME OF THE SHELBYs, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

tractive. As we approached its head a little colored girl rose up from its brink with a pail of water. I asked her name. "Venus, sir; Venus." It was the nearest I had ever come to seeing Venus rising from the foam.

the more celebrated horses of the past ten years; but it has done nothing of equal excellence yet in the way of men. I could but ask myself why this ripe and mellow geology, this stately and bountiful landscape, these large



"INGLESIDE," HART GIBSON'S RESIDENCE, NEAR LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

There are three hard things in Kentucky, but one of which is to my taste; namely, hard bread, hard beds, and hard roads. The roads are excellent, macadamized as in England and nearly as well kept; but that "beat-biscuit," a sort of domestic hardtack, in the making of which the flour or dough is beaten long and hard with the rolling-pin, is, in my opinion, a poor substitute for Yankee bread; and those mercilessly hard beds—the macadamizing principle is out of place there too. It would not be exact to call Kentucky butter bad; but with all their fine grass and fancy stock, they do not succeed well in this article of domestic manufacture. But Kentucky whisky is soft, seductively so, and I caution all travelers to beware how they suck any iced preparation of it through a straw of a hot day; it is not half so innocent as it tastes.

The blue-grass region has sent out, and continues to send out, the most famous trotting horses in the world. Within a small circle not half a dozen miles across were produced all

and substantial homesteads, have not yet produced a crop of men to match. Cold and sterile Massachusetts is far in the lead in this respect. Granite seems a better nurse of genius than the lime-rock. The one great man born in Kentucky, Abraham Lincoln, was not a product of this fertile region. Henry Clay was a Virginian. The two most eminent native blue-grass men were John C. Breckinridge and John J. Crittenden. It seems that it takes something more than a fertile soil to produce great men; a deep and rich human soil is much more important. Kentucky has been too far to one side of the main current of our national life; she has felt the influence of New England but very little; neither has she been aroused by the stir and enterprise of the great West. Her schoolhouses are too far apart, even in this rich section, and she values a fast trotter or racer more than she does a fine scholar.

What gives the great fertility to the blue-grass region is the old limestone rock, laid

down in the ancient silurian seas, which comes to the surface over all this part of the State and makes the soil by its disintegration. The earth surface seems once to have bulged up here like a great bubble, and then have been planed or ground off by the elements. This wearing away process removed all the more recent formations, the coal beds and the conglomerate or other rocks beneath them, and left this ancient limestone exposed. Its continued decay keeps up the fertility of the soil. Wheat and corn and clover are rotated for fifty years upon the same fields without manure, and without any falling off in their productiveness. Where the soil is removed the rock presents that rough, honeycombed appearance which surfaces do that have been worm-eaten instead of worn. The tooth which has gnawed, and is still gnawing it, is the carbonic acid carried into the earth by rain-water. Hence, unlike the prairies of the West, the fertility of this soil perpetually renews itself. The blue-grass seems native to this region; any field left to itself will presently be covered with blue-grass. It is not cut for hay, but is for grazing alone. Fields which have been protected during the fall yield good pasture even in winter. And a Kentucky winter is no light affair, the mercury often falling fifteen or twenty degrees below zero.

I saw but one new bird in Kentucky, namely, the lark-finch, and but one pair of those. This is a Western bird of the sparrow kind which is slowly making its way eastward, having been found as far east as Long Island. I was daily on the lookout for it, but saw none till I was about leaving this part of the State. Near old Governor Shelby's place in Boyle County, as we were driving along the road, my eye caught a grayish-brown bird like the skylark, but with a much more broad and beautifully marked tail. It suggested both a lark and a sparrow, and I knew at once it was the lark-finch I had been looking for. It alighted on some low object in a plowed field, and with a glass I had a good view of it—a very elegant, distinguished-appearing bird for one clad in the sparrow suit, the tail large and dark, with white markings on the outer web of the quills. Much as I wanted to hear his voice, he would not sing, and it was not till I reached Adams County, Illinois, that I saw another one and heard the song. Driving about the country here—which, by the way, reminded me more of the blue-grass region than anything I saw outside of Kentucky—with a friend, I was again on the lookout for the new bird, but had begun to think it was not a resident, when I espied one on the fence by the roadside. It failed to sing, but farther on we saw another one which alighted upon a

fruit tree near us. We paused to look and to listen, when instantly it struck up and gave us a good sample of its musical ability. It was both a lark and a sparrow song; or, rather, the notes of a sparrow uttered in the continuous and rapid manner of the skylark—a pleasing performance, but not meriting the praise I had heard bestowed upon it.

In Kentucky and Illinois, and probably throughout the West and Southwest, certain birds come to the front and are conspicuous which we see much less of in the East. The blue jay seems to be a garden and orchard bird, and to build about dwellings as familiarly as the robin does with us. There must be dozens of these birds in this part of the country where there is but one in New England. And the brown thrashers—in Illinois they were as common along the highways as song sparrows or chippies are with us, and nearly as familiar. So also were the turtle-doves and meadow-larks. That the Western birds should be more tame and familiar than the same species in the East is curious enough. From the semi-domestication of so many of the English birds, when compared with our own, we infer that the older the country the more the birds are changed in this respect; yet the birds of the Mississippi Valley are less afraid of man than those of the valley of the Hudson or the Connecticut. Is it because the homestead, with its trees and buildings, affords the birds on the great treeless prairies their first and almost only covert? Where could the perchers perch till trees and fences and buildings offered? For this reason they would at once seek the vicinity of man and become familiar with him.

In Kentucky the summer redbird everywhere attracted my attention. Its song is much like that of its relative the tanager, and its general habits and manners are nearly the same.

The red-headed woodpecker was about the only bird of this class I saw, and it was very common. Almost any moment, in riding along, their conspicuous white markings as they flew from tree to tree were to be seen festooning the woods. Yet I was told that they were far less numerous than formerly. Governor Knott said he believed there were ten times as many when he was a boy as now. But what beautiful thing is there in this world that was not ten times more abundant when one was a boy than he finds it on becoming a man? Youth is the principal factor in the problem. If one could only have the leisure, the alertness, and the freedom from care that he had when a boy, he would probably find that the world had not deteriorated so much as he is apt to suspect.

The field or meadow bird, everywhere heard



EVENING IN THE BLUE-GRASS LAND.

in Kentucky and Illinois, is the black-throated bunting, a heavy-beaked bird the size and color of an English sparrow, with a harsh, rasping song, which it indulges in incessantly. Among bird songs it is like a rather coarse weed among our wild-flowers.

I could not find the mocking-bird in song, though it breeds in the blue-grass counties. I saw only two specimens of the bird in all my wanderings. The Virginia cardinal was common, and in places the yellow-breasted chat was heard. Once I heard from across a broad field a burst of bobolink melody from a score or more of throats — a flock of the birds probably pausing on their way north. In Chi-

cago I was told that the Illinois bobolink had a different song from the New England species, but I could detect no essential difference. The song of certain birds, notably that of the bobolink, seems to vary slightly in different localities, and also to change during a series of years. I no longer hear the exact bobolink song which I heard in my boyhood, in the localities where I then heard it. Probably the songs of birds change in the course of time, as the speech of a people which has no written language changes. Not a season passes but I hear marked departures in the songs of our birds from what appears to be the standard song of a given species.

John Burroughs.

AT A DINNER OF ARTISTS.

(NATIONAL ACADEMY, APRIL 8, 1890.)

"The Romans had a frivolous fashion of crowning their brows with roses, *in convivio*; the ancient Egyptians had the solemn custom of having a death's-head at their feasts. Which of these pagan races was the wiser — the one that forgot itself in life, or the one that remembered itself of death?"

SITTING beside you in these halls to-night,
 Begirt with kindly faces known so long,
 My heart is heavy though my words are light,
 So strangely sad and sweet are art and song.
 Twin sisters, they, at once both bright and dark,
 Clinging to coming hours and days gone by
 When hope was jubilant as a morning lark,
 And memory silent as the evening sky.
 Where are the dear companions, yours and mine,
 Whom for one little hour these walls restore,
 Courteous and gracious, of a noble line,
 And happy times that will return no more?
 Farewell and hail! We come, and we depart:
 I, with my song (ah me!); you, with your art.

R. H. Stoddard.

THE REIGN OF REASON.



T will be rather a good thing, Adeline, if you will go up there for a week or two; it will strengthen me in that part of the county."

Politics are still eminently respectable in Tennessee, and my half-brother, whom I was visiting, was a candidate for a congressional nomination. He was encouraging me to make a visit to some kinsfolk of his with whom I was not otherwise related. He put forth motives of policy, but the truth was he was much attached to Cousin Betsey Blunt (as I too called her), whom he looked upon with pride as a particularly able woman; and he longed to have me pay her the compliment of a visit. Mrs. Blunt had been left a widow at the close of the war, with two little children, and no other dependence than a rough farm in a rougher country, some twenty-five miles "back" from Strathboro'.

She had taken the situation gallantly; and now her children were both grown, and her hard days past. One, the daughter, was married, and had gone to Texas; but the other, the younger, Jimmy, was still with her.

I had been at her house years before, when I was a little girl, and still remembered it as a sort of place of enchantment, so deeply and delightfully had its remoteness and primitiveness impressed me. I was pleased enough at the prospect of going there again. One of those queer little railroads that seem to wander so amiably and aimlessly about the rural districts of the South passed within eight miles of the place.

It was arranged that at this point Jimmy should meet me. When I got off the train I found myself on a moss-grown platform in the midst of a pretty woodland. While the conductor was courteously keeping his train waiting to inquire into my situation, a tall young man in a "butternut" jeans suit rode

out of the woods, leading a saddled horse behind him. He lifted his shapeless, dun-colored soft hat to me; and the conductor, expressing a confidence that I was now "all right," returned to the care of his dozen other passengers. It was not hard, when I gave my mind to it, to recognize in the young man the Jimmy of old. His pretty brown eyes had not changed,—indeed you could see at a first glance that they looked just as they did when he was a baby,—and his brown curls had a familiar "set" on his head. They were oddly long to modern eyes (I insist that modernness is a matter of place as well as of time), but they were very becoming to his regular, nice, simple face. It was not a strong face; when I saw Cousin Betsey, I seemed to find its weakness explained, though not by the law of heredity.

The extra horse carried a side-saddle, and was intended for me. Jimmy had even brought a brown cotton riding-skirt with him. I untied the various secret strings about my dress skirt, put on the cotton outfit, and mounted. It was in the autumn, and the ride through the mellow radiance of the woods and fields was a dreamy delight. Jimmy had the true backwoods capacity for silence; it is akin to an



"THERE 'S A MIGHTY NICE GIRL LIVES IN THAT PLACE."

Indian's, and a thing to be much appreciated after the laborious twaddle of villagers in whom the sense of social responsibilities is painfully developing. After the inevitable exchange of inquiries as to the health of all our

tribe, conversation was dismissed as an idle and exhaustive exercise.

I was too much absorbed in other enjoyment to choose that time for studying my old playmate; and I had almost forgotten that his powers of communication were greater than his horse's, when, as we came to the top of a little hill, he pointed to a log house beyond and below, starting, it seemed, out of the woods and into a big, irregular, unkempt field, and said:

"There 's a mighty nice girl lives in that place."

I could do nothing less than show an interest in a person so directly and impressively brought to my attention. Jimmy pursued the theme with simple pleasure.

"Her fambly ain't much," he said. "Her father 's only a renter, and his father was a squatter, but that girl is an uncommon girl. She is a well-behaved girl, and she 's that healthy and strong there 's nothin' she ain't equal to. She 's got a masterful head, too. Her name 's Ellen Tod."

"Is she pretty?"

"Yes, ma'am, I suppose she is," Jimmy responded dispassionately. "She 's so counted; but her looks — her looks," he repeated, seeking a fitting conclusion, "it 's not them I 'm thinkin' about."

My less sternly disciplined mind was already wandering from Ellen Tod to the loveliness around me, — the blending colors, soft-floating leaves, and blue vistas, — and I let the talk drop. There would be plenty of time for canvassing the probabilities of a mésalliance with the house of Tod.

A mile or two more brought us to the home in which Jimmy was born — the ambitious house Henry Blunt had spent his substance building for his bride, while sanguine in his belief in the future of the country, and in his own. The piteous vanity of human foresight was emphasized when he was killed in battle a few years afterward; and the modest tide of sectional growth and prosperity of later times had, through all its variations, left this part of the county an unaffected island in the midst of it; yet the "big house" had not been altogether a bad investment. It had conferred a certain distinction on its inhabitants; through their hard times it had served as a substantial testimony to the dignity of their past, and as such Cousin Betsey had prized it. I remember as a child having heard my mother try to persuade her to sell out and come elsewhere, where there would be a chance for her to educate her children; and as I recalled her replies, while we were riding through the primeval woods which formed a rude park in front of the house, both their wisdom and its oddly anti-

quoted quality struck me. She said that her children were not very "smart"; that they were not going to make any great figure in the world; that the most education could do for them would be to make them as good as other people, to keep them from being looked down upon; and that if they staid where they were, these points would be gained anyhow.

"They can learn to read and write here," she said; "and I don't believe they 'll make much use of that. I 'm not a fool, but I never cared about books; and they, neither of them, nor both together, have as much brains as I have. I don't know how it comes; you know what their father was" (I remember how oddly her voice broke there, and how it returned to its usual metallic vibrations as she went on); "but there they are, and such as they are I think they will be happier and stand higher here than anywhere else. As for me, I have to work hard; but I 'd have to do that anyway, and I 'd rather do it where I 'm looked up to. No," she continued in answer to my mother again; "I can live here as contented as I 'll ever be. I don't s'pose you know anythin' about what it is to me that my husband 's dead" (her tones were firm enough now); "and as for my children, they are good children, if they ain't very gifted, and I 'll leave 'em fixed in a way that suits 'em well. I 've thought it all out."

In front of the house was a board fence, — it took the place of a decaying paling, I remembered, — and at its gate as we rode up stood Cousin Betsey. She was always a little woman, and the years seemed to be making her smaller. She was thin and dark, with straight features, black hair still unstreaked with gray, and the palest and keenest of light-blue eyes — altogether a noticeable figure. She met me with familiar, undemonstrative kindness, as if I were still the child she had known. I think her manner would have been exactly the same if she had never seen me at all; it was not as an individual that she thought of me, but as the daughter and the granddaughter of those who belonged to the past. In my visits South I always found a great restfulness in this general predominance of background in what I may call my pictorial effects.

The house was just as I had seen it last. I remembered the carpet in Cousin Betsey's room, a striped wool carpet woven on a handloom, and I was pleased to find I still admired it. The same andirons I had left there sustained the smoldering log in the fireplace; the same simple-minded old colored prints of properly curled children and military and political heroes were on the walls; the "duck-legged" chair — it had sustained a surgical operation —



MISS ELLEN.

still stood in its old corner. Doubtless it was a favorite yet with the small mistress who had had it cut down for her convenience in nursing her children.

I flew to see if even a certain speck in one of the window-panes had survived the years, and was filled with unreasoning wonder and delight on finding it. It had been one of those queer treasures children develop out of the most untoward materials, and I had called it "my buzzard," Heaven only knows why.

"Yes, here it is," I called out to Cousin Betsey — "the buzzard Jimmy and I quarreled about once. I said it was mine, and he said it was his, and you spanked him and told me I was the one who deserved a whipping, but, as you could n't give it to me, you 'd have to stop the fuss by punishing him."

"It must have been Mary," said Cousin Betsey, with grim humor. "Jimmy never would have stood up to it if it had been his. Jimmy is a queer son for me to have. Most of his spankings were for not sticking up for himself. They don't seem to have done him much good. He 's as soft and helpless as men think women ought to be. I don't know where he 'd be if I 'd 'a' been that kind."

I reflected to myself that, in all probability, he at least would have been a more assertive person, the law of action and reaction appear-

ing with peculiar obviousness in the relations of parents and children.

"But," Cousin Betsey proceeded reflectively, "everythin' bein' as it is, it don't make so very much difference about Jimmy. Sometimes I worry about Mary. She 's gone off, and sometimes it seems to me as if I might have done better by her — might have had her mingle more with other folks, and see more — if I 'd known how it was going to be; but I did n't, and what she is lays with her husband now anyhow. But for Jimmy, I want him to marry a girl that lives near by; she 'll have some land of her own, and I 've made this farm a good one. I have n't worked out my land like the men around here, and they 'll get on. Jimmy won't be as likely to throw away what he 's got in his hand as many a boy that shows off better."

"Is he in love with the girl?" I asked, seating myself for an interesting interview in the duck-legged chair.

Cousin Betsey reached for her knitting, and went through some elaborate adjustments of needles before she said:

"I reckon he 'll be in love enough to do. He ain't egzactly an idiot, and the girl is a nice girl and a pretty girl, and she likes him. I 've seen that plain enough, and that is all I was studyin' about. Jimmy would never have

stir enough about him to do his own courtin' anyhow, and he 'll be pleased enough to have a girl like Milly Giles make up to him."

The next that I heard about Jimmy's matrimonial prospects was from himself. He was going for a load of wood one morning, and I went with him, sometimes sitting behind the oxen, sometimes walking with him beside them, or making little excursions from the faintly marked track into the woods after late ferns in sheltered nooks or for seductive bunches of wild grapes.

Jimmy was as pleasant a companion on such a trip as the oxen themselves; indeed he was better, as good as a dog. After he had loaded his wagon, he sat down on a log to rest, gazing benevolently upon me as I grubbed about for hickory-nuts. I gave up the hunt, and sat down too; near by the oxen, loose from the wagon, were taking what pleasure they could under the trying, though poetically vaunted, condition of a dual unity.

"Cousin Betsey is talking of having Milly Giles come over to make a visit while I am here," I said. "Do you think she 'll come? Do you like her?"



"IF HE MARRIES THAT GIRL HE IS NO SON OF MINE."

"Miss Milly is a mighty nice young lady," said Jimmy slowly: "she is pretty, and she comes of very good family. But," Jimmy proceeded, hewing his way through these unfamiliar paths of expression with obvious difficulty, "I don't believe maw means sure enough to ask her a-visitin' while you 're here.

Miss Milly is wearin'. She talks a heap sometimes, and she don't have no trouble bearin' herself in company, but still she 's wearin'; and maw she thinks so too. I 'm mighty nigh sure maw would n't have her come when you is here."

"What is it makes her wearing?" I persisted. "Tell me how."

Jimmy seemed to sink a shaft into his consciousness and wait for returns.

"It 's somethin' like tryin' to drink the foam on the top of the milk-bucket—as if you might start drinkin' when it was foam clean to the bottom."

"Cousin Betsey wants you to marry her," I stated in brutal young fashion.

Jimmy took off his hat, scratched his curly head, and knitted his faint brows as he dug his heel into the mold and gazed fixedly on the operation. "Yessum," he said; "yessum, I 'm afraid she does."

"Well, will you?"

Jimmy looked at me as one of the oxen might if I had prodded him. "You 'member that girl I told you about the first day you come? I showed you where she lived? Miss Ellen Tod? Well," Jimmy concluded, seeming to feel that he was submitting a problem as hopeless as I was likely to hear, "I want to marry that girl."

"Oh, you are in love with her, are you?"

"No, 'm, I can't say as I am," Jimmy replied judicially, although the color crept up his face. "I ain't influenced by that; Miss Ellen 's a good match."

"Milly Giles 's a good match too, is n't she?" I said, when I had recovered from this blow to my romanticism.

"Miss Milly ain't what I 'd call a good match," Jimmy again drew down his blond brows in the exertion of cerebration and expression. "She 's got some prop'ty, but prop'ty ain't everythin'. Miss Milly 's a nice young lady, but she ain't no worker, and she ain't no head for management; and

then she 's wearin'. Where 's the good of all that there land if—" Jimmy finished his appeal by implication, fixing his limpid eyes upon me.

"Most people would think Ellen Tod a bad match."

"That 's narrow-mindedness," Jimmy declared with uncommon decision. "Miss Ellen

would make a splendid wife. If that ain't bein' a good match —" He again came to a full and impressive stop.

"But would Cousin Betsey think so? Does she know you care about — that you want to marry her?"

Jimmy mopped his brow with his sleeve.

"No, 'm, no, 'm," he said; "and for the Lord's sake don't say nothin'. I don't know what to do. Maw 's terrible masterful, but — but — Miss Ellen, she 's mighty patient, but she 's powerful sot, too." And with this pregnant suggestion of his own helplessness between antagonistic forces the discussion concluded, and I began to try to repair the damage I had done his cheerfulness by asking about his oxen.

Idleness begot in me a curiosity to see Ellen Tod, so one day I asked Jimmy to take me to visit her.

"I 'll be proud to do it," he replied, without explaining whom his pride complimented. When he next went to mill I went along, and was put down at the door of the little log house below the hill.

"There 's no need of lettin' her know you are comin'," Jimmy had told me, "for she and the house is always as spick and as span as all the comp'ny in the world could make 'em."

The house stood an eighth of a mile back from the road, and a wagon track led up to and away from it in a wide semicircle worthy a drive before a palace; it was all unfenced, the wild greenness pressing up to the doorway. As we approached, a tall, broad-shouldered young woman came to the low, open door. I had time to take a good look at her, and it was a pleasant exercise. She stood with one hand on her hip, in an attitude of such simplicity and ease as the rustic obtains only in his most uncorrupted estate. Her smooth, dark hair was parted and brought down behind her ears into a knot of eminent decency; her features were good, strong, rather large, and were set off by a fine ruddy complexion. She came out to the wagon as we stopped and put up her hand to Jimmy. "Howdy," she said — not smiling, but fixing her gray eyes upon him with what was like maternal tenderness.

"Howdy, Miss Ellen," Jimmy answered, equally grave. "This is my cousin, Miss Adlington — Miss Tod, Cousin Adeline."

"I wanted to stop off and stay with you, if I might, while Jimmy goes to mill."

"I 'm pleased to see you," said Ellen Tod. "Wait, and I 'll bring a chair for you" — a chair to help me alight.

Jimmy was right as to the spickness and spanness of Ellen and her house. Her innate superiority was shown in her dress, which was of that standard dark purple calico which knows no North, no South, and it was made

without a furbelow anywhere; it was a model of the chief garment of modern woman reduced to its simplest elements, but it was beautifully clean, and was perfect in its way, even the unrelieved band around the neck being becoming to so handsome a column. That touchstone of the Southern housekeeper, the hearth, was swept so clean that its scoured stones attracted the eye, and the big bed in one corner of the room was radiant in brilliant patchwork. After I entered Ellen returned a moment to the wagon and shook hands with the departing Jimmy, who was to return in a couple of hours. For that time Ellen and I were left to each other's uninterrupted society, for her father was away at work, and she and he composed the family. She was a charming hostess, full of hospitality and with an effortless gift of silence almost equal to Jimmy's own.

She took my hat, allowed me to sit in the back doorway which looked out into the near woods, and brought me a glass of cool buttermilk from the bucket in the spring. My soul was satisfied when she got out a big spinning-wheel and went to work. I wondered if she spun when Jimmy came, and was inclined to think that no woman could be ignorant of the charming esthetic possibilities of the occupation. I could imagine Jimmy sinking into a deep and deeper daze of pleasure as he watched the swift, light-moving figure passing to and fro, to and fro, while the big wheel whirled. I tried to get up the courage to talk to her about Jimmy, but I could n't; she was too big and grown up; she made me feel too small and light-minded. She actually smiled at me, however, when the wagon returned. I felt now as if a handshaking all around were justified, for it seemed as if I had spent a pleasant, dreamy, drowsy lifetime in that back door.

"I ain't very lively company; I never was," Ellen said as I put on my hat, scarcely apologetically, but as if the fact were an undeniable drawback. She took Jimmy some buttermilk, — he did not leave the wagon, — and I delayed my appearance while he drank it.

"I don't know as I 'll ever see you again," she said, as she gravely gave me her hand; "but I 'm glad you come, and I wish you well. Take care of yourself," she said as we started, including me in the kindly gaze she turned on Jimmy.

I did see her again, but before the second meeting Cousin Betsey had learned of her as a possible daughter-in-law. I came in from a tramp the day before I left, and found mother and son closing a terrible and portentous interview. Poor Jimmy was sitting in his mother's room with his bowed head supported in his hands and his every line expressing crushed suffering, but withal hardly so

limp as might have been expected. The little masterful mother stood with her knotted hands on the back of a chair in front of her, gazing at her boy with a touch of bewilderment in her pale, stern, lawyer-like face.

I started back from the door I had opened.

"Come in, Adeline," she said; "come in. Like as not it 's no news to you that this poor fool I brought into the world wants to marry a low-down girl over there in the hollow, without a second gown to her back, and no more raisin' than one of my heifers."

Jimmy did not stir.

"If he could get himself up to tell me so, he 's likely told everybody else first. You need n't say nothin'. I don't want to know what you know or what you don't; but I want to tell you—you are young and foolish—that you 've done a right cruel thing if you 've given him encouragement in his folly, or if you ever do. I can't believe he ever would have named such a thing to me if somebody like you had n't give him some sustainment."

I felt a guilty thud in my breast as those luminous pale eyes fixed themselves upon me. I had not meant to give encouragement, but I saw now that Cousin Betsey was probably right, and that my liking for Ellen had helped Jimmy to the courage shown in this declaration; he had an immense regard for my opinion.

"James," she said, "look at me." Jimmy raised a haggard, pain-dazed face. "James, I 'm goin' to say before Adeline what I 've told you I 'd do if you won't give up this—girl. Will you give her up?"

Jimmy half gasped. "Mother," he began, then stopped; a dead silence; its tenseness was painful, like a physical sensation. "Mother, if you 'd just know her, if—"

"I knew her father and mother before her, before you was born. My father kept her grandfather from starvin' to death; more 's the pity, since it brings this shame upon me now. Her mother was a nameless brat. I know her enough."

"No, 'm, no, 'm; you don't. Ellen 's not them. She 'd make the best wife—"

"Much you know or care about her making a good wife. You can't take me in. You 're in love with her."

"No, 'm; no, Maw. I 'm not that bewitched—"

"Will you, or won't you, give her up?"

Jimmy staggered to his feet and to the door. "Mother, mother," he repeated slowly under his breath as if it were a sort of prayer.

"Stop," she said. "Adeline,"—she took me by the arm,— "I say to you that if he marries that girl he is no son of mine, and I 'll never treat him as one, dead or alive."

The door closed behind Jimmy, and Cousin Betsey sank into a chair, and let her hands fall as they would, one in her lap, and one at her side. I knelt beside her and tried to stanch my tears. Cousin Betsey had a man's preference for an unemotional atmosphere, and the first thing she said was to tell me to bring her knitting.

"Oh, why, why," I said, "did you say such a terrible thing?"

"I said it because I thought it would stop him if anything would," she answered with a firm mouth, though her fingers were a little shaky as she handled her needles.

"But if it does n't?"

"If it does n't, he knows what to look for."

"Cousin Betsey, I 've seen her: she seems nice; I believe she would be a good wife—"

"Adeline, get up. I don't want to hear any more foolishness. I 'm the one that 's likely to know who 'd make a good wife for my son, if it 's a good wife you are both so bent on. I 've taken care of him a good many years."

"Don't you love him? Don't you want him to be happy?"

"Of course I do; that 's why I 've done what I could to stop this thing."

The needles were clicking well by this time.

"But if he marries, and you do as you say, you 'll make him miserable."

"I 'll do what I say. I 've had to say it for his good, and I 'd have to do it not to be a liar. Howsomerover there 's no use livin' through the thing before it happens. I don't seem to see Jimmy gettin' himself up to go and disobey me. He 'd never have the spunk." And Cousin Betsey, with that almost appalling good sense so characteristic of her, insisted on returning to the serene tone of everyday life. She treated Jimmy for the twenty-four hours that I was still with them in exactly her usual manner, which was placidly kind, so far as it was anything, though it took less account of him as an individual entity than probably even the humblest of us, in his place, would have preferred.

Jimmy was much depressed, but he was in awe of his mother, and felt bound to pull himself together and respond to her attitude as far as possible.

It was an evident relief to him when he and I were once more started on horseback for the station, and he was at liberty, in the woods, to be as miserable as he liked. He longed to have me do something for him, he did not know what,—say something, suggest something,—and he turned his dog-like brown eyes upon me with a heart-breaking force of appeal in them. But I was too conscious of the gravity of the situation to venture a word upon it. While we were waiting, however, on the little platform, with the falling leaves fluttering around us, he broke forth:

"Cousin Adeline, you can see what a good wife Ellen would make for me, can't you? You need n't say anythin'—I know you do; any one has got to that knows her. It ain't that I'm in love with her, like Maw said. But I don't see how I can let Ellen go. I don't see how I can."

I longed to probe his consciousness to see if any perception of obligation to Ellen could be aroused to reinforce this abiding sense of the necessity of Ellen to him, so it was just as well that the rickety little engine came meandering around the corner just then; leave-takings and responses to the cordial, hospitable greetings of the conductor occupied all the time I felt justified in delaying the other passengers, and I left without committing any new indiscretions.

One day in the following April I was in the old flower-garden, wholly absorbed in the care of the camomile bed, when one of the servants came out to me saying that there was "some mighty cur'us 'pearin' comp'ny up to de house," and that they had asked for me.

I did not, to tell the truth, think of Jimmy and Ellen, but when I found them, the moment my eyes fell on them it seemed as if I had been expecting them all along. They had refused to go into the house and were waiting for me on the back "gallery"; as I came up their horses were just being led off to the stables. The look of people about to be married was upon them: I am a clergyman's daughter and I recognized it, even though I did not quite see why they had come to Strathboro' for this purpose.

Jimmy began explaining at once; he offered an array of reasons, of which I seemed to be offered my choice. He did not want any of the preachers around his home to incur his mother's enmity by performing the ceremony, he and Ellen felt like coming to see me, they thought a little journey would be nice, and he desired my brother's advice about some matter of business.

Ellen put in that they did not want me to incur Cousin Betsey's wrath either; they had come to see me, but they'd go to the house of the preacher I should recommend.

They had, as I said, the air of people about to be married, but with a curious reversal of parts; Jimmy was full of the cheerfulness of a storm-tossed traveler who has found port, while poor Ellen's bearing expressed the awe-struck sense of responsibility which generally oppresses the bridegroom. I seated them in the dining-room at such a lunch as Aunt 'Merky was able, in her phrase, to "scare up," and went into a place apart to commune with my own mind.

My brother and his wife were away; I was alone in authority; how could I turn out these waifs to get married in the desolation of a strange parsonage parlor, when I felt sure that a touching gravitation towards sympathy was all that had brought them so far? Here was a chance to play a little part in a romance, to manage, to be important and benevolent.

I became infected with the passionate reasonableness characteristic of all the principles in the affair. I said: "Brother Amos is away, he'll not have to bear any of the responsibility; they are going to get married anyhow; Cousin Betsey can't hurt me; and, after all, Jimmy is quite right about it. Ellen will make him a beautiful wife—go to, I will be a patroness."

After the ceremony—besides the servants in the doorway, only the most sentimental old lady in the village and myself witnessed it—Ellen had a little experience which I trust has never been repeated; she broke down from her usual care-taking, all-sustaining, maternal self into a frightened, helpless woman who wanted to be comforted by somebody stronger than herself. She dropped down upon the sofa, and began to cry softly upon Jimmy's shoulder. Poor Jimmy felt then that matrimony was indeed a strange estate whose mysteries developed with incredible promptness, and in the most unexpected ways. He looked so pitifully baffled and bewildered that Ellen, when she saw his face, straightened up into her more characteristic phase, and slipped her hand into his to comfort him. It was not a traditional bridal scene, but it seemed to me a very natural and touching one.

There was nothing for Jimmy to do, of course, but to sink to the station of a renter. He went in on shares with his father-in-law that year, and lived in the neat little cabin I had visited.

My brother recently passed through that part of the county, and he reports that Betsey has taken the surprising but simple course of treating Jimmy as she might treat any poor neighbor whom she had long known, even letting him land on good though not unbusiness-like terms; but never breaking either the letter or the spirit of her vow. Amos thinks this suits both mother and son admirably. As for Jimmy, he says, he has more confidence of manner than of old, despite his social fall; and that he wears such a look of contentment as any other woman in Cousin Betsey's place would sorely resent.

After a four-years' experience of Ellen as a wife the one conviction of Jimmy's life seems justified.

Viola Roseboro'.

IN THE NIGHT WATCHES.

SLEEP visits not my eyelids; yet I rest
In a content more deep than any sleep;
Nay, rapt in joy my vigil here I keep,
With trembling hands clasped to my eager breast.

For one I love, after long hours of pain,
Sleeps near me now. Think you that I could sleep,
Though needless now the vigil that I keep,
With the dread lifted from my heart and brain?

Think you that I would sleep? — would be beguiled,
Cheated, of this my joy? Nay, let me fast
From sleep through long, glad hours, to hear at last
The low, soft breathing of my ailing child.

Alice Wellington Rollins.



[BEGUN IN THE MAY NUMBER.]

THE WOMEN OF THE FRENCH SALONS.

THE SALONS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



THE traits which strike us most forcibly in the lives and characters of the women of the early salons are delicacy and sensibility; they colored their minds, ran through their literary pastimes, and gave a distinctive flavor to their conversation. It was these qualities, added to a decided taste for pleasures of the intellect, and an innate social genius, that led them to revolt from the gross sensualism of the court, and form, upon a new basis, a society that has given another complexion to the last two centuries. The natural result was, at first, a reign of sentiment that was often overstrained, but which represented on the whole a reaction of morality and refinement. The wits and beauties of the *salon bleu* may have committed a thousand follies, but their chivalrous codes of honor and of manners, their fastidious tastes, even their prudish affectations, were open though sometimes rather bizarre tributes to the virtues that lie at the very foundation of a well-ordered society. They had exalted ideas of the dignity of

womanhood, of purity, of loyalty, of devotion. The heroines of Mlle. de Scudéry, with their endless discourses upon the metaphysics of love, were no doubt tiresome sometimes to the *blasé* courtiers, as well as to the critics; but their lofty and fine-spun sentiments charmed the Great Condé in his cell at Vincennes, the eloquent Fléchier, the ascetic D'Andilly at Port Royal, as well as the romantic maidens who sighed over their fanciful dreams and impossible adventures. They had their originals in living women who reversed the common traditions of a Gabrielle and a Marion Delorme; who combined with the intellectual brilliancy and fine courtesy of the Greek Aspasia the moral graces that give so poetic a fascination to the Christian and medieval types. Mme. de La Fayette painted with rare delicacy the old struggle between passion and duty, but character triumphs over passion, and duty is the final victor. In spite of the low standards of the age, the ideal woman of society, as of literature, was noble, tender, modest, pure, and loyal.

But the eighteenth century brings new types

to the surface. The *précieuses*, with their sentimental theories and naïve reserves, have had their day. It is no longer the world of Mme. de Rambouillet that confronts us with its chivalrous models, its refined platonism, and its flavor of literature, but rather that of the epicurean Ninon, brilliant, versatile, free, lax, sceptical, full of intrigue and wit, but without moral sense or spiritual aspiration. Literary portraits and ethical maxims have given place to a spicy mixture of scandal and philosophy, humanitarian speculations and equivocal *bons mots*. It is piquant and amusing, this light play of intellect, seasoned with clever and sparkling wit, but the note of delicacy and sensibility is quite gone. Society has divested itself of many crudities and many affectations perhaps, but it has grown as artificial and self-conscious as its rouged and befeathered leaders.

The women who presided over these centers of fashion and intelligence represent to us the genius of social sovereignty. We fall under the glamour of the luminous but factitious atmosphere that surrounded them. We are dazzled by the subtlety and clearness of their intellect, the brilliancy of their wit. Their faults are veiled by the smoke of the incense we burn before them or lost in the dim perspective. It is fortunate, perhaps, for many of our illusions, that the golden age, which is always receding, is seen at such long range that only the softly colored outlines are visible. Men and women are transfigured in the rosy light that rests on historic heights, as on far-off mountain-tops. But if we bring them into closer view, and turn on the pitiless light of truth, the aureole vanishes, a thousand hidden defects are exposed, and our idol stands out hard and bare, too often divested of its divinity and its charm.

To do justice to these women we must take the point of view of an age that was corrupt to the core. It is needless to discuss here the merits of the stormy, disenchanting eighteenth century, which was the mother of our own, and upon which the world is likely to remain hopelessly divided. But whatever we may think of its final outcome, it can hardly be denied that this period, which in France was so powerful in ideas, so active in thought, so teeming with intelligence, so rich in philosophy, was poor in faith, bankrupt in morals, without religion, without poetry, and without imagination. The divine ideals of virtue and renunciation were drowned in a sea of selfishness and materialism. The austere devotion of Pascal was out of fashion. The spiritual teachings of Bossuet and Fénelon represented the outworn creeds of an age that was dead. It was Voltaire who gave the tone, and even Vol-

taire was not radical enough for many of these iconoclasts. "He is a bigot and a deist," exclaimed a feminine disciple of D'Holbach's atheism. The gay, witty, pleasure-loving abbé, who derided piety, defied morality, was the pet of the salon, and figured in the worst scandals, was a fair representative of the fashionable clergy who had no attribute of priesthood but the name and clearly justified the sneers of the philosophers. Tradition had given place to private judgment, and in its first reaction private judgment knew no law but its own caprices. The watchword of intellectual freedom was made to cover universal license, and clever sophists constructed theories to justify the mad carnival of vice and frivolity. "As soon as one does a bad action, one never fails to make a bad maxim," said the clever Marquise de Créquy. "As soon as a school-boy has his love affairs, he wishes no more to say his prayers; and when a woman wrongs her husband, she tries to believe no more in God."

The fact that this brilliant but heartless and epicurean world was tempered with intellect and taste changed its color, but not its moral quality. Talent turned to intrigue, and character was the toy of the scheming and flexible brain. The maxims of La Rochefoucauld were the rule of life. Wit counted for everything, the heart for nothing. The only sins that could not be pardoned were stupidity and awkwardness. "Bah! He has only revealed every one's secret," said Mme. du Deffand to an acquaintance who censured Helvétius for making selfishness the basis of all human actions. To some one who met this typical woman of her time in the gay salon of Mme. Marchais, and condoled with her upon the death of her lifelong friend and lover, Pont de Veyle, she quietly replied, "Alas! he died this evening at six o'clock; otherwise you would not see me here." "My friend fell ill; I attended him. He died, and I dissected him," was the remark of a wit on reading her satirical pen-portrait of the Marquise du Châtelet after her death. This cold scepticism, keen analysis, and undisguised heartlessness strike the keynote of the century which was socially so brilliant, intellectually so fruitful, and morally so weak.

The liberty and complaisance of the domestic relations were complete. It is true there were examples of conjugal devotion, for the gentle human affections never quite disappear in any atmosphere; but the fact that they were considered worthy of note sufficiently indicates the drift of the age. In the world of fashion and of form there was not even a pretense of preserving the sanctity of marriage, if the chronicles of the time are to be credited. It was simply a commercial affair which united

names and fortunes, continued the glory of families, replenished exhausted purses, and gave freedom to women. If love entered into it at all, it was an accident. This superfluous sentiment was ridiculed, or relegated to the *bourgeoisie*, to whom it was left to preserve the tradition of household virtues. If a young wife was modest or shy, she was the object of unflattering *persiflage*. If she betrayed her innocent love for her husband, she was not of the charmed circle of wit and good tone, which frowned upon so vulgar a weakness and laughed at inconvenient scruples.

"Indeed," says a typical husband of the period, "I cannot conceive how, in the barbarous ages, one had the courage to wed. The ties of marriage were a chain. To-day you see kindness, liberty, peace reign in the bosom of families. If husband and wife love each other, very well; they live together; they are happy. If they cease to love, they say so honestly, and return to each other the promise of fidelity. They cease to be lovers; they are friends. That is what I call social manners, gentle manners."

It is against such a background that the women who figure so prominently in the salons are outlined. Such was the air they breathed, the spirit they imbibed. That it was fatal to the finer graces of character goes without saying. Doubtless, in quiet and secluded nooks, there were many human wildflowers that had not lost their primitive freshness and delicacy, but they did not flourish in the withering atmosphere of the great world. The type in vogue savored of the hothouse. With its striking beauty of form and tropical richness of color it had no sweetness, no fragrance. Many of these women we can only consider on the worldly and intellectual side. Sydney Smith has aptly characterized them as "women who violated the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers." But standing on the level of a time in which their faults were mildly reprehensible, if at all so, their characteristic gifts shine out with marvelous splendor. It is from this standpoint alone that we can present them, drawing the friendly mantle of silence over grave weaknesses and fatal errors.

In this century, in which women have so much wider scope, when they can write, paint, carve, act, sing, enter professional life, or do whatever talent and inclination may dictate, without loss of dignity or prestige unless they do it ill,—and perhaps even this exception is a trifle superfluous,—it is difficult to understand fully, or estimate correctly, a society in which the best feminine intellect was centered upon the art of entertaining and of wielding an indirect power through the minds of men.

The Frenchwomen had all the vanity that lies at the bottom of the Gallic character, but when the triumphs of youth were over, the only legitimate path to individual distinction open to them was that of social influence. This was attained through personal charm, supplemented by more or less cleverness, or through the gift of creating a society that cast about them an illusion of talent of which they were often only the reflection. To these two classes belong the queens of the salons. But the most famous of them only carried to the point of genius a talent that was universal.

In its best estate a brilliant social life is essentially an external one. Its charm lies largely in the superficial graces, in the facile and winning manners, the ready tact, the quick intelligence, the rare and perishable gifts of conversation—in the nameless trifles which are elusive as shadows and potent as light. It is the way of putting things that tells, rather than the value of the things themselves. This world of draperies and amenities, of dinners and *conversations*, of epigrams, coquetties, and sparkling trivialities, is the Frenchwoman's world. It has little in common with the inner world that surges forever behind and beneath it; little sympathy with inconvenient ideals and exalted sentiments. The serious and earnest soul to which divine messages have been whispered in hours of solitude finds its treasures unheeded, its language unspoken here. The cares, the burdens, the griefs that weigh so heavily on the great heart of humanity, are banished from this social Eden. The Frenchman has as little love for the somber side of life as the Athenian, who veiled every expression of suffering. "Joy marks the force of the intellect," said the pleasure-loving Ninon. It is this peculiar gift of projecting themselves into a joyous atmosphere, of treating even serious subjects in a piquant and lively fashion, of dwelling upon the pleasant surface of things, that has made the French the artists, above all others, of social life. The Parisienne selects her company, as a skillful leader forms his orchestra, with a fine instinct of harmony. No single instrument dominates, but every member is an artist in his way, adding his touch of melody or color in the fitting place. Individual is sacrificed to artistic truth. She aims, perhaps unconsciously, at a poetic ideal which shall express the best in life and thought, divested of the rude and commonplace, untouched by sorrow or passion, and free from personality.

But the representative salons which have left a permanent mark upon their time, and a memory that does not seem likely to die, were no longer simply centers of refined and intellectual amusement. The moral and literary re-

action of the seventeenth century was one of the great social and political forces of the eighteenth. The salon had become a vast engine of power, an organ of public opinion, like the modern press. Clever and ambitious women had found their instrument and their opportunity. They had long since learned that the homage paid to weakness is illusory; that the power of beauty is short-lived. With none of the devotion which had made the convent the time-honored refuge of tender and exalted souls, finding little solace in the domestic affections which played so small a rôle in their lives, they turned the whole force of their clear and flexible minds to this new species of sovereignty. Their keenness of vision, their consummate skill in the adaptation of means to ends, their knowledge of the world, their practical intelligence, their instinct of pleasing, all fitted them for the part they assumed. They distinctly illustrated the truth that "our ideal is not out of ourselves, but in ourselves wisely modified." The intellect of these women was rarely the dupe of the emotions. Their clearness was not befogged by sentiment, nor, it may be added, were their characters enriched by it. "The women of the eighteenth century loved with their minds and not with their hearts," said the Abbé Galiani. The very absence of the qualities so essential to the highest womanly character, according to the old poetic types, added to their success. To be simple and true is to forget often to consider effects. Spontaneity is not apt to be discriminating, and the emotions are not safe guides to worldly distinction. It is not the artist who feels the most keenly who sways men the most powerfully; it is the one who has most perfectly mastered the art of swaying men. Self-sacrifice and a lofty sense of duty find their rewards in the intangible realm of the spirit, but they do not find them in a brilliant society whose foundations are laid in vanity and sensualism. An Alcestis or an Antigone might be the goddess of the fireside or the heroine of a drama, yet fail utterly in the arts and graces which reign supreme in the salon. "The virtues, though superior to the sentiments, are not so agreeable," said Mme. du Deffand; and she echoed the spirit of an age of which she was one of the most striking representatives. To be agreeable was the cardinal aim in the lives of these women. To this end they knew how to use their talents, and they studied, to the minutest shade, their own limitations. They had, to an eminent degree, the gift of the general who marshals his forces with a swift eye for combination and availability. To this quality was added more or less mental brilliancy, or, what is equally essential, the faculty of calling out the brilliancy of others,

but their education was rarely profound or even accurate. To an abbé who wished to dedicate a grammar to Mme. Geoffrin she replied: "To me? Dedicate a grammar to me! Why, I do not even know how to spell." Even Mme. du Deffand, whom Sainte-Beuve ranks next to Voltaire as the purest classic of the epoch in prose, says of herself, "I do not know a word of grammar; my manner of expressing myself is always the result of chance, independent of all rule and all art."

But it is not to be supposed that women who were the daily and lifelong companions and *confidantes* of men like Fontenelle, D'Alembert, Montesquieu, Helvétius, and Marmontel were deficient in a knowledge of books, though this was always subservient to a knowledge of life. It was a means, not an end. When the salon was at the height of its power it was not yet time for Mme. de Staël; and, with rare exceptions, those who wrote were not marked, or their literary talent was so overshadowed by their social gifts as to be unnoted. Their writings were no measure of their abilities. Those who wrote for amusement were careful to disclaim the title of *bel esprit*, and their works usually reached the public through accidental channels. Mme. de Lambert herself had too keen an eye for consideration to pose as an author, but it is with an accent of regret at the popular prejudice that she says of Mme. Dacier, "She knows how to associate learning with the amenities; for at present modesty is out of fashion: there is no more shame for vices, and women blush only for knowledge."

But, if they did not write, they presided over the mint in which books were coined. They were familiar with theories and ideas at their fountain source. Indeed the whole literature of the period pays its tribute to their intelligence and critical taste. "He who will write with precision, energy, and vigor only," said Marmontel, "may live with men alone; but he who wishes for suppleness in his style, for amenity, and for that something which charms and enchants, will, I believe, do well to live with women. When I read that Pericles sacrificed every morning to the Graces, I understand by it that every day Pericles breakfasted with Aspasia." This same author was in the habit of reading his tales in the salon and noting their effect. He found a happy inspiration in "the most beautiful eyes in the world swimming in tears"; but he adds, "I well perceived the cold and feeble passages, which they passed over in silence, as well as those where I had mistaken the word, the tone of nature, or the just shade of truth." He refers to the beautiful, witty, but erring and unfortunate Mme. de la Popelinière, to whom

he read his tragedy, as the best of all his critics. "Her corrections," he said, "struck me as so many rays of light." "A point of morals will be no better discussed in a society of philosophers than in that of a pretty woman of Paris," said Rousseau. This constant habit of reducing thoughts to a clear and salient form was the best school for aptness and ready expression. To talk wittily and well, or to lead others to talk wittily and well, was the crowning gift of these women. This evanescent art was the life and soul of the salons, the magnet which attracted the most brilliant of the French men of letters, who were glad to discuss safely and at their ease many subjects which the public censorship made it impossible to write about. They found companions and advisers in women, consulted their tastes, sought their criticism, courted their patronage, and established a sort of intellectual comradeship that exists in no country outside of France to the same extent. Its model may be found in the limited circle that gathered about Aspasia in the old Athenian days.

It is perhaps this habit of intellectual companionship that, more than any other single thing, accounts for the practical cleverness of the Frenchwomen, and the conspicuous part they have played in the political as well as social life of France. Nowhere else are women linked to the same degree with the success of men. There are few distinguished Frenchmen with whose fame some more or less gifted woman is not closely allied. Montaigne and Mlle. de Gournay, La Rochefoucauld and Mme. de La Fayette, D'Alembert and Mlle. de Lespinasse, Chateaubriand and Mme. Récamier, Joubert and Mme. Beaumont—these are only a few of the well-known and unsullied friendships that suggest themselves out of a list that might be extended indefinitely. The social instincts of the French, and the fact that men and women met on a common plane of intellectual life, made these friendships natural; that they excited little comment and less criticism made them possible.

The result was that, from the quiet and thoughtful Marquise de Lambert, who was admitted to have made half of the Academicians, to the clever but less scrupulous Mme. de Pompadour, who had to be reckoned with in every political change in Europe, women were everywhere the power behind the throne. No movement was carried through without them. "They form a kind of republic," said Montesquieu, "whose members, always active, aid and serve one another. It is a new state within a state; and whoever observes the action of those in power, if he does not know the women who govern them, is like a man who sees the action of a machine but does not know its secret

springs." Mme. de Tencin advised Marmontel, before all things, to cultivate the society of women if he wished to succeed. It is said that both Diderot and Thomas, two of the most brilliant thinkers of their time, failed of the fame they merited through their neglect to court the favor of women. Bolingbroke, then an exile in Paris, with a few others, formed a club of men for the discussion of literary and political questions. While it lasted it was never mentioned by women. It was quietly ignored. Cardinal Fleury considered it dangerous to the state, and suppressed it. At the same time, in the salon of Mme. de Tencin, the leaders of French thought were safely maturing the theories which Montesquieu set forth in his "*Esprit des Lois*," the first open attack on absolute monarchy, the forerunner of Rousseau, and the germ of the Revolution.

But the salons were far from being centers of "plain living and high thinking." "Supper is one of the four ends of man," said Mme. du Defand; and it must be admitted that the great doctrine of human equality was rather luxuriously cradled. The supreme science of the Frenchwomen was a knowledge of men. Understanding their tastes, their ambitions, their interests, their vanities, and their weaknesses, they played upon this complicated human instrument with the skill of an artist who knows how to touch the lightest note, to give the finest shade of expression, to bring out the fullest harmony. In their efforts to raise social life to the most perfect and symmetrical proportions the pleasures of sense and the delicate illusions of color were not forgotten. They were as noted for their good cheer, for their attention to the elegances that strike the eye, the accessories that charm the taste, as for their intelligence, their tact, and their conversation.

But one must look for the power and the fascination of the French salons in their essential spirit, and the characteristics of the Gallic race, rather than in any definite and tangible form. The word simply suggests habitual and informal gatherings of men and women of intelligence and good breeding, in the drawing-room, for conversation and amusement. The hostess who opened her house for these assemblies selected her guests with discrimination, and those who had once gained an *entrée* were always welcome. In studying the character of the noted salons, one is struck with a certain unity that could result only from natural growth about a nucleus bound together by many ties of congeniality and friendship. Society, in its best sense, does not signify a multitude, nor can a salon be created on commercial principles. But this spirit of commercialism, so fatal to modern social life, was

conspicuously absent. It was not at all a question of debt and credit, of formal invitations to be given and returned. Personal values were regarded. The distinctions of wealth were ignored, and talent, combined with the requisite tact, was the equivalent of rank. If rivalries existed, they were based upon the quality of the guests rather than upon material display. But the modes of entertainment were

tius, Friday with Mme. Necker, Sunday and Thursday with Mme. D'Holbach, and have ample time to drop into other salons afterward, passing an hour or so, perhaps, before going to the theater, in the brilliant company that surrounded Mlle. de Lespinasse, and, very likely, supping elsewhere later. At many of these gatherings he would be certain to find readings, recitations, comedies, music, games,



MME. DE STAAL, NÉE DE LAUNAY. (FROM AN ENGRAVING FROM THE OIL PORTRAIT BY MIGNARD.)

as variable as the tastes and abilities of the women who presided. Many of the well-known salons were open daily. Sometimes there were suppers, which came very much into vogue after the *petits soupers* of the regent. The Duchesse de Choiseul, during the ministry of her husband, gave a supper every evening excepting on Friday and Sunday. At a quarter before ten the steward glanced through the crowded rooms, and prepared the table for all who were present. The Monday suppers of the Princesse de Conti at the Temple were thronged. On other days a more intimate circle gathered round the tables, and the ladies served tea after the English fashion. A few women of rank and fortune imitated these princely hospitalities, but it was the smaller coteries which presented the most charming and distinctive side of French society. A favorite custom among the literary and philosophical salons was to give dinners, at an early hour, two or three times a week. In the evening a larger company assembled without formality. A popular man of letters, so inclined, might dine Monday and Wednesday with Mme. Geoffrin, Tuesday with Mme. Helvé-

or some other form of extemporized amusement. The popular mania for *esprit*, for literary lions, for intellectual diversions, ran through the social world, as the craze for clubs and culture, poets and parlor readings, musicales and amateur theatricals, runs through the society of to-day. It had numberless shades and gradations, with the usual train of pretentious follies which in every age furnish ample material for the pen of the satirist, but it was a spontaneous expression of the marvelously quickened taste for things of the intellect. The woman who improvised a witty verse, invented a proverb, narrated a story, sang a popular air, or acted a part in a comedy, entered with the same easy grace into the discussion of the last political problem, or listened with the subtlest flattery to the new poem, essay, or tale of the aspiring young author, whose fame and fortune perhaps hung upon her smile. In the musical and artistic salon of Mme. de la Poplinière the succession of *fêtes*, concerts, and receptions seems to have been continuous. On Sunday there was a mass in the morning, afterward a grand dinner, at five o'clock a light repast, at nine a supper, and later a mu-

sicale. One is inclined to wonder if there was ever any retirement, any domesticity, in this life so full of movement and variety.

But it was really the freedom, wit, and brilliancy of the conversation that constituted the chief attraction of the salons. Men were in the habit of making the daily round of certain drawing-rooms, just as they drop into clubs in our time, sure of more or less pleasant talk on whatever subject was uppermost at the moment, whether it was literature, philosophy, art, politics, music, the last play, or the latest word of their friends. It was simple, natural, without heat, without aggressive egotism, animated with wit and repartee, glancing upon the surface of many things, and treating all topics, grave or gay, with the lightness of touch, the quick responsiveness, that make the charm of social intercourse.

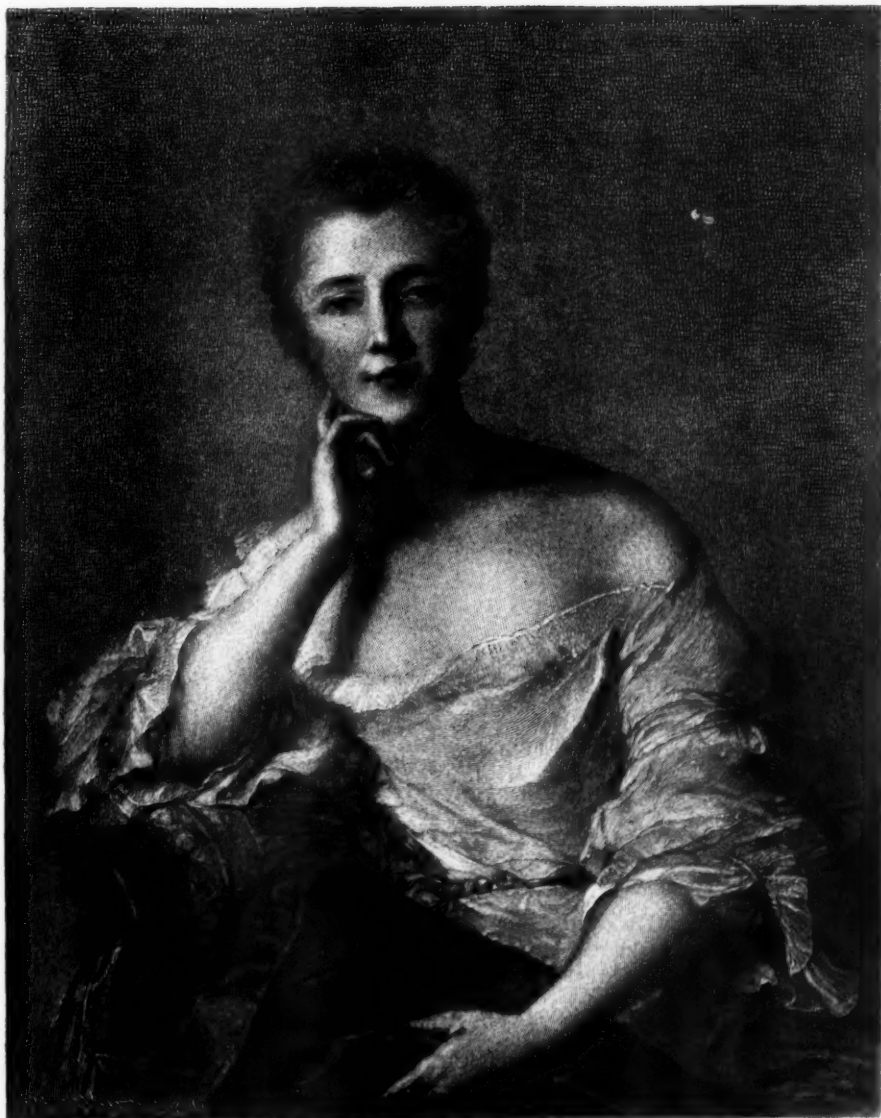
The unwritten laws that governed this brilliant world were drawn from the old ideas of chivalry, upon which the etiquette of the early salons was founded. The fine morality and gentle virtues which were the bases of these laws had lost something of their force in the eighteenth century, but the manners which grew out of them had passed into a tradition. If morals were in reality not very pure, nor principles very severe, there was at least the vanity of posing as models of good breeding. Honor was a religion; politeness and courtesy were the current, though by no means always genuine, coin of unselfishness and amiability; the amenities stood in the place of an ethical code. Egotism, ill temper, disloyalty, ingratitude, and scandal were sins against taste, and spoiled the general harmony. Evil passions might exist, but it was agreeable to hide them, and enmities slept under a gracious smile. *Noblesse oblige* was the motto of these censors of manners; and as it is perhaps a Gallic trait to attach greater importance to reputation than to character, it was far more potent than conscience. Vice in many veiled forms might be tolerated, but that which called itself good society barred its doors against those who violated the canons of good taste, which recognized at least the outward semblance of many amiable virtues. Sincerity certainly was not one of these virtues; but no one was deceived, as it was perfectly well understood that courteous forms meant little more than the dress which may or may not conceal a physical defect, but is fit and becoming. It was not best to inquire too closely into character and motives so long as appearances were fair and decorous. How far the individual may be affected by putting on the garb of qualities and feelings that do not exist may be a question for the moralist; but it has its advantages, not only in reducing to a minimum

the friction of social machinery, and subjecting the impulses to the control of the will, but in the subtle influence of an ideal that is good and true, however far one may in reality fall short of it.

WHILE the gay suppers of the regent were giving a new but by no means desirable tone to the great world of Paris, and chasing away the last vestiges of the stately decorum that marked the closing days of Louis XIV. and Mme. de Maintenon, there was one quiet drawing-room which still preserved the old traditions. The Marquise de Lambert forms a connecting link between the salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, leaning to the side of the latter intellectually, by retaining much of the finer moral tone that distinguished the best life of the former. Her attitude towards the disorders of the regency was similar to that which Mme. de Rambouillet had held towards the profligate court of Henry IV., though her salon never attained the vogue of its model. It lacked a certain charm of youth and freshness perhaps, but it was one of the few in which gambling was not permitted and in which conversation had not lost its serious and critical flavor.

If Mme. de Lambert were living to-day she would doubtless figure openly as an author. Her early tastes pointed clearly in that direction. She was inclined to withdraw from the amusements of her age, and to pass her time in reading or in noting down the thoughts that pleased her. The natural bent of her mind was towards moral reflections. In this quality she resembled Mme. de Sablé, but she was a woman of greater breadth and originality, though less fine and exclusive. She wrote much in later life on educational themes, for the benefit of her children and her own diversion; but she yielded to the prejudices of her age against the woman author, and her works were given to the world only through the medium of friends to whom she had read them. "Women," she said, "should have towards the sciences a modesty almost as sensitive as towards vices." But in spite of her studied observance of the conventional limits which tradition still assigned to her sex, her writings suggest much more care than is usually bestowed upon the amusement of an idle hour. If, like many other women of her time, she wrote only for her friends, she evidently doubted their discretion in the matter of secrecy.

As the child who inherited the rather formidable name of Anne Thérèse de Marguenat de Courcelles was born during the last days of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, she doubtless cherished many illusions regarding this famous salon. Its influence was more or less apparent



ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY, FROM THE OIL PORTRAIT BY NATTIER.

JEANNE-ANTOINETTE POISSON, MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR

when the time came to open one of her own. Her father was a man of feeble intellect, who died early; but her mother, a woman more noted for beauty than for decorum, was afterward married to Bachaumont, a well-known *bel esprit*, who appreciated the gifts of the young



CORNER OF A SALON, TIME OF LOUIS XV.

girl, and brought her within a circle of wits who did far more towards forming her impressive mind than her light and frivolous mother had done. Married early to the Marquis de Lambert, an officer of ability, she devoted herself and her ample fortune to his interest. We hear of her in the beautifully decorated Hôtel Lambert, on the Île St. Louis, surrounded by every luxury that wealth and taste could furnish, and entertaining a more or less distinguished company; also in Luxembourg, where she adorned the position of her husband, who was governor of that province for a short period before his death in 1686. After this event she was absorbed in settling his affairs, which were left in some disorder, and in protecting the fortunes of her children. It was not

until the closing years of her life, from 1710 to 1733, that her social influence was at its height. She was past sixty, at an age when the powers of most women are on the wane, when her real career began. She fitted up magnificent apartments in the Palais Mazarin, employing artists like Watteau upon the decorations, and expending money as lavishly as if she had been in the full springtide of life instead of the golden autumn. Then she gathered about her a choice and lettered society, which seemed to be a world apart, a last revival of the genius of the seventeenth century, and quite out of the main drift of the period. "She was born with much talent," writes one of her friends; "she cultivated it by assiduous reading; but the most beautiful flower in her crown was a noble and luminous simplicity, of which, at sixty years, she took it into her head to divest herself. She gave herself to the public, associated with the Academicians, and established at her house a *bureau d'esprit*." She gave dinners twice a week which were as noted for the cuisine as for the company, and included, among others, the best of the Forty Immortals. Here new works were read or discussed, authors talked of their plans, and candidates were proposed for vacant chairs in the Academy. A gayer world assembled at supper, and the diversions were of a lighter order. Fontenelle was the presiding genius of this salon, and added to its critical and literary tone a tinge of philosophy. This gallant *savant*, who was adored in society "as a man of rare and exquisite conversation," has left many traces of himself here. It is said that his "*Pluralité des Mondes*," a singular medley of science and sentiment which had appeared many years before, was written for Mme. de Lambert. He talks about the stars to *la belle Marquise* like a lover, but his delicate flatteries cover serious truths. It was the first attempt to offer science sugar-coated, and gives us a clue to the tone of this rather learned coterie. No one was so sparkling in epigram as this brilliant Fontenelle; no one talked so beautifully of love, of which he knew nothing; and no one talked so delightfully of science, of which he knew a great deal. But he thought that knowledge needed a seasoning of sentiment to make it palatable to women. The world moves. Imagine a female undergraduate of Harvard or Columbia taking her astronomy diluted with sentiment!

The two eminent Greek scholars, La Motte and Mme. Dacier, held spirited discussions here on the merits of Homer, which came near ending in permanent ill-feeling, but the amiable hostess gave a dinner for them, "they drank to the health of Homer, and all was forgotten." The war between the partisans of the

old and the new was as lively then as it is today. "La Motte and Fontenelle prefer the moderns," said the caustic Mme. du Defand; "but the ancients are dead, and the moderns are themselves." The names of Sainte-Aulaire, De Sacy, Mairan, President Hénault, and others equally scholarly and witty, suffice to indicate the quality of the conversation, which treated lightly and gracefully of the most serious things. The Duchesse du Maine and her clever companion Mlle. de Launay were often among the guests. Sainte-Aulaire, tired of the perpetual excitement at Sceaux, characterized this salon by a witty quatrain:

For fifteen years I have been one of her special friends, and she has done me the favor of inviting me to her house, where it is an honor to be received. I dined there regularly on Wednesday, which was one of her days. In the evening there was a gathering. They conversed without any more question of cards than at the famous Hôtel de Rambouillet, so celebrated by Voiture and Balzac. She was rich, and made a good and amiable use of her wealth for the benefit of her friends, and, above all, for the unfortunate. A pupil of Bachaumont, having frequented only the society of people of the world, and, still more, of *bel esprit*, she knew no other passion than a constant and platonic tenderness.

The quality of character and intellect which



Mme. de Lambert.

MME. DE LAMBERT. (FROM AN ENGRAVING FROM THE OIL PORTRAIT BY MIGNARD.)

Je suis las de l'esprit, il me met en courroux,
Il me renverse la cervelle:
Lambert, je viens chercher un asile chez vous,
Entre La Motte et Fontenelle.

I am tired of wit, it spoils my temper, it befuddles my brain:

Lambert, I come to seek refuge with you, between La Motte and Fontenelle.

The wits of the day launched many a shaft of satire against it, as they had against the Hôtel de Rambouillet a century earlier. Its decorous character gave it the epithet of "very respectable"; but this eminently respectable company which represented the purest taste of the time often included Adrienne Lecouvreur, who was much more remarkable for talent than for respectability. We have a direct glimpse of it through the pen of D'Argenson:

I have just met with a very grievous loss in the death of the Marquise de Lambert [he writes in 1733].

gave Mme. de Lambert so marked an influence we find in her own thoughts on a great variety of subjects. She gives us the impression of a woman altogether sensible and judicious, but not without a certain artificial tone. Her well-considered philosophy of life had an evident groundwork of ambition and worldly wisdom, which appears always in her advice to her children. She counsels her son to aim high and believe himself capable of great things. "Too much modesty," she says, "is a languor of the soul, which prevents it from taking flight and carrying itself rapidly towards glory"—a suggestion that would be rather superfluous in this generation. Again, she advises him to seek the society of his superiors, in order to accustom himself to respect and politeness. "With equals one grows negligent; the mind falls asleep." But she does not regard superiority as an external thing, and says very wisely, "It is merit which should separate

you from people, not dignity nor pride." By "people" she indicates all those who think meanly and commonly. "The court is full of them," she adds. Her standards of honor are high, and her sentiments of humanity quite in the vein of the coming age. She urges her daughter to treat her servants with kindness. "One of the ancients says they should be regarded as unfortunate friends. Think that humanity and Christianity equalize all."

Her criticisms on the education of women are of especial interest. She laments the "nothingness to which men have reduced them." "One destines them to please, and gives them lessons only to charm." Behind her conventional tastes and her love of consideration she had a clear insight into facts and an appreciation of unfashionable truths. "There are so few great fortunes that are innocent," she writes to her son, "that I pardon your ancestors for not leaving you one. I have done what I could to put in order our affairs, in which there is left to women only the glory of economy."

One of her essential traits was moderation. "The taste is spoiled by amusements," she writes. "One becomes so accustomed to ardent pleasures that one cannot fall back upon simple ones. We should fear great commotions of the soul, which prepare ennui and disgust." This wise thought suggests the influence of Fontenelle, who gave a very decided tone to the salons of the first half of the century. His calm philosophy is distinctly reflected in the character of Mme. de Lambert, also in that of Mme. Geoffrin, with whom he was on very intimate terms. It is said that this poet, critic, *bel esprit*, and courtly favorite, whom Rousseau calls "the daintiest pedant in the world," was never swayed by any emotion whatever. He never laughed, only smiled; never wept; never praised warmly, though he did say pretty things to women; never hurried; was never angry; never suffered, and was never moved by suffering. "He had the gout," says one of his critics, "but no pain; only a foot wrapped in cotton. He put it on a footstool; that was all." He lived a century, apparently because it was too much trouble to die. When the weight of years made it too much trouble to live, he simply stopped. "I do not suffer, my friends, but I feel a certain difficulty in existing," were his last words. With this model of serene tranquillity, who analyzed the emotions as he would a problem in mathematics and reduced life to a debit and credit account, always near them, it is easy to understand the worldly philosophy of the women upon whom he impressed himself the most strongly.

But while Mme. de Lambert had a calm and equable temperament, and loved to sur-

round herself with an atmosphere of repose, she was not without a fine quality of sentiment. "I exhort you much more to cultivate your heart," she writes to her son, "than to perfect your mind; the true greatness of the man is in the heart." She has written very delicately and beautifully of friendships between men and women; and she had her own intimacies that verged upon tenderness, but were free from any shadow of reproach. The constant regard of Sainte-Aulaire lighted her closing years, and long after her death D'Alembert, in his academic eulogy upon De Sacy, refers touchingly to the devoted friendship that linked him with Mme. de Lambert.

Though tinged with the new philosophy, she regarded religion as a part of a respectable, well-ordered life. "Devotion is a becoming sentiment in women, and befitting in both sexes," she writes. But she clearly looked upon it as an external form, rather than an internal flame. When about to die, at the age of eighty-six, she declined the services of a friendly confessor, and sent for an abbé who had a great reputation for *esprit*. Perhaps she thought he would give her a more brilliant introduction into the next world; but this points to one of her weaknesses, which was a love of consideration that carried her sometimes to the verge of affectation. It savors a little of the hypercritical spirit that is very well illustrated by an anecdote of the witty Duchesse de Luxembourg. One morning she took up a prayer-book that was lying upon the table and began to criticize severely the bad taste of the prayers. A friend ventured to remark that if they were said reverently and piously God surely would pay no attention to their good or bad form. "Indeed," exclaimed the fastidious Maréchale, whose religion was evidently a becoming phase of estheticism, "do not believe that."

The thoughts of Mme. de Lambert, so elevated in tone, so fine in moral quality, so rich in worldly wisdom, and often so felicitous in expression, tempt one to multiply quotations, because they give us a direct insight into her character. Of the life of the woman on its intimate side we know very little. Her personality is veiled. Her human experiences, her loves, her antipathies, her mistakes, and her errors are a sealed book to us, excepting as they may be dimly revealed in the complexion of her mind. Of her influence we need no better evidence than the fact that her salon was called the antechamber to the Académie Française.

The precise effect of this influence of women over the most powerful critical body of the century, or of any century perhaps, we can hardly measure. As it became for a time philo-

sophical, rather than critical, and dealt with thoughts rather than with pure literature, we may trace the finger of the more radical thinkers who also colored the tone of the salons. Sainte-Beuve tells us that Fontenelle, with other friends of Mme. de Lambert, first gave it this tendency; but the tact and diplomacy of women, who are naturally inclined to work with enthusiasm for tangible results, were a potent factor in the elections. The mantle of

authority so gracefully worn by Mme. de Lambert fell upon her successors, Mme. Geoffrin and Mlle. de Lespinasse, but lost none of its prestige. As a rule, the best men in France were sooner or later enrolled among the Forty Immortals. If a few missed the honor through failure to enlist the favor of women, as has been said, and a few better courtiers of less merit have attained it, the modern press has not proved a more judicious tribunal.

Amelia Gere Mason.



A CARD-PARTY, TIME OF LOUIS XV.

LITTLE VENICE.¹

A STORY OF THE ST. CLAIR FLATS.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD,

Author of "The Knight of the Black Forest," "Criss-Cross," "A Hard-Won Victory," etc.

I.



LITTLE VENICE.

NIGHT was falling over the beautiful St. Clair Flats. There was neither moon nor stars; there was only a dull gray dusk that crept down from the sky and stole noiselessly over the waters, folding the marshes little by little out of sight in its wide, soft, restful arms. Madeleine Brabau sat alone in her rough little white boat among the reeds, leaning forward on folded

arms and looking steadily off through the darkness towards that spot in the distance, far out of reach of even her clearest midday vision, where lay the great city of Detroit. She had never seen Detroit. She had never seen any city. She had been no farther from the Flats than to Algonac, a sleepy village some ten miles away at the mouth of the St. Clair River, where, spent with its rapid course, it empties itself breathlessly into its beautiful namesake lake. But she hated Algonac. On occasional Sundays she rowed over there to church with her grandmother and with her father, if there were no sportsmen from Detroit needing his services as punter, and if the lazy fellow could sufficiently bestir himself to wash and dress in time. And it was there that the little household bought the scant table supplies that supplemented the fresh-water fish caught at their

¹ Copyright, 1890, by GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

MADELEINE BRABAU.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

door; and thence too came Madeleine's lively-hued calicoes and few gay ribbons, and her grandmother's sober stuff dresses and unbecoming caps. Yet she hated Algonac.

But she hated the Flats still more. She had been born there, and had lived there all the seventeen years of her life since, in an old scow converted into a little one-story, three-room house, and made fast in one spot or another to a few piles driven in here or there among the marshes. Moving-day is not difficult when you have but to set your house afloat upon the water and tranquilly drift where you will. It was a small enough abode compared with even the very smallest houses at Algonac. Yet after all, where the lares and penates are few, it requires but little space besides for the actual necessities of sleeping and eating, so that Madeleine's home was amply spacious for her needs.

First there was a little sitting-room, some eight feet square, through which one passed into a still smaller room where she and her grandmother slept, and beyond that was a yet tinier spot which answered both as a store-room and as a place for her father's bed. The front door of the little "ranch," as such cabins are called at the Flats, opened directly into the sitting-room, and to the right of this door, occupying half of the little covered porch, stood the stove, inclosed on three sides, and so making a tiny, open-air kitchen, quite big enough for the cooking of some very savory messes by the grandmother's not unskillful hands. It was all extremely compact and very neat. The sweet, pure air blew freshly through the narrow windows, and the clear, swift-running, grass-grown water was all about them; their garden was the whole of the wonderful St. Clair Flats.

Strangers often asked permission to see this ranch of Louis Brabau's as a curiosity, and would have come in had his mother permitted it. But Mrs. Brabau was a peculiar old woman, with a remarkably set will of her own, attended with small reserve in the expression of it, and she kept all strangers at a distance. There were many strangers nowadays at the Flats. Madeleine wondered what charm brought them there. Surely better duck-shooting and fishing were to be had elsewhere. Here one might spend many a long, hot day upon the shining water without so much as once catching sight of a canvasback or a maskalonge, and as to the perch and bass and pickerel, what were they to tempt any one to the place? What did people mean when they called the Flats "strange," and "beautiful," and "unique"? Madeleine looked out across the wild green marshes and marveled as she looked. Who knew the marshes so well

as she? Yet she saw no magic in them whatever, only loneliness and dreariness and an unendurable monotony. They stretched out for miles and miles across the upper end of Lake St. Clair, those broad, green, unmarshlike marshes, like a prairie dropped down in the bosom of a beautiful rushing sea. As far as eye could reach was a level stretch of tall bright grasses and waving green reeds of varied hues, through which the swift water ran unimpeded, as a flood might run over a meadow. There was no foothold anywhere in all that treacherous green field, save for the waterfowl and the birds. Indeed it was no meadow at all, but only a part of the lake still, and the grasses were so many green signal flags held aloft that the sailor could see where the shallows lay. Three great natural channels there were, however, so deep and so wide as to be navigable for the very largest vessels, while radiating from these was a confusion of smaller channels like little lanes of twisted silver, crossing one another at every angle, winding now backward, now forward, now advancing, now receding, now hurrying merrily out to nowhere, and now turning abruptly back upon themselves with a sudden whim not to go there. These were so clear and so shallow that one could almost count the grains of sand at the bottom, and were open to no craft more unwieldy than a rowboat, while even then only those that held the clue might venture far within the lovely blue labyrinth, so soon would the way of return be lost. Seen from the low deck of a yacht, the larger as well as these smaller channels were completely hidden from sight by the reeds that fringed their borders, and the ships presented the singular effect of sailing upon dry land, apparently turning and returning upon their tracks in the most aimless way, as if they had lost their bearings and were wandering hopelessly about in search of a road of escape.

At one time there were no habitations of any kind upon the Flats. The birds and the ships had it all to themselves. Then a few fisherfolk straggled thither one by one, their tiny huts springing up here and there among the rushes like rude little water-nests, and their only possible mode of communication with one another being by means of the rough boats in which they pursued their lazy trade. Madeleine remembered that time well. How unutterably lonely it had been for the motherless child! Her father, a Canadian Frenchman, as were most of the fishermen, was often away from the ranch for days together, and she was quite alone with her grandmother, a grim woman, who cared little for company herself, and permitted scarce any to Madeleine, having a profound contempt for the "musk-

rats," as the Flats people are popularly called, not mitigated by her own marriage to one of them and her sojourn amid them ever since.

The old woman did what she could for the child. She instructed her to read and to sew, and beyond that point wisely left her education to the four winds of heaven, which took it in charge and taught the little Madeleine everything that they had it in them to teach. So Madeleine grew up, straight, strong, slim, and unconsciously graceful as the reeds and rushes among which she lived, and with her father's dark, foreign face, remodeled into actual beauty, looking out moodily from under her red felt hat. She wore her hair short, there being no other way to manage such thick, rebellious curls as hers, but it was beautiful hair, fine, soft and silky, and inky black. Her eyes only were wholly unlike her father's. His were blue and easy-going, while hers were large and somber, inherited with her passionate and moody nature from some forgotten French ancestor.

The scene before her this evening was very different from that of her early childhood. For gradually men, coming from that far-off city of Detroit, had fashioned separate little islands all along one reedy shore of the chief channel, by driving in piles where the grasses grew thickest, dredging out small channels around these piles, and throwing up the sand upon them, thus making so many tiny territories, each surrounded, like the fortresses of olden days, by deep moats filled to the brim with running water. And upon these islands they had built houses, in all now fifty perhaps, some of which were clubs, some hotels, and the rest private dwellings, each with its individual pier before it, like a gray hand stretching through the water to keep a silent touch on the pulse of the outside world.

This channel had indeed a look not unlike its pretty, new name of Little Venice, especially at night, when the many lights shone fitfully from the long line of scattered houses, and twinkled red, green, and gold from the masts of the moving ships, like stars caught in their myriad ropes and borne triumphantly on with them; while beyond these all, steady and changeless, was the deep, ruby glow from the two lighthouses that marked each end of the mile-long St. Clair Flats Canal. This canal, save for these beacon lights, as save also for its straightness, was else scarcely distinguishable from any other of the narrow, grass-girt channels, except that it was the last, and led directly from the Flats into the open St. Clair lake, which beyond it spread out to the horizon in one wide, wave-washed curve of turquoise blue.

It was upon this canal that Madeleine's eyes

were fastened now. She cared nothing for its maritime value. She would have shaken her head uncomprehendingly if told that more tonnage passed between its straight banks than enter the two great bays of Boston and New York combined. To her mind the canal represented but a single thought. It led away from the Flats, away from all that was dreary and lonely and dull and monotonous, to life, to happiness, to heaven — to Detroit. By day and by night she dreamed of that far-off magical city, where there was everything that her life lacked, everything that she consciously or unconsciously missed and desired. It was the Eldorado of her soul. For it was there that Horace Hayden lived.

For a long time the girl sat motionless in her boat, the skiff held in place by the reeds as though clasped by a hundred tiny hands. There were no sounds about her save the softly lapping water, the little reed-birds chattering their pretty nonsense in each other's sleepy ears, and the mud-hens crying out here and there like souls in sudden distress, or laughing aloud a strange, discordant, derisive laugh. She roused herself at last and looked about her. The air was heavy and moist. The dusk had drawn closer. The marshes, that in the sunlight showed innumerable shades of green, were now, like an emerald in the dark, all of one dull, indistinguishable color. She shook herself as one who wakes from sleep, and springing to her feet pushed out into the open current with a few vigorous thrusts of her paddle.

Reaching the main channel at last, she ceased to paddle, and, sitting down, resumed her oars. The current here was powerful and swift. It was no child's play to pull against it. But she was skilled and strong, and she rowed rapidly across it, apparently without effort of any kind, steering by instinct rather than by sight. There were a few sailboats in the channel still, lingering in the dusky coolness of the long June twilight. She heard merry voices and laughter, and now and then a gay burst of song. They were mostly parties from the hotel at Star Island, or young gentlemen from the Rushmere and the Lower Club. By one sign or another she recognized them all, though she looked at none.

"There goes Brabau's sulky girl," remarked one young fellow to his companion as she passed them by. "I pity the young muskrat who gets her."

Madeleine overheard, and knit her brows closer.

Her grandmother stood in their tiny doorway as she rowed up. In the dusk the wrinkles on the old woman's withered face looked like lines drawn across it with a heavy crayon.

"Is that you at last, Madeleine?" she called impatiently. "What makes you so late, and the house there all to close yet? How came you to forget?"

The young girl muttered some inarticulate reply as she made the boat fast to its iron ring and sprang lightly ashore. That other boat, which was her home, stood raised just above the water on a firm footing of piles driven close to a small green island, some two hundred feet square, on which was one of the prettiest of all the pretty homes of Little Venice. Madeleine looked up at it with a sense of proprietorship. Her father and her grandmother were the caretakers of Claribelle Island, so that for the greater part of the year she was free to roam all over the house at will, since the family to whom it belonged were there only for a few days at a time during the warm summer months, and it was natural that she should have come to consider it as almost more hers than theirs. This house was the one thing that she loved in all the Flats. She had not forgotten the open windows. How could she? The opening and the closing of those sashes was to her as her morning and her evening devotions, save that the work was a work of love, while her prayers were but the mechanical fulfilling of a dimly understood and unloved duty.

Mrs. Brabau looked after her granddaughter as the girl mounted the steps to the back door.

"See that you shut 'em close, Madeleine. Don't leave a crack in none on 'em for this damp air to get in and soak the stiffness out of the curtains. I want 'em fresh for to-morrow. The family is comin' up by the mornin' boat."

Madeleine stopped suddenly on the top-most step. "How did you hear, gran? and who of 'em is comin'?" she asked after a pause.

"How should I hear?" retorted the grandmother. "We don't have a post-office-a-bringin' us letters regular like they do at Algonac, do we? nor telegraphy poles with wires fitted to 'em for messages to run along of? 'T was a note, of course, sent up along of the *Idlewild* to the club yonder, and give to your father when he was over awhile ago to see what customers the boat might ha' brought him up."

Madeleine stood a moment longer, still without turning.

"The note did n't say who of 'em was a-comin', did it?" she inquired at last, in a slow, expressionless voice.

"It did, too, then," replied Mrs. Brabau, sharply. "I'd like to know how their rooms should be got ready, and they a-bringin' but one servant with 'em, if I was n't let know afore-hand how many sheets to lay out. There's the missis comin', of course; and if you'd but go

to your work and not stand there gabbin', the sooner you get them winders shut the better pleased Mrs. Hayden would be, did she know it. She's not one to grumble when a thing is slighted, but there's no one quicker nor she neither to know when a thing had rightly ought to be done."

"Then it's just the sheets for the front bedroom I'm to put out?" asked Madeleine interrogatively, opening the door.

"No, it is n't. I never said as there was no other sheets but them to be put out, did I? If you could mind to bide patient till I had done talkin' and not be a-hurryin' off when I've only half said, which is no manners at all, perhaps it might be as you'd save yourself some mistakes sooner. There's the missis comin', as I said, and Mr. Horace as well; and if you can't go to them winders, Madeleine, afore it gets blue-dark, I shall have to close 'em myself, and that's what no decent girl should like to see her grandmother do, and she a-standin' by with no stiff joints to prevent."

Without a word or a glance Madeleine vanished into the house. She had wanted to know no more than this. He was coming!

II.

Of the many young gentlemen who came in the summer from Detroit to idle away their holidays at Little Venice, Horace Hayden had always been the prime favorite among the fisherfolk. All of them knew the gay, handsome, kind-hearted young fellow well, as for some years before the creation of Claribelle Island he had been a member of the Lower Club—long the only building at the Flats—and had had dealings with all the punters in turn, for each of whom he had invariably a bright word and a pleasant nod ever after when they met.

Madeleine, of course, had long known him by sight too, if only as an intrinsic part of his beautiful little yacht, and as an owner of one of the marvelously appointed boating-houses at his club, through whose chance-open door she had occasionally obtained a wondering look at the luxuries within. But he had had a peculiar fascination for her from the first, his smile was so sunny and frequent, his eyes were so bright and clear, his laugh was so joyous, and his voice was so irresistibly coaxing. Her father was never so good-tempered as when he returned from a day's punting with Mr. Horace; and of all the friendly tales told in her hearing, it was always Mr. Horace who was the hero.

After Claribelle Island was built and Louis Brabau's scow permanently moored to its side, Horace, of course, often met Louis's silent,

dark-faced young daughter in her numerous goings to and fro; and if he thought little of the merry words that he tossed to her as one tosses sweetmeats to a child, it was not surprising that she thought more of them, and that he soon grew to be the one radiantly bright spot in her existence. And now the long winter was over. It was summer again, and Mr. Horace was coming!

The day dawned that was to bring the Haydens, and long before the time of their coming Madeleine stole up to the attic to watch for the first glimpse of the morning boat, distinguishing it from all other vessels almost before its smoke-stack was visible against the horizon, and catching sight of a certain slim figure and handsome face upon its crowded decks while it was still so far as to seem but an unrecognizable mass of human beings. Yet by the time the steamer had reached the island and stopped to land Mrs. Hayden and her son, only Mrs. Brabau and Louis were on the wharf to welcome the newcomers. Madeleine had flown back to the ranch, and hurrying through the little sitting-room and bedroom to the back room of all had flung to the door upon herself, and stood with her back set square against it and the skirt of her dress thrown up over her head, as though she feared lest some one would follow and look in her face, and read there the sudden bounding of her pulse.

She heard Mrs. Hayden ask for her presently in her gentle voice, and heard her grandmother's fretful call, "Madeleine, Madeleine, why are you never by when you're wanted, and only to be had when there's no need on you?" But she did not stir until by the sounds she knew that they were all within the house. Then she went into her bedroom, and sat down on the edge of the bed, and began diligently hemming a kerchief of her grandmother's, forcing herself to pay no more attention to anything that went on outside.

Sometime later her father called her from the boat-house, and slowly, almost unwillingly, she obeyed the summons, feeling instinctively that she would not find him alone. She did not lift her eyes as she went in, and paused just within the door, waiting for whatever order might be given—a shy, yet proud figure, straight and supple, and full of the vigor and grace of perfect health. One of the boats had been lowered to the water and lay rocking gently upon the dimpled surface, as if eager to be off. In it sat Horace Hayden, already dressed in a cool fishing costume of flannel. He was bending over some fishing tackle, his back towards the door, but as Madeleine came in he called out a merry "Good-morning" to her over his shoulders.

Madeleine made no reply, and her father

turned to her chidingly. "Eh, girl, have you no tongue? You don't take after your gran', do you? See here. I've just offered you to Mr. Horace as a first-class punter. Get ready at once and take him out."

Madeleine looked up, startled, a vivid red overspreading her dark face. "Are n't you goin' yourself, father?"

Louis transferred a slender stick he was chewing from one side of his mouth to the other in a contemplative way, as if uncertain of its taste.

"Well, you see, it's this: not knowin' Mr. Horace would be wantin' me that soon, I give my word yesterday to some o' them young gents at the Rushmere as I'd go out along o' them to-day, and now here's Mr. Horace as must have some one, and there don't seem to be no one, so I told him you could as easy punt him as me. He did n't take kindly to the notion o' a girl punter at first, did you, Mr. Horace? But I tell him that they ain't a man in these parts, not exceptin' Joe Bedore himself, as knows more about the Flats nor what you do as was born in 'em."

Horace laughed lightly. "Won't you come?" And he turned towards the girl with his bright, coaxing smile.

Something in Madeleine's face struck him, and he looked at her again more attentively. He could not tell just how it was, but she seemed to him to have somehow grown older in these few months than the time warranted.

She stood a moment with downcast eyes, then suddenly vanished, reappearing the moment after with her hat pulled down close over her head, and sprang silently into the boat.

Louis nodded his head approvingly. "I guess you'll find she's the right sort, Mr. Horace. Don't say much, but minds her business better nor them as does. But you don't take powerfully after your gran', do you, Madeleine? Ha! ha!"

Horace laughed too, and made some merry rejoinder as he pushed out the boat, while Madeleine bent herself at once to the oars, and Claribelle Island was soon far behind them. Horace was still busy over his fishing tackle, softly singing as he worked, but presently he paused and glanced around at Madeleine.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"To the north channel."

"That's a good pull across. I'll help you in a moment with the oars."

Madeleine shook her head determinedly.

"I won't take no help at 'em from nobody."

Her tone was singularly soft, despite the rude words, and Horace understood her at once. Her pride had been roused by his doubt of her efficiency, and she was bound to prove herself the equal of her father in the assumed task. He liked her spirit, and nodded to her kindly.

"So it is a contract where I am to have all the fun and some one else all the work—is that it? Very well, keep on."

He returned forthwith to his tackle and his song, while the girl rowed on with long, even strokes, strong and steady as a man's. She did not once look at Horace as she rowed, though he sat just before her. Her face was as somber and reserved as ever. Her eyes, dark and unsmiling, were fastened on a distant point in the horizon just over the young man's brown head. Yet it was to her as if her arms were two wings, moving without conscious effort, and she was flying through heavenly space, carrying Horace with her. The day was dull and sunless; the sky and the water were all of one uniform gray color, save that the water had a satin shimmer over it, like the light on a black pearl. The boat turned up a little edge of silver where it cut through it. The air was cool and fresh and exhilarating; Madeleine felt it dancing through her veins. Here the boat flew with a swish over a field of young, half-grown reeds, where they peered just above the shallow water; and here was a log floating on the water with a row of white gulls seated sedately along it. The birds did not fly away as the boat came near. They only turned their heads to listen, and nodded sagaciously. And so the boat and the song flew on together until the north channel was reached at last, and the girl laid down her oars and took her paddle.

Horace broke off at once in the middle of a verse and prepared to throw his line, but Madeleine held up her hand.

"Wait, please! There's a lucky spot near by. It's where I got my first lucky-stone out of a sheephead. I'll take you there."

Horace acquiesced carelessly, and she pushed on over the smooth, clear water, while he baited his hook and awaited her signal.

Good luck certainly attended Horace that day from his very first throw, and as he took off the fifteenth bass from his hook, well pleased with his success, he was about to pronounce his day's sport over and to propose drawing in the anchor and returning, when Madeleine, who was shading her eyes with both hands and looking intently down into the water, suddenly called out to him in a sharp whisper to throw in his line. In a trice it fell back on the water, and at the same instant was caught and drawn under so violently as almost to wrench the rod from the young man's hands.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated in disgust. "Back the boat, Madeleine, or the line will break. I have managed to hook a stump this time."

"Let out the reel! Let out the reel!" cried the girl, springing to her feet. "Give him play! Oh, Mr. Horace, don't lose him—don't

let him get away! It's a maskalonge, don't you see? It's a maskalonge!"

As she spoke the line slackened all at once, and a magnificent fish, some three feet long, appeared suddenly so close to the boat that Horace could almost have touched it with his hand, only to fling itself as unexpectedly away again with a tremendous leap that nearly carried line, pole, and all with it. Madeleine came close to the young man's side. She was pale with excitement. Her whole face was a-quiver.

"Tire him out, Mr. Horace," she cried, putting out her hands impetuously. "It's your only chance. You can't pull him in. He'll break the rod. Give him full play! Tire him out!"

Horace was almost as pale as Madeleine as he played his fish. This was a game well worth playing indeed. A lively and fatiguing half-hour followed. Time and again the creature suffered itself to be drawn so near that its spotted sides and shark-like head were distinctly visible to the two watchers, and the next instant, with undiminished strength, it threw itself so far away that the reel was spun out to its extreme length. But little by little these great leaps became less frequent and less violent; oftener and oftener the fish permitted itself to be drawn in, until at last, panting and exhausted, it lay close to the side of the boat, apparently unequal to another effort. Horace, his own strength nearly worn out by the long contest, looked down at his victim in triumph mingled with grave uncertainty.

"How am I ever to land the brute?" he exclaimed. "He weighs twenty pounds, at the very least. No landing-net will hold him."

Madeleine was bending low over the side of the boat, and as Horace spoke she reached down and began gently stroking the fish on its back with her fingers, and so slipped her hands down its sides by degrees until they were just beneath its body, when, with a sudden, swift, dexterous movement upward she threw the fish high up out of the water and over into the boat.

"Quick! quick!" she called to Horace, vainly trying to hold down the creature as it nearly sprang back into the water in its mighty struggles. And seizing a row-lock she tore it from its place and thrust it into his hand. "Strike it—kill it—or you will lose it yet!"

Horace needed no second bidding, but threw himself down upon the fish, despatching it with a swift, sharp blow, and then springing to his feet he tore off his cap and waved it above his head with a cry of exultation.

"Hurrah! hurrah! I've got it—my first maskalonge!"

Madeleine, still kneeling, bent back her head and looked up at him without a word,

her dark eyes shining, her cheeks and lips aflame. For all his own excitement Horace could not but be struck with the beauty and responsiveness of the dark face, and the natural grace of the picturesque young figure kneeling almost at his feet.

"You have brought me luck to-day, indeed, Madeleine," he said kindly, smiling down at her. "I owe it all to you."

He had never seen her smile before. It was like an August sun breaking through November clouds.

III.

ON the following morning Horace was sailing aimlessly about, his sails flapping loosely in a dull breeze, and he himself extended at luxurious length upon the cushions, when Madeleine in her little white boat passed swiftly, directly before his bow. He hailed her lazily.

"Hello there! Friend or enemy? Give the password!"

Madeleine stopped rowing and looked back at him uncomprehendingly. Horace laughed, and as the current swung her boat round within reach of his hand he caught it and drew it to the side of his. "Where were you going so fast?" he said.

Madeleine sat before him submissively, her figure half turned from him, and her hands fallen in her lap.

"I was going to my flower-garden," she answered.

"To your flower-garden?" echoed Horace.

"A flower-garden in the Flats! Where is it?"

"It is not far—over there in the marshes. Nobody but me knows where it is."

"Then there'll be two of us to go this time," declared Horace boldly, promptly sitting up and disposing himself to start. "Now then, where is it? Lead the way, and I'll follow."

"But you can't sail through these channels."

"That's nothing," he returned gaily. "I'll beach my boat yonder and go on in yours. Will you take me in?"

Shortly after his sailboat was anchored securely among the reeds, and Madeleine's little boat was speeding away with its double load down a tiny side channel, that grew narrower and narrower till it seemed scarcely more than a silver thread among the marshes. So shallow it was that at times the boat's keel rasped along the sand, and the reeds on each side struck them in the face as they forced their slow way through. In and out, round and about, wandered the tiny lane. The sun seemed dancing madly in the heavens. Now it was to the right of them, now to the left of them. Now they were steering directly east, now again as directly west. And now all at once there

was no more any channel at all, but only tall, dense reeds all about them. But Madeleine thrust down her long pole among the grasses, and pushed steadily on across the reedy meadow, until with a bound the boat glided out into a clear space of open water like a tiny inland pool, around which on every side the reeds grew thick and close.

Horace gave a low whistle of surprise. Floating on the blue surface was a mass of white pond-lilies on their shining satin leaves, and in the midst of these an old boat lay at anchor, filled with earth and planted to the brim with flowers that grew all through and over one another in a bewildering tangle of luxuriance—pansies lifting their quaint faces to peep in wide-eyed wonder at their surroundings; candytuft standing up straight and stiff, claiming its democratic right to live wherever it chose to set its hardy foot; heliotrope and mignonette; geraniums, daisies, and sweet-peas.

"So this is your garden, is it, little magician?" said Horace, looking about him with undisguised interest. "It does you wonderful credit. How did you get all the flowers? Nothing but sagittaria grows in these marshes."

Madeleine stood leaning on her pole, looking over her tiny domain, her supple slenderness outlined by the straight folds of her coarse red gingham, which, cut a little open in the neck and with loose sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, showed her shapely brown arms and round, smooth, young throat. She had thrust back her broad-brimmed red hat, and her black curls clustered thickly about her face, in which there was not a trace of the old sullenness.

"I got some of the flowers at Algonac," she answered slowly; "and the rest—the best ones—Mrs. Hayden gave me when she went away last year. They grew in beds at the front of the house, don't you remember? I kept them in the boat-house through the winter. I was so afraid they would die. Some of them did, but these lived. And see,—you have n't noticed it,—but this is the best of all. Look!"

Pushing aside the more luxuriant plants as she spoke, she brought into view a dwarfish, scraggy bush adorned with a few straggling leaves, on the topmost branch of which, pale and delicate, was a half-blown bud.

"It's a pink rosebud, is n't it?" asked Horace, rather indifferently.

"It's the only rose I ever had. I've been watchin' for weeks for it."

Breaking the bud from its stem, she held it out shamefacedly, without looking at him. Horace took the tiny flower good-humoredly, dimly comprehending that it would hurt her if he refused, and fastened it, with a show of gallantry, in the bosom of his flannel shirt.

"Thank you, Madeleine; it's an awfully pretty flower," he said, ostentatiously sniffing at it. "But all your flowers are pretty. I never saw such a lot of water-lilies together. Did they grow here?"

"No; I got them farther on—ever so much farther on. I brought them here."

"They're the prettiest I ever saw," declared Horace, enthusiastically. "I wish some grew around Claribelle Island. They would show well there in among the reeds at the back, would n't they?"

Madeleine did not speak all the way back. Early that afternoon she started out again alone in her little boat. The day had become oppressively warm. All were indoors who could be there. The sun beat down burningly upon the glassy water. Scarcely a breath of air stirred the rushes. Even the blue-winged dragon-fly, poising in mid-air, seemed languid and weary with the heat, and the transparent bodies of the ephemera, delicate and unsubstantial as if fashioned of gauze, floated tremblingly by, like a shimmer of white heat, while beneath, massed together in incredible numbers, and flecking the water as with spots of creamy froth, lay their ghostly fellows, dead almost before they had begun to be.

From a window in the upper story Horace nodded pleasantly to Madeleine as she passed the house. He was leaning both elbows idly on the sill, his head in his hands and an open book before him. The rose hung drooping upon his breast. Madeleine did not answer his nod, and he thought she had not noticed him; yet she had seen not only Horace but her flower as well, and the sight gave added vigor to the good-will with which she plied her oars. He did not know it, but it was solely for his sake that she was out now, acting upon his careless remark that water-lilies would look well among the reeds behind Claribelle Island. It was a long way to where they grew, and the sun's rays were scorching, but she minded neither the distance nor the heat, since it was to minister to his pleasure that she went.

The sun was setting when at last the little white boat shot out from the reedy channels into the main stream on its homeward way. As Madeleine lifted her dazzled eyes it seemed as if heaven lay across all the western waters, and its wide gates were unfolding to take her in. It made a beautiful picture as the young girl, flushed and radiant, came suddenly out into the sunlight from the reeds. The boat, from end to end, was filled with the white lilies, heaped in one upon another in profusion. It seemed simply a bed of floating lilies, among which Madeleine, erect in the stern, made a brilliant bit of color in her gay dress and hat.

Noiselessly the beautiful boat-load glided

on across the water until it reached Claribelle Island, where it paused at one side of the pier. No one was visible, but the sound of voices reached her from within the house. It was the dinner-hour, and she must wait until it was passed before Mr. Horace would appear and she could offer him her gift. She had taken up the lilies roots and all. They should grow now where he willed. She filled her hands with water and dashed it over them again and again to keep them fresh and fair for him. Then she sat down in the stern of the boat to wait, looking idly off at the sunset. Somewhere in the far distance a storm had passed, and in the west lay masses of heavy thunder-clouds, broken by lightning-like lines of intense gold, and here and there striped with bands of scarlet and purple like royal standards; while lower down, in the very heart of the blackness, the sun broke through in a last splendid burst, dyeing the waters ruby-red. There were clouds in the east too, but these were fleecy, fair, and indefinite, floating across the hazy blue like vague dreams through a happy slumber, and changing to all manner of delicate evanescent hues as one looked. Now they were pale silvery green; now faint lilac; now soft, fleeting pink, like the flush at the heart of a white rose; and now all palpitating gold as if sprinkled with moth-wing dust; while the water below, scintillating as with scattered diamond splinters, reflected the colors back in soft iridescent tints melting indistinctly into one another—as a *topaz* might deepen into a *cairn* gorm, or the shadow of a sapphire pale into an amethyst, and that again shade into an opal or a beryl.

But Madeleine, in her lily-white boat, saw nothing of the evening's glory. To her the sky was only an hourglass, indicating by the ebbing of the light the coming of a crowning time of joy. She was impatient for the day to be done, and presently turned her back upon it all and began watching the passing of the vessels by the wharf. She could see them miles away, apparently twisting and doubling upon themselves as they followed the natural course of the channel, yet drawing nearer with each turn. There were vessels of every description passing up and down along this marine Broadway. Now some colossal iron boat, huge as any ocean steamer, would come ponderously by, its great bow breaking the bright water into a hundred waves that dashed themselves to spray against each wharf in turn, or ran noisily into the reeds to toss them sportively to and fro and frolic madly with their weakness. Now it was a noiseless birch-bark canoe, filled with grave, mute Indians, like so many figures hewn in oak, who stolidly offered their gay basket-ware for sale as they passed from

one island to another, gliding along without sound, their coming betrayed by not so much as an oar-drip upon the water. Now it was some beautiful little steam yacht, gay with flags, and fair enough for any Cleopatra to have sailed upon; now a tug, puffing consequentially by with five or six helpless four-masted vessels in tow in stately, slow procession; now a white excursion-boat, clumsy and uncouth-looking, with its tiers of crowded decks; now a row of steam-barges of different colors laden down with freight till nearly on a level with the water; and now a whole fleet of sail-boats like white-winged butterflies, darting here or there as the caprice took them; or a row-boat, more timorous than the others, and keeping nearer to the shelter of the reeds within the shallows. And then would come spaces of time when nothing passed at all, and the sunset held the water's surface unbroken under a spell of beauty.

It was at one of these chance moments, when there was scarcely a craft in sight, that a rowboat came by with a single figure in it—a girl but a few years older than Madeleine. She sat looking intently at the sunset with dreamy hazel eyes while her unguided boat drifted down the current close to where Madeleine sat waiting. She was evidently not much used to rowing, Madeleine thought, noting her dainty white dress and her delicate hands, with their slender, fragile fingers. There could not be much strength in such dimpled little wrists as those. At that instant, concluding that she had floated far enough, the young stranger took up her oars and attempted to turn her boat to row back. But the current, which had borne her so easily and swiftly along the moment before, now held the boat perversely in its grasp, and in her ineffectual struggle with it she lost an oar overboard; reaching hurriedly out after it she tipped the boat too far to one side, and all in a moment it overturned, and the blue water took her and drew her down. There was no one within reach; no one within sight but Madeleine, and the water here was deep and swift. In a flash, however, Madeleine was at the spot where she knew instinctively that the girl must reappear; and as the golden head and white dress came up through the water Madeleine bent down and caught her firmly with both hands. "Don't be frightened," she cried; "you are safe. Catch hold of my boat—here at the end. Try to draw yourself up. Get your knee on the edge. Give me your hand. There!"

And using all her dexterity and strength, assisted by the half-conscious young creature herself, Madeleine got her into the boat and laid her down upon the bottom, where she fainted quite away and lay like a lily among

the lilies, her pretty hair, loosened by the weight of the water, lying in a tangled mass upon her shoulders and making a wavy, yellow frame about a childlike face. Madeleine looked down at her with a curious resentment as she paddled swiftly back to Claribelle Island. The girl was crushing Mr. Horace's flowers.

Horace himself strolled out on the pier just as Madeleine reached it, and with an exclamation of amazement he hastened to the landing-place to meet her. Madeleine saw her rose still hanging upon his breast.

"What have you here?" he cried. "Who is she? Is she dead?"

"She's only swooned, I guess," Madeleine answered. "I got her out of the channel just below. She could n't manage her boat. She should n't 'a' been let go out by herself. I'll bring her into the house."

"No, no," said Horace, reaching down; "I'll carry her. Give her to me. Carefully, Madeleine, carefully! I will take her in to my mother."

Stooping, he gathered the slim young figure tenderly in his arms as Madeleine raised her towards him. The rose upon his breast fell out as he did so, and lay upon the boards at his feet. He stepped upon it as he turned away. Madeleine stood watching till he had entered the house with his burden, then caught up the rose and tore it fiercely to pieces, petal by petal. Then she sat down again, and waited in brooding anger. The sun was quite gone, but the light across the water was more beautiful than ever. It had all softened down into a uniform delicious pink. Everywhere she saw the color of the rose that she had given him and that he had stepped on and forgotten. Then that, too, faded by degrees, until there was only the memory of it left, tingeing the silver gray of the early twilight as the glow of past happiness tempers after sorrows. Yet Madeleine still sat among her bruised lilies and waited. They had long since closed, and looked dull and gray.

She heard him calling her at last, and stood silently up in answer. He came hurriedly towards her, holding out a note.

"Are you there still, and with your boat? Will you take this note over to Pearl Island at once? It is to tell Miss Staunton's friends that she is safe and well. Only she is to stay with us to night. My mother thinks it best."

He turned back while still speaking, and Madeleine dropped in her seat again without a word. The lilies must wait longer yet. As she sullenly took the oars, he unexpectedly retraced his steps and stood beside her.

"Madeleine," he said, "you have been a brave, good girl; give me your hand."

Madeleine looked up at him. Her lip quiv-

ered; her eyes moistened; her whole expression grew soft, and a rich color swept over her face from brow to chin. She had never shaken hands with him. He had never before spoken to her in such a gentle tone.

"Give me your hand," he repeated, bending nearer; "you have saved her life. What a beautiful creature she is!"

At his last words the color left Madeleine's face and it grew hard again in a moment. She bent down her head, and the boat slipped along the pier so that the two outstretched hands failed to touch.

"I will take your letter," she called back, and pushed away.

At Pearl Island, after delivering the note, she lingered awhile, thinking there might be an answer to carry back; and presently a gentleman with two ladies hurried towards her from the house.

"This is certainly Madeleine herself," exclaimed one of the ladies as they came up. "Is it not? Are you not the girl referred to in this note? Was it not you who saved the young lady's life?"

"I am Madeleine Brabau," the girl answered. "If there's no answer, I'm to go back."

"But there is an answer, most certainly," returned the gentleman cordially, holding out a little roll of bank notes. "In the absence of Miss Staunton's parents you must let me give you this token of gratitude in their stead. Here, take it. You have put us all in your debt."

Madeleine flushed violently. "Money!" she cried with anger, springing to her feet and snatching her pole. "I'll not take money! I'll not be paid for it! If you've no answer but that, I'll go!"

"Oh, wait, please!" begged the second lady gently. "I see you have a boatful of lovely flowers. Water-lilies, are n't they? How exquisite! Do at least let us buy some of them."

"They are n't for sale," Madeleine answered quickly, drawing up her head. "I did n't get them to sell them—not to no one." And pushing from the pier, she went back through the dusk to Claribelle Island. Her grandmother was standing on the tiny porch of the ranch as she passed, and called petulantly to know if she were never coming in for supper.

Madeleine shook her head. "I don't want none," she muttered, and went doggedly back to her old post by the landing-place. Perhaps Mr. Horace would come out again, and she could give him his lilies even yet. She sat as if made of stone, and waited and waited. Through the open windows beyond came the sound of voices—his voice and his mother's, and a new sweet voice that sounded like music. Madeleine hated it as she listened.

It grew later and later. Night came on. There was a movement in the house now. There were steps upon the wooden floors and upon the stairs; old familiar lights shone out from the upper rooms, and one from a room hitherto unused. But there were lights in the drawing-room still, and the corner room upstairs was dark, and still Madeleine waited.

She did not know how long she sat there. At last the drawing-room was dark, and the upstairs room was bright. What chance was there now that he would come? Yet she waited still, till every light was out, and there was no sound but the mud-hen's mocking cry or the occasional shrill whistle of meeting boats. Finally these too ceased, and the very waters seemed asleep. Then she rose and noiselessly paddled out into the middle of the channel, where the current ran swiftest and blackest, and with pitiless hands flung out all the lilies, one by one. When there was not so much as the smallest bud, or even a stray stem, left in the boat, she turned and went home, and creeping into the ranch, lay down all dressed beside her grandmother's sleeping figure. There she lay, perfectly motionless, with clenched hands and wide-open eyes, till dawn.

IV.

DURING the long, languid summer days and the cool twilights that followed, a young girl with wavy golden hair and charming hazel eyes was oftener and oftener seen in Horace Hayden's boat as he sailed to and fro in Little Venice. Fishing and duck-shooting grew day by day to have less charm for him, notwithstanding Louis's marvelous accounts of the canvas-backs and red-heads in some distant channel, and the rumor among the fisherfolk of a sturgeon now in Baltimore Bay quite the largest ever seen.

Madeleine stole into the boat-house early every morning and oiled the young man's gun and polished his fishing-reel anew, setting them in some conspicuous place where they could not fail to attract his notice when he entered. But their dumb appeal was of no avail. More and more often Madeleine, sitting motionless in her boat among the rushes, caught the sound of Evelyn's banjo across the water, and snatching up her oars, she rowed desperately away to be rid of the hateful sound.

This was Evelyn's first visit to Little Venice, some friends whom she was visiting in Detroit having brought her with them to their summer home; and having been thus unceremoniously introduced to the owners of Claribelle Island, the acquaintance between the two families ripened rapidly into intimacy, as is natural in all places where neighbors are so few. Her

new friends yielded without resistance to the charm of this winning young creature. Mrs. Hayden took her to her motherly heart at once, and could not make enough of her. Even old Mrs. Brabau had a grudging smile for her, and lazy Louis bestirred himself more quickly at her call than at any other. There was not a fisherman at the Flats but soon knew her by sight, and smiled to see her pass. Only Madeleine held aloof. This new reign of pleasure-making and pleasure-seeking was irrational and strange to her. To shoot, or fish, or sail, seemed to her the only natural way of spending the summer days; but these continual visits back and forth between Claribelle and Pearl islands, these tea-parties, these water picnics, this music, morning, noon, and night, this incessant ministering to every possible caprice on the part of the petted, gay young beauty—Madeleine had never seen anything of the sort before. From the tiny sitting-room in the ranch she watched it all in lonely, envious wonder. This was only another girl like herself. What made the difference? Why should the one have everything and the other nothing? Why had fate brought Evelyn to Little Venice? Or why had Madeleine been there in her boat that night when first she came? Madeleine was haunted by the thought of what might have been but for that chance.

Evelyn was puzzled by Madeleine's churlishness, and wondered why it was that she could win nothing but dark looks from her in response to her attempts to make friends. Naturally she had but grateful and even loving impulses towards this girl who had saved her life, and it troubled her that she could recompense Madeleine in no way—not so much even as with the gift of her friendship.

One morning, during one of Horace Hayden's frequent absences in the city, Madeleine was returning from an errand to the summer grocery—a barge anchored in one of the side channels—when Evelyn beckoned to her from the pier of Pearl Island.

"Won't you take me for a row, please, Madeleine?" she asked coaxingly, as the girl paddled slowly up. "Can you take me? Have you time to go?"

"Time!" echoed Madeleine with a short laugh; "I have plenty of time. I have n't nothin' else."

She made no motion to assist Evelyn into the boat, but without more ado the young girl sprang lightly in. She carried her banjo as usual, slung across her shoulder by a broad blue ribbon. Madeleine frowned as she saw it. After a moment's hesitation she turned the boat gloomily out into Muskamoo Bay and up towards Harson Island, her sole aim being to go in some direction unassociated with Mr.

Horace. Evelyn settled herself comfortably in place and began chatting pleasantly, running her fingers lightly along the strings of her banjo in a low accompaniment to her words. Madeleine answered only in monosyllables, keeping her eyes fixed obstinately on her goal.

"Why can't I make you talk, Madeleine? Why are you always so quiet and sad?" Evelyn asked at last, gently. "It seems to me as if one ought to be always happy living in such a beautiful spot as this."

"That's what all the strangers says," Madeleine answered sullenly. "I can't see what's beautiful in it. To me it's only water and grass and lonesomeness."

"Oh, but there was never any water and grass like this," exclaimed Evelyn. "There is not a stagnant place anywhere, and the water is always fresh and blue and swift; and see how perfectly transparent it is. One can see to the bottom everywhere, except just in the deepest places. And I never saw anything like the lights on it. It never looks twice the same. It is all like a wholly new place every day. And it is the quiet that is so restful. It is like living out in the middle of the sea surrounded with all home comforts and with the privilege of making port at any moment. It's like Paradise to be here on an island all one's own, away from the dust and noise and worries of the city. I wish I could live here always."

"That's what the strangers says," repeated Madeleine. "They don't know nothin' about it. They only come in the summer, when there's ships goin' by, and when you can see the smoke of 'em curlin' up through the marshes and hear their whistles blowin' all night long if you listen. And the reeds is high then, and there's ducks in 'em and birds, and there's people in the islands. But that's only in the summer. They don't know what it's like in winter. The lonesomeness of it is awful in winter. The reeds is all gone, and the people. The houses is shut along the channel. There's not a sound nor a thing movin' nowheres. The river is all froze over. There's only ice and snow as far as you can see, till your eyes ache with lookin' at it and wishin' it was gone. The drifts lie piled that high that we can't get to the house from the ranch, not for days together sometimes, nor there ain't a livin' soul round about besides us three. It's like all the world was dead and we was ghosts in it."

"Oh, I wish I could see it here then!" Evelyn murmured. "How white and still it must be!" Her fingers were unconsciously playing a reel.

"Yes, it's white enough," assented Madeleine; "it's so white I'm glad of the night to darken it. Father's off 'most all day with the team, cuttin' ice. Me and gran' sits home and

makes nets and knits, and but for her a-scoold-in' me I'd forget how words was spoke."

"Poor child!" said Evelyn, compassionately. "I did not realize what your life must be. I was thinking only of the outside look of the place. Don't you ever get away — not all winter long?"

"Gran' sends me to Algonac sometimes on the ice-boat for errands. I froze both ears one day last winter."

"But pleasures — don't you ever have any pleasures of any sort?"

"I don't know," replied Madeleine, apathetically. "Sometimes I see sleighin' parties go by. It's a break when there's them to watch."

"Have n't you any friends, then — not any?" asked Evelyn, sitting straight up, and looking at her with eyes full of sympathy.

Madeleine shook her head.

"Poor child!" Evelyn cried again. The banjo had fallen from her hands. "I don't wonder you sometimes tire of it. But, Madeleine," she added, "you shall never be so friendless again. I will be your friend as long as I live. Indeed, I am your friend, dear, whether you want me to be or not. You cannot prevent it. Do not I owe my life to you?"

"That 's nothin'," said Madeleine, curtly; but she spoke in a softer voice, and when later she left Evelyn at Pearl Island it was with a gentler face than usual that she turned away.

She did not see Evelyn for several days. Then one evening, as she was leisurely pulling towards her flower-garden, she heard the banjo again, and presently she came full upon a row-boat in which were Evelyn and Horace. Madeleine gave an involuntary start as her eyes fell upon the latter. He wore a yachting suit of white flannel, with a broad blue silk sash knotted loosely about his waist. This was altogether different from the costumes he had heretofore deemed good enough for Little Venice. A sudden vindictiveness against Evelyn arose stormily in Madeleine's bosom. Evelyn, too, was all in white, looking more like a lily than ever. On her breast was a sprig of scarlet geranium. She called to Madeleine as soon as they were within speaking distance.

"O Madeleine, how beautiful it is — your garden! I never suspected there was anything so quaint, so charming, anywhere about. I am so glad to have seen it."

Madeleine's brows contracted sharply. She looked silently at Horace for explanation. He nodded brightly back at her.

"We have just come from there. I wanted Miss Staunton to see it. It is the only sight I had for her up here. Was I not clever to find the way back there again by myself through all these blind lanes?"

Madeleine made no reply. There was a

lump in her throat. It was her garden — the one place on earth exclusively her own. She would never have taken any one there but him. What right had he to go there now with any other than herself?

"I picked a bit of geranium for Miss Staunton as a souvenir," Horace continued, looking at Evelyn with all his happy heart in his frank eyes. "She is fond of souvenirs, and I knew you would n't mind, as you had such a lot of it. Does n't it look well on her white dress?"

"You must show me how to make a garden like yours," interrupted Evelyn. "One would be lovely at Pearl Island. There is just the spot for it near the pier. You must help me make one. Will you, Madeleine?"

"I will," said Horace, eagerly. "Only try me."

Evelyn gave him a conscious look from under her long lashes and smiled and blushed, and neither of the two noticed Madeleine's continued silence. She had stopped rowing at their call, and the current was drifting her boat farther and farther away from theirs. She gave one swift, angry glance at her flower upon Evelyn's snowy dress; then she took up her oars, doggedly turned her boat about, and went home. All her softer feelings towards Evelyn were swept tumultuously away in a burning sense of wrong, and she hated her as she had never hated anything on earth before.

v.

THE next day was one of the sultriest that had ever been known in Little Venice. There was not a cloud in all the sky; not the faintest breeze ruffled the satin smoothness of the channels. Notwithstanding the heat, Mrs. Hayden left by the morning boat, in company with her friends from Pearl Island, to attend a funeral in Detroit. They were to return on the morrow, so that it seemed scarcely worth while to take Evelyn with them for the single night that they were to be absent, and she was left behind with the servants, two sisters from Algonac. Towards evening, however, these two girls were unexpectedly summoned home by their mother's illness, and Evelyn, alarmed at the thought of being alone, sent by them, when they went, an urgent petition to Madeleine to come and pass the night with her.

"I won't go," Madeleine said when her grandmother delivered the message; and neither commands nor threats availed to change the stubborn answer until Horace, with no knowledge of her mood, suddenly appeared in the doorway of the ranch.

"I hope you can get off without much delay, Madeleine," he said anxiously. "There is a tremendous storm coming up, and it will

never do for Miss Staunton to be alone in it. She is mortally afraid of thunder. I shall not feel easy about her until I know that you are there."

The blood rushed to Madeleine's head. She could have cried aloud for jealous anger; but, to Mrs. Brabau's boundless astonishment, she instantly sprang to her feet, and, passing Horace without looking at him, hurried out of the ranch and into the first boat that came to hand, and rowed furiously away.

Mrs. Brabau pursed up her thin lips and nodded sagaciously to Horace, who stood with his hands in his pockets watching the receding boat.

"That girl has the devil in her sometimes, — and then sometimes again she has n't," she remarked oracularly, and Horace smiled in serene acquiescence, thinking only that now Evelyn would not be left alone.

It was ominously dark when Madeleine reached Pearl Island, and thunder was growling intermittently in the remote distance; but still there was not a breath of wind, and the atmosphere quivered with heat like the air above live coals.

Evelyn ran to meet Madeleine as she rowed into the boat-house and made the boat fast.

"It is so good of you to come to me, Madeleine, dear," she exclaimed gratefully, "and I am so glad you are here! Only see those clouds! I am all of a tremble already. I could n't have gone to bed all night if I had been alone."

Madeleine looked off at the north where clouds were rolling densely together. "It'll be hours yet before the storm is on us," she said, following Evelyn into the little white house. "You'd better go to bed; it's late now."

Evelyn lighted a candle, and, carrying it into a small room on the ground floor, set it down upon the table.

"This is where you are to sleep, Madeleine; but if the storm gets very bad, won't you come up to my room, please?" she asked pleadingly. "I am such a ridiculous coward in storms. They frighten me nearly to death. My room is just over this. I'll leave the door unlocked so that you can get in. Won't you come before it gets very bad?"

A dangerous light gleamed suddenly in Madeleine's somber eyes.

"Don't you want something to eat?" Evelyn continued, opening a door across the tiny passage into the dining-room. "I had the girls get you a supper ready before they went. It is on the table in here."

"You need n't 'a' done it," Madeleine returned shortly. "I'm not likely to be hungry this time o' night."

Evelyn still lingered, loath to go off alone;

but her attempts to draw Madeleine into conversation failed, and at last she left her and went slowly upstairs.

Madeleine stood a long time in the same spot, not stirring hand or foot, listening to the sounds overhead. She could hear Evelyn's every footfall through the thin partition. When all was silent above, she drew a long, deep breath, and going to the window lifted the shade and looked out. The storm was drawing nearer. The thunder was one low, unbroken rumble, with occasional sword-cuts of lightning slashing through the darkness. Madeleine slipped off her heavy shoes, and taking the candle went restlessly from room to room, her stockinged feet making no sound save where some loose board creaked beneath her weight. All was empty and still. She set down her candle on the dining-room table and went back into her own room, crouched down on the floor, and waited for the oncoming of the storm. She and Evelyn were all alone in the house. There was no other house near enough for any cry of help from this to reach it.

A bread-knife on the dining-room table gleamed white in the candlelight. It fascinated her. She could not take her eyes from it. She got up and went stealthily in and drew her finger across the blade. It was as sharp as a razor. She laid it down again and returned to her old place and sat staring back at it fixedly. She could hear her heart beat.

The storm was drawing steadily nearer. The blackness could almost be felt as it deepened around the house. The curtain hung lifeless before the open window. The air was like a hot hand laid stiflingly over her mouth. In the room beyond the knife shone in the candlelight. Madeleine got up again, went into the dining-room, felt of the knife once more, and then hurriedly thrust it into the loose bosom of her dress, glancing over her shoulder as if some one had been there to remark upon what she did. She could not see it now, but she could feel it, and its cold touch was like the hand of a demon upon her heart. She shivered as in an ague fit.

The storm was near. Sudden little gusts of wind lifted the curtain and blew in upon her. She turned, with the knife hid in her bosom, and stole softly up the stairs. Here and there a step creaked under her tread, light as it was, and each time she trembled, and stood still and waited. The hall above was dark, but she groped her way along the narrow passage till she came to the door of Evelyn's room. Here she bent down and listened. There was no sound. She put her hand upon the knob and half turned it. Still all was silent within — silent as death itself. She raised her other

hand to the knife hidden in her bosom. Was it time to go in? With a violent effort she wrenched herself away and fled back along the passage to the other end, and crouched down again upon the floor and waited.

Nearer and nearer came the storm. There were short, sharp patters of raindrops upon the roof, like hurrying feet; the wind-gusts came oftener; the water began to moan and toss. At last, out of the incessant mutter of the thunder broke a loud, long peal, together with a flash of lightning that cleft the heavens in twain from end to end; the wind leaped down out of the darkness like a bloodhound loosed from its leash, and the rain was as a river that had burst its bounds. The storm had come. Fury and chaos reigned.

In the midst of it Madeleine found herself again at Evelyn's door. This time the knife was in her hand. She turned the knob. The door yielded at her pressure, and she entered noiselessly.

As the silent figure advanced Evelyn gave a suppressed scream, followed instantly by a cry of relief as she recognized the newcomer by a flash of lightning that pierced even the closed shutters. She was sitting up in bed, white and trembling.

"Madeleine, Madeleine!" she cried, holding out her arms towards her like a scared child. "Do come quickly! I was afraid to stir to go to you. There have been such queer noises all about. The house has seemed full of ghosts. Is n't the storm terrible? But I won't be frightened any more now you are here. You won't let me be hurt, will you, Madeleine? You saved my life before, and I feel as if I must be safe anywhere with you now, you are so strong and so good. Sit down by me on the bed—close—close. So, let me hold your hand—one of the hands that saved me before, when I should have died but for your coming. O Madeleine! did you ever in all your life know such a storm as this?"

Madeleine felt Evelyn's uneven, warm breath upon her cheek, Evelyn's soft arm drawn close around her neck, Evelyn's little hand holding fast by one of hers. Not since her memory began had any one ever clung so to her before. In her hand on the other side, farthest from Evelyn, in her right hand, the hand to strike with, was the knife. Her fingers closed spasmodically over the handle.

The storm raged on with increasing fury. The lightning was one wide, white sheet of flame, the thunder one continuous roar, the wind one prolonged, demoniacal shriek. Evelyn clung closer yet and sobbed for terror.

"O Madeleine! I can't bear it. It will kill me; and I don't want to die—not now—not just now, when I am so happy. Why should

I have to die just when we are so happy? Madeleine, dear Madeleine, pray! Pray for help! Pray that it may pass over! Perhaps God will hear if only you pray too."

Madeleine pushed Evelyn roughly aside, and rushing to the window tore it open, flung back the blinds, and hurled the knife with all her might out into the storm. The falling blade made a curve of lurid light through the rain, as if the night bled fire.

"Don't touch me, don't come near me; let me go," Madeleine gasped, as Evelyn flew towards her and tried to draw her back. "I can't stay here with you—I must go—I will wait outside—outside. I'll be near—I promise to be near—only outside—outside the door! Lock it close after me—do you hear? Lock it and bolt it so nothin' can't get in—nothin'—nothin'."

She leaped out into the hall while speaking, drawing the door to behind her, and holding it with a grip of iron lest Evelyn should open it to follow.

"Lock it!" she shouted through the panels to the terrified girl within. "Lock it—lock it,—lock it quick, and bolt it! I don't hear you bolt it. Make it fast! Make it so nothin' can't get by it to get at you."

Evelyn was frightened past all except instinctive obedience. She thought Madeleine had gone suddenly mad, and she turned the key and slid the heavy bolt in place with fingers stiff with terror. Then she crawled back into bed, and buried her face in the pillows, and covered her ears with her hands.

More and more wild it grew. The house shook, as if with a human fear, while the water and the wind warred together as to which should be its destroyer. Madeleine in the passage-way was on her knees, with her hands clasped in a wordless prayer. She was praying for the cessation of the storm—but of the storm in her own soul.

The rain and the wind ceased all of an instant. There was a moment of absolute, breathless, suffocating stillness, as if the clouds, breaking free from restraining bands, had descended with a rush upon the earth, extinguishing every sound in their vast, thick folds. Then, after that second's awful pause, through the silence and the darkness came a flash beside which all that Madeleine had previously known as light was as blackness, and simultaneously a crash like the rending asunder of all the worlds and their foundations, followed by peal on peal, and peal on peal, as though their shattered fragments were being hurled back and forth through space.

Madeleine fell prone on the floor with outstretched arms. All that was not light around her was sound. She had no sense of anything

else. How long she lay there she did not know, but as she gradually came to herself she was conscious of something familiar penetrating the unearthliness of the night and forcing itself upon her notice. It was the smell of smoke. The house had been struck. She struggled to her feet, gasping for breath and tearing open her dress at the throat as she made one plunge down the hall to Evelyn's room, frantically calling her by name. There was no answer, and the door was still double-locked and barred. She was hopelessly shut out. Was Evelyn dead within, or only stunned as she herself had been? She shook the door violently, and beat it with hands and feet, throwing her whole weight against it again and again; but lock and bolt resisted every effort, and within was complete silence. The smoke was growing denser every moment. Here and there little tongues of flame curled up through it. The stairway was already on fire. Oh! how could she reach Evelyn before it was too late?

With a despairing cry she flung wide the window at the end of the hall and sprang upon the sill. Yes, it was as she thought. There was a window on that side of the house opening from Evelyn's room, and in front of it was a tiny balcony. If she could but reach that balcony! She gave a glance over her shoulder down the hall. The smoke and fire were whirling after her in a furious dance of death. There was no time to rush back for anything. She must jump unaided across to that narrow iron-girded shelf. Seizing her thin skirts in both hands, she rent them in two from hem to band; there must be nothing to fetter her. For one second she stood poised like a bird winged for flight, measuring the distance; then she gathered herself together and leaped. There was a rush of wind in her ears, and an intolerable blaze before her eyes. She felt herself falling—falling into eternity itself. She was lost, and Evelyn with her! But as she fell she struck against something unyielding and cold and hard, and her hands closed upon it convulsively. It was the railing of Evelyn's balcony. For an inappreciable instant she hung upon it, bruised, bleeding, and quivering; then with a great effort she drew herself up by main force, climbed over it, and dashed through the window.

Evelyn lay extended on the floor, motionless and ghastly white. Madeleine did not wait to see if she yet breathed. Dead or alive, she must save her. She had no conscious thought but that. The smoke was pouring in through every crevice around the door. Escape that way or back by the window that she had entered was impossible. But there was a second window at the rear of the house, and under this the roof of a veranda sloped down almost to the ground.

Quick as thought Madeleine leaped to the bed, and tearing off a sheet gathered one end of it in a knot around the bedpost nearest to this window, and flung down mattress, pillows, and blankets out of it to the ground below. Evelyn must have something to fall upon. Then lifting the slight figure in her arms, she got out on the roof, and clasping Evelyn tightly to her and holding by the sheet as by a rope, she slid down the roof to the edge, and there dropped off with her burden upon the bedding below, just as a line of light shot waveringly up into the sky out of the bedroom window.

Evelyn gave a moan of returning consciousness as she fell, and Madeleine bent over her with a sigh of relief. At least then she was not dead. But all danger was not yet passed. The storm had spent itself. The thunder was muttering in sullen undertones, the lightning was fainter and less frequent, the clouds had lifted, the waves were subsiding, the rain fell in scattered drops. But the wooden house burned like paper. Already the boat-house and the covered way leading to it were ablaze. There was no escape by the boats. But, surely, help would come soon! Who could have slept through such a night as this? Surely some one of the many watchers must have seen the light of the fire already.

The building almost completely covered the little island, leaving scarcely more than a passage-way around it. The heat from the burning walls grew more intense every moment. The boards were falling right and left. The house grew to be like a skeleton robed in fire. Madeleine dragged Evelyn with her to the extreme edge of the island, and dipping a blanket in water wrapped it closely about the trembling girl. The flames seemed lapping up the very air around them. Oh, was no one in sight—no one? Straining her eyes through the gray light of the breaking dawn, Madeleine at last distinguished two boats approaching from opposite directions, but both still far off.

"Call, call, shout!" she cried despairingly to Evelyn. "The fire will be upon us before they get here."

But Evelyn could only cling dumbly to Madeleine, still unequal to any effort. Madeleine's voice rang out alone, feeble and shrill. A cry came instantly back in answer across the water—one, and another, and another, but still so far; and the hair on their heads was singeing in the heat.

With a heart-breaking cry Madeleine once more caught up Evelyn's unresisting form and plunged with her into the water. It was their only chance for life. It needed but a few strokes with her free arm across the deep channel surrounding the island to reach the shallows beyond; but, good swimmer though

she was, Madeleine's strength was now nearly exhausted. She struggled desperately against the current. Once, twice, it seemed as if she must give way and they two be drowned together. The boats were hurrying towards them. In the nearest one was Horace Hayden and Louis Brabau. Would they be too late after all?

One more despairing stroke and Madeleine's feet touched the bottom. She had reached the rushes. Another instant and she was standing only knee-deep in the water, with Evelyn still clasped convulsively to her bosom.

The boat was within a few yards of them now. Horace dropped his oars and stood up, looking towards them. His face was as white as death. He could not speak, but as his boat came up to them he stooped and held out his arms, and once again received Evelyn into them.

"I saved her," Madeleine breathed into his face as she yielded her charge to him. "I did it for you."

His only reply was to bend his face to Evelyn's with a sob, and kiss her passionately on the brow and lips.

VI.

ALL of the next day Madeleine lay in her tiny darkened bedroom with her face turned to the wall. She was weary and sore indeed, but not sufficiently for such a vigorous constitution as hers, and one so used to hardship, to stand now in need of a prolonged rest; and after her bruises had been dressed by her grandmother's skillful, if untender, fingers and she had been left in quiet for a few hours, she was declared to be as fit for everyday life as ever, and bidden go hungry if she could not see fit to come to the table for her meals.

By the second morning, however, Madeleine rose as usual, dressed herself in a pale blue print in place of the torn red gingham, and went out of the boat-house to her wonted duties. Never had these been more conscientiously performed. Never had the boats been so thoroughly cleaned and dried, the gun so carefully oiled, or the fishing-reel rubbed to so bright a polish. When all was in order, she sat down mechanically on the edge of the platform, her feet hanging over the water, the gun lying across her lap and the reel by her side, her head drooping upon her breast.

She was roused by a low voice just beside her.

"Madeleine, my dear little girl, I am so glad to have a chance to speak to you at last."

She looked up startled. Tears hung on her thick lashes.

Horace smiled at her affectionately and laid his hand caressingly for an instant on her silky curls.

"I do not know how to thank you," he said gently. "It was you who first brought her to me—do you remember? And now you have saved her life again; and this time, Madeleine—this time it is my promised wife that you have given back to me from a horrible death. Can you guess what I must feel towards you?"

Madeleine made no answer. She trembled slightly beneath his touch, and the tears fell from her lashes to the smooth brown of her cheeks and rolled down unheeded to her dress.

"I cannot repay you," Horace continued. "Such a debt as this can never be repaid. But I shall be grateful to you all my life. I will never forget that I owe my happiness to you. I will never, never forget it."

Madeleine's eyes were like those of some poor dumb animal in its death agony, gazing piteously into the face of its destroyer as if beseeching help from the very hand that has dealt the blow.

"God bless you!" Horace said, so solemnly that the words seemed in truth a prayer; and turning, he went quietly away.

At last she rose unsteadily, and returning to the ranch took her hat and put it on, drawing it close down over her brows.

"Where are you goin'?" asked Mrs. Brabau gruffly, looking up from the savory dish she was preparing for the midday meal.

"Fishin'."

"It 's hard on dinner-time, child. You 'd best wait till you 've eaten."

"I don't want no dinner, thank you, gran'."

Something in the altered intonation caught the old dame's attention. She stopped stirring and looked at the girl more closely.

"When 'll you be back?"

"Not till I 've caught a sheepshead."

"Oh, if it 's just a lucky-stone you 're wantin', you need n't put yourself out to go," said Mrs. Brabau, with a faint uneasiness in her glance as it rested on the young girl's face. "Your father can get one any day; can't you, Louis?"

"Aye, I can get a lucky-stone easy enough, if that 's all," said Louis, sauntering in and dropping loosely into a rocking-chair. "Stay where you be, girl."

"No, I must get it myself," Madeleine answered in the same strained voice. She stood a moment more looking from one to the other. "Good-by, gran'. Good-by, father, and thank you," she added with unwonted gentleness, and then went out and loosed her boat, and was soon out of sight.

The afternoon wore away. There had been a light drizzle of rain all day, but towards evening it ceased, and Horace and Evelyn went out and stood together upon the pier. Evelyn was not yet fully recovered from the shock of the thunderbolt, and her beautiful face was delicate and white with an apple-blossom paleness; but the curves about her mouth were sweeter than ever, and her eyes were deep and bright with a happiness beyond speech. She and Horace were talking in subdued voices of the terrors of that night.

"Thank God and Madeleine," he said.

"Yes, thank God and Madeleine," echoed Evelyn, softly. "But where can Madeleine be? Why does n't she come home? I do so want to see her, now that I am well enough to think and speak of it."

She looked off across the water, which stretched out in a dull, lifeless sheet before her, all one cold, hard slate-color, as far as she could see it. From the south a fog was sweeping slowly up out of the blue lake towards Little Venice, like a gigantic bird on wide, soft-feathered wings, that lifted and fell as one looked, and swooped nearer with every stroke. One could no longer see the horizon, nor the canal, nor the round, hive-shaped turret of the Lower Club. And now even the nearer islands disappeared one after one, as the noiseless white down floated over them. Now the Rushmere's red flag vanished. Now the pole was lost. Now the lines of the house itself were wavering and blurred, like a house drawn by a child upon a slate. And now the marshes opposite were all blotted out of sight, as by a moist finger drawn across them from end to end.

"I do wonder where Madeleine can be," repeated Evelyn uneasily; and as she spoke the mist seemed to roll together and then to divide again, and out of it, shadowy and indistinct in her gray-blue dress, as if a ghostly part of it, came Madeleine in her little white boat, the mist straggling softly along after her as though drawn irresistibly to follow.

"Here she is now!" exclaimed Evelyn, gladly. "Do let us go to her." And she went swiftly towards the landing-place, Horace following closely.

Madeleine came directly towards them.

"Madeleine," cried Evelyn, overcome with the rush of vivid memories that the sight of her called forth, "what can I say—how can I show—O Madeleine, dear Madeleine!" And springing impulsively into the boat, she flung her arms about the girl and kissed her.

Madeleine grew deadly pale. She shivered

in the other's embrace and drew away from her, holding out her hand to Horace across Evelyn's clinging arms.

"Take it," she said.

In her hand was a small, round, white stone, in which, as if cut with a knife, were two deep indentations at right angles with each other, forming the letter L. Horace took it from her.

"Why, it is a lucky-stone," he said. "Come and look at it, Evelyn. It's a natural formation found behind the eye of a sheep's head, and it's said to carry good luck with it. Is n't it an oddity? This is a splendid specimen. Do you mean me to keep it, Madeleine?"

"Yes," she said; "keep it. It brings good luck. It is my weddin' gift."

Evelyn flushed, and Horace passed his arm around her and drew her out of the boat to his side and held her there, reaching his other hand to Madeleine.

"You have been a dear friend to us, Madeleine," he said earnestly. "I promise you that I will keep the stone always, my little marsh-bird; always, in memory of you and of all that you have done for me."

The fog had stolen stealthily around them. It was like a blank wall of visible silence on every side.

"Good-by," she whispered, looking up at him, her dark eyes full of despair.

Seizing her paddle, she sent the boat with a few quick strokes out into the stream, and there let the current take it. The two stood watching her. She was kneeling, and looking back at Horace. The gliding white boat, the slender gray-blue, shadow-like figure, the mist curling uncertainly over all, made it like a picture in a dream.

Suddenly, as they watched, their hearts heavy with forebodings, they heard the signal whistle of a coming vessel, and high up in the air, like a huge, black hand parting the fog before it, was the bow of a monstrous iron ship almost directly over the drifting boat and its kneeling figure.

"Madeleine! Madeleine!" they called in terror.

There was yet time for escape. With a single stroke of her paddle she could have saved herself.

"Madeleine! Madeleine! Madeleine!"

Good God! did she not see? Did she not hear? The unearthly look was still upon her face. Another moment and the great ship steamed slowly by, and where it had passed was only the moaning river and the mist that lay ghostlike over all.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

A SINGLE TAX UPON LAND.



HERE are many persons who take a purely philanthropic interest in social science, or who may have studied social problems in a somewhat one-sided manner, who have been led to believe that if all the taxes which are necessary for the support of national, State, and municipal governments should be collected by a single tax, to be imposed upon land or upon a valuation of land, poverty might then be abolished.

This proposition has been put forward in a very attractive manner by very sincere and in some respects very able men, whose humane purpose cannot be doubted, and who most earnestly hope and expect, through its adoption, to solve the difficult problem which the abject poverty to be found in all great cities now presents.

If the single tax could be equitably assessed upon land and collected, and if it would only work all the benefit predicted by making it possible for every one, first, to secure a suitable piece of land, while, secondly, also enabling all such possessors of land to get a good living off it, the economic millennium would surely be within sight and every one would welcome its prophet; but the theory has not yet been sustained by any adequate evidence or citation of facts. Its alleged beneficent effect has no basis in history or in practice; it is a pure hypothesis, and the second and most important element has received little or no attention.

Unfortunately the chief causes of poverty in this country are deep seated in the nature of men rather than of legislation, and even free access to and the free possession of land does not prevent men from becoming abjectly poor. The remedy for poverty must therefore be sought in great measure by reform from within rather than from without; from individual development rather than from the collective action either of State or of nation. In almost all other civilized countries, so called, there may be many causes of poverty which are to some extent remediable by legislation. The laws or customs of many of the countries of Europe in respect to land tenure may require amendment in order to render the holding of land more free from legal obstruction; but from most if not from all these difficulties, inherited

from a long distant past, we are free; it may even be held that our public lands have been given away too freely even to actual settlers. Hence it follows that if the whole burden of taxation were put upon land or land valuation it might work the very reverse effect from that predicted by its advocates.

The treatment of this subject has been made more difficult by the glamour of sentiment which has been thrown about it, causing many persons whose desire to aid their fellow-men is stronger than their perception of the true causes of poverty to look upon any criticism of their proposed method as if it indicated opposition to their humane purpose; but this is a very common weakness, that affects nearly all purely philanthropic enterprises, and it must be wholly disregarded by students whose sole purpose is to get at the truth in social science.

In order to find out, if possible, how a change in the method of taxation may or may not alleviate poverty, it becomes expedient to test the theory of the single tax on land by attempting to apply it to existing or to known conditions. For this purpose the writer purposes to make use of the figures of production, of distribution, and of taxation, as reported in the United States census of 1880, and in other official documents issued by various States and cities.

In several treatises, some of which may be familiar to the readers of *THE CENTURY*, the writer has previously attempted to measure the total value of the product of the United States, in the census year, in terms of money. It apparently came to two hundred dollars' worth per head of the population of that year, which would give six hundred dollars' worth of product as the average money value of the productive work done by every person who was occupied for gain in the census year, numbering substantially one in three of the population. On this computation the total value of all products of the census year, including all that was consumed upon farms without being exchanged, was ten billion dollars (\$10,000,000,000). It may have been less; it could hardly have been more. Even at these figures the product of the United States was the most abundant of any country in the world in proportion to the work done, although it averaged only fifty-five cents' worth of product — a little more or less allowed for any possi-

ble error—to each person, man, woman, and child, for each day in the year.

The taxes of the census year for all purposes, national, State, and municipal, came to substantially seven per cent. of this gross product; *i. e.*, to seven hundred million dollars, or a fraction under four cents a day per capita. At this rate they were very much less in proportion to the product than the taxes of any other country in the civilized world. The sum of all taxes, divided by the population, came substantially to fourteen dollars per head. These taxes were, however, in part paid for a supply of water, and in part for some other kind of work done in supplying material wants, undertaken by cities and towns: this part of the taxation, not exceeding two dollars per head, may be set off as compensation for value received from the town or city, working as a corporation, in supplying material wants which can be met at less cost by organized collective action than through the separate action of individuals.

The actual cost of government, aside from supplying such material wants, came substantially to twelve dollars per head of the population in 1880; or to thirty-six dollars contributed from the product of his or her work, on the average, by each person who was occupied for gain. These figures are given disregarding fractions: they are very close to the mark, and any change which might be made on absolute data would not affect the reasoning which is subsequently based upon them.

The average family numbered within a fraction of five persons: the cost of government to each family was therefore, on the average, sixty dollars for a year.

These taxes were assessed and collected in various ways. The State and municipal revenues were raised by a direct assessment upon land, upon buildings, upon goods and wares; in some cases upon stocks, bonds, and mortgages, upon incomes, upon licenses to sell liquors, upon licenses to transact business in other ways, etc. The national revenues were raised by duties upon foreign imports and by taxes upon the domestic product of whisky, beer, and tobacco, accompanied by a few other sources of revenue.

It might be the simplest and least costly way of collecting the entire revenue by a single tax upon land or upon land valuation, if this term represents anything more than a distinction without a difference, if a practicable method could be found for assessing and collecting it; it might also be a great benefit to the community if all other taxes could be removed or abated; but when the question is presented how to assess and collect the single

tax on land the difficulties begin, and it may appear that poverty could not be abolished, although it might be alleviated in some measure. It may prove, however, that the same relief can be attained in perhaps greater measure without adopting the single tax on land.

It may also appear that even if this theory of a single tax on land were applied so as to cover the whole amount of revenue needed, the hope might not be realized that land would then be more widely distributed than it now is. It is possible, even probable, that the personal possession or occupation of land, which is admitted to be necessary to its productive use, would then fall under the control of a much smaller number of persons than those who hold it under present conditions. As nearly as the data which are available for the study of this question enable one to make the computation, one-fifth part, or about one hundred and forty million (\$140,000,000), of the total¹ revenue of the census year, amounting in all to substantially seven hundred million dollars (\$700,000,000), was in fact derived from taxes assessed upon land; it would follow of necessity that had the entire revenue been collected in that year on the basis of the valuation for assessment on land of that year, the tax upon land would have been increased five-fold or more throughout the country. Now since such a tax must of necessity be the first lien upon the land, and must be paid year by year, even in advance of its cultivation or its use for business purposes or dwellings; and since the payment of this tax in money would of necessity become the sole condition on which the possession or use of land for any purpose could be granted by the state, it might happen that the burden would become too great to be undertaken, except by persons who already possess ample capital from which they could advance the taxes in anticipation of recovering them from the product of the land or from the income of their buildings.

Could the poor farmer, the mechanic, or the artisan of moderate means, or in fact could any one who did not possess ample capital, afford to accept the conditional possession of land under such terms? Each one who now occupies land can answer this question for himself by multiplying the present tax upon his land by five or at least by four.

Those who expect so much benefit from a mere change in the method of collecting taxes overlook the fact that *taxation* and *work* are synonymous terms. What we may call raw or wild land will yield no revenue, and will

¹ The exact amount of taxation by way of licenses, and the revenue derived from water rates, are not known; in this respect the last census is incomplete.

support only the hunter or the herdsman ranging or ranching over it but not occupying it; therefore land itself will not provide for its own taxation.

Even if work be put upon land without capital, it may yield barely a subsistence to him who does the work, if it yields even that. Labor and capital must be combined and applied together to land in order that any land may yield either a large product, or rent, or income, or single tax. Does it not follow that if the whole tax of the country were assessed in a single tax imposed in the first instance upon land this would be but an indirect method of deriving the whole tax from all the products of labor and capital combined, without discrimination? If so, this would be but an indiscriminate mode of taxing all consumption.

All this is elementary. It is manifest that land must be set off, fenced in, and worked by individuals in order that it may yield the primary products which are known as the products of the earth in any sufficient measure to sustain existing life. The proposed tax must come out of the product; there is no other source.

Land must be occupied by individuals in order that these crude products may be converted by the application of capital as well as labor into goods or wares, commonly called manufactures. Land, again, must be occupied by individuals in order that these goods and wares may be distributed by the processes which are known as trade and commerce; consequently the single tax, whatever its amount may be, and at whatever point it may first be collected, can be but the taking of a part of the joint product of land, labor, and capital, by due process of law, from the people who do the actual work by which men subsist; such products thus taken from producers being applied to the consumption of those who do the necessary, but not directly productive, work of the Government.

A small number of individuals may combine in a corporation or association, making what the law defines an "artificial person," but this slight variation does not affect the general principle of personal possession which lies at the foundation of all property.

If the figures which I have given of the value of the annual product of the census year are near the mark, and if the average product of each person occupied for gain was substantially six hundred dollars' worth per head, this product representing the work of 17,400,000 people out of fifty million—then it follows that the seven per cent. of this product which was applied to taxation in the year 1880 stood for the actual work of 1,218,000 working people, or seven per cent.

of all occupied for gain; the smaller portion of whom performed the actual work of the Government itself, while the larger portion did the work that was necessary to supply this force of officials with shelter, food, and clothing. If the annual product was worth less than the sum at which I have computed it, the taxes being the same as given, then the actual work of the Government required the product of a larger proportion of all who were occupied for gain to be given up to it by way of taxation.

It will not be denied by anybody that some of the taxes which were in force in 1880 were very bad taxes, which ought not to be continued. No one, belonging to any party, questions the necessity for some change in the present method of raising the revenue. There is no question whatever but that some of the present taxes fall in proportion more heavily on the consumption of the very poor than on the prosperous—like those on potatoes, salt fish, smoked herring, sugar, salt, and other necessary articles of food; and also the taxes on coal, lumber, iron, and other materials which are necessary in the processes of domestic industry. To the extent to which the necessary cost of living is increased while wages are reduced by these taxes, they are without question a cause of poverty. To the extent to which any unjust or inequitable taxes may be removed poverty may be alleviated; but that is all. This is something very different from the extravagant expectations of the Anti-poverty societies that advocate the single tax on land valuation as a *panacea* for all poverty.

As I have stated, the rate of taxation in 1880 which was deemed necessary to defray the actual cost of government, including the rapid payment of the national debt of the United States, came to substantially twelve dollars per head of the population. One dollar per head could then have been spared, and two dollars per head could now be spared. What we call our surplus revenue, which cannot be immediately applied to the payment of any debt now due, and which ought not to be spent in the wasteful manner now proposed, comes to about two dollars per head, or to from one hundred and twenty million to one hundred and thirty million dollars per year. If this sum were applied to the reduction of taxation, every tax on food, on fuel, and on the materials which are necessary in the processes of domestic industry, could now be wholly removed. The taxes which would then remain, and which would suffice to meet the entire cost of government,—national, State, and municipal, at ten dollars per head,—would be the State taxes, levied as they now are on real estate, personal

property, incomes, and licenses; while the national taxes which would remain in force would be imposed on whisky, beer, tobacco, wines, laces, and embroideries; on the finer textile fabrics which depend upon fashion and fancy rather than upon utility for their sale; on furs, fancy goods, and a few other articles which are almost wholly of voluntary rather than of necessary use.

Upon the basis of the valuation of land of all kinds, as assessed in the census year or in the same proportion, land would be assessed by direct taxation on its owners from two dollars to two and a half dollars per head out of the ten dollars; *i. e.*, one fourth or one fifth part. If allowance be made for any possible error in my computation, land now contributes by direct taxation on its owners about one fourth part of the sum necessary to defray the entire cost of all government, national, State, and municipal, on the present basis on which our revenue is collected. If all other taxes were abated, the single tax upon land could not therefore be less than four times as much as it is now, and would probably be five times—after the reduction of the total revenue in the manner proposed by about one hundred million dollars (\$100,000,000). If, in addition to this absolute reduction of our present taxes, some of the present injudicious municipal taxes were changed in their form rather than in their substance, there could be no question that poverty would be to that extent relieved. It would then be easier for men and women to get a living: there would be less artificial obstruction placed in the way of their work by taxes imposed in the wrong place, and there would be less, if any, perversion of the power of public taxation to purposes of private gain. But the necessity would still remain for taking from the annual product five or six per cent. in place of the seven per cent. or more taken in the census year, for the mere purpose of supporting the Government. Somehow, in some way, five to six per cent. of the work of the people must be devoted to the cost of sustaining the national, State, and municipal governments, since land itself will yield no revenue without work.

About one in twenty of all persons occupied for gain must always remain either an official, a soldier, a sailor, or a pensioner; or else must be occupied in supporting the civil service, the army, the navy, and the pensioners, so long as the present form and method of government exists and is supported by taxation, wherever the tax may be collected.

It matters not where the tax is first imposed—whether by a single tax on land or by multifarious taxes on other subjects—this work will be distributed as a part of the cost of the na-

tional product, either on the whole, or on the special products subject to taxation. Under the single-tax system the tax would be distributed substantially in proportion to the consumption of all products of every kind by the people of every class. Taxes will not stay where they are put; if they would, the tax question could be solved with very little difficulty.

Mr. Henry George himself, as well as all the advocates of the single-tax theory who are not anarchists or communists, agree that a permanent possession of land by individual persons, or artificial persons, under some conditions of some sort, is necessary to its productive use in agriculture or to its occupancy for dwellings or for purposes of manufacturing or of distribution; whether the land consists of lots in towns or cities occupied for business purposes, or of allotments occupied for dwellings, or of larger areas cultivated as farms. The number of persons who do not justify the personal possession of land in one way or another, or who advocate the so-called communal possession of land, is too small to call for any attention or argument at the present time in this community, where the possession of land is more free from obstruction than in any other country except Canada and Australia; and even there the huge public debts are promising to become too great a burden upon the landholder.

It is also conceded by every person whose observation is entitled to any consideration that unoccupied land possesses no productive value, and will yield no income except to the extent that it may be grazed or hunted upon by wandering tribes. It is admitted that occupied land will yield only a bare subsistence to labor, if it yields even so much, unless that labor is furnished with or sustained by capital in some form; it is finally admitted that capital can secure no product whatever from land unless it is applied and worked in connection with or in coöperation with labor.

It follows of necessity that land, labor, and capital must be combined; they are the three necessary factors in abundant production, each of little or no avail without the other.

There is as yet no true science in taxation; or at least if it is so claimed that there is one, it is as yet in an experimental stage. Is it not therefore manifest that it may be injudicious to put the whole burden of taxation in the first instance upon only one of the three necessary factors in production? Why not put a part of it on the other factors? Why not tax, at least in part, the result or income,—*i. e.*, the product which has been derived from land by the application of labor and capital to its use and occupancy,—when such product is in the pro-

cess of consumption, rather than to tax the source of all production at the point where such taxes may prove to be the greatest obstruction to an abundant result? Land is but the primary factor in crude production; it follows that the necessary conditions for deriving an abundant product from land, to be converted into such a form as may enable humanity to exist in comfort and welfare, must be—

First. Its occupation or possession under such conditions that labor and capital can both be applied to its productive use in the most effective manner. These conditions must be such that both labor and capital shall be free from any legal or artificial obstruction by which their relative service or productive efficiency may be impaired.

Second. It requires but little observation to prove that neither the area of land nor the value of land as now computed bears any positive or equal proportion to the product. In the production of the crude materials which are converted into food, or the crude fibers which are converted into clothing, a very large area of land is required both in ratio to the quantity and the value of the crude product.

With respect, for instance, to wheat, the area of land which must be devoted to its product in a crude form—*i. e.*, as grain—is very great in proportion to the area of land which must be occupied by either the railway, the miller or the baker, or the dealer who distributes the bread; yet the value which is added to the wheat by the work of the railway, the miller, the baker, and the tradesman who distributes the bread is about two to one as compared with the value at the farm of the crude product of the wheat of which the bread is made. If land only is taxed, the farmer must pay the larger part of the tax and recover it from consumers in the best way he can devise. If he cannot recover it, he must stop work.

With respect to cotton, the area of land devoted to the production of the fiber is excessive in proportion to the area occupied either by the factory, by the dealer who distributes the cotton fabrics, or by the clothier who makes up the fabrics into clothing. Yet the value added to the cotton fiber by all those who take part in its conversion into clothing is one, two, three, or four fold the value of the crude cotton. If cotton land were subject to the single tax the planter must charge the tax to the cost of cotton and recover it from consumers, if he can. And so the demonstration might go on in varying proportions throughout all the arts.

Third. The mental factor, or what we may call the mental capital, is the prime factor in abundant production. Without the directing mind the cotton factory could not exist; it

could neither have been invented nor could it now be operated. Neither could the clothing factory have been organized. Without this work the present abundance of goods could not have been made for distribution, and then the product of the cotton fiber would be limited to its demand for homespun use; yet the man or men who provide the mental capital in the production of grain or cotton, of food and clothing, may occupy so small a part of the land as to make the rental value of that little patch an utterly insignificant element. Shall we put the whole tax on the land where the crudest and least profitable work is done, and exempt him who manufactures or distributes its products from any share in sustaining the Government?

A tax on land may be but a tax on crude production at its very source, or at the point where it might, and probably would, work the greatest obstruction to the most productive occupation and use of the land itself.

This problem may be treated with a tolerable approach to accuracy by the use of statistics. There are some statistical data which may be made use of with absolute certainty that they are correct. In the city of Boston land is valued by the assessors separately from buildings or from improvements thereon, for the purpose of assessment for local taxation; the proportion of land valuation as compared to buildings or improvements in Boston is in ratio of three to two. In other parts of Massachusetts, especially in the farming districts, land constitutes the lesser element of value, and the improvements the greater element.

It may be considered a well-established fact that the assessment upon real estate in Massachusetts, for purposes of taxation, is at about the ratio of one-half upon the land at its present valuation, and one-half upon the buildings or improvements which have been placed upon it. If we may reason by analogy that the taxes of other States are assessed upon substantially the same basis, *i. e.*, half and half, then we may approximately assume that the assessment upon land throughout the United States, in the year reported in the census of 1880, did not exceed seven billion dollars (\$7,000,000,000), and was probably somewhat less.

The total assessment on real estate in that year amounted, in round figures, to thirteen billion dollars (\$13,000,000,000).

It therefore follows of necessity that had the entire revenue of 1880 for national, State, and municipal purposes been derived from a single tax, then imposed upon land at its assessed value, the rate of assessment for the single tax on the valuation of that year would have been *ten per cent. or more*. These valuations of course varied very much; in Massachusetts

the assessors' valuation is very high; in Michigan it is computed at about eighty per cent. of the true value; in New York the valuation is much less; and in many States it probably does not exceed one-half the market value of the land.

Under the single-tax theory these variations in value must of necessity be equalized; hence it would follow that all the valuations made by local assessors must be displaced, corrected, or equalized: a national board would be required, to be charged either with the duty of equalizing the valuation of the local assessors, or else to be charged with the duty of making a national valuation.

At this point the theory begins to break down by becoming impracticable. Such a national assessment could not be made. So long as local taxes are collected for strictly local expenditures, it matters but little whether the land be valued at a high rate or a low rate in that specific place; the money is to be spent for the service of the occupants of that land in that town or city. Local self-government, therefore, meets the whole necessity of the case in the matter of taxation for local purposes; but if, in addition to the municipal expenditures, the national expenditures are also to be assessed in equal or greater amount,—falling like the dew of heaven upon the land of Boston or of Massachusetts, or of Michigan, or of other States, without distinction of race, color, or condition,—it follows of necessity that the low valuation of some States must either be raised or the valuation of other States must be reduced. All valuations must be made upon the same basis if the single tax is to be made an equitable tax. How can this be accomplished?

Objection has been made to the computation which shows that in the census year the single-tax rate would have been ten per cent. or more on all land, and it is alleged that this high rate creates a prejudice against the single-tax theory. It is alleged that the entire valuation of land in 1880 was far below the true value; it is also alleged that much unoccupied land is withheld from use and is not taxed at the same rate as the occupied land, or on the basis of the same valuation.

Whether this latter allegation is true or not in any place the writer has no means of determining; but there is no unoccupied ground in the city of Boston, and probably none in the State of Massachusetts, which is not or may not be as fully taxed as that which is occupied, if the assessors do their duty.

It may be assumed that through long practice, under the guidance of an extremely efficient chief assessor who has been judiciously maintained in office for a long term of years

through all party changes, the land valuation of Boston is equitably made and the land equitably taxed, whether occupied or unoccupied, according to its value, or as near to it as any board of assessors could come.

We will, however, treat the subject on another basis. One of the most conscientious officers of the census of 1880, Mr. Gannett, attempted to make a true valuation of all the property of the people of this country, and in so doing he raised the assessors' valuation of land. He valued farms a fraction over ten billion dollars; residences and business real estate a fraction under ten billion dollars; mines, including six months' product waiting for sale, a little under eight hundred million dollars; railways with their equipment a little over five and a half billion dollars (\$5,500,000,000); reaching as a true valuation of real estate in all forms, except strictly public property, substantially twenty-six billion dollars (\$26,000,000,000), a little over five hundred dollars' worth per capita.

If it be admitted that this sum should be divided by one-half, corresponding to the rule which has been thoroughly well established in the State of Massachusetts, on sufficient evidence, as to farms and business real estate, in order, first, to separate land from buildings and improvements thereon; secondly, to separate mines from the machinery and product thereof; thirdly, to separate the railway track from its equipment—then the land valuation would have come to thirteen billion dollars (\$13,000,000,000), and the single tax would have fallen at the rate of five to six per cent., instead of ten per cent., on the full value of all land in the census year. If these conditions should be realized, it must be admitted that the declared objects of the advocates of the single-tax system would have been fully attained. Any one who is even superficially conversant with the income which can now be derived from real estate—*i. e.*, from farms, dwellings, railway property, and the like—will doubtless concede that a tax of five to six per cent. on a full valuation of the land occupied would take up the entire rent or rental value which land now yields in any form of income to its owners, with here and there an exception on a few special sites in cities. Land, *as a whole*, does not pay its owners five per cent. above the cost of cultivating it, or above the fair return on the capital invested for the purpose of using and occupying it for manufacturing, trade, and commerce. A very large proportion of our farm lands especially yield no rent; *i. e.*, no income above an average return on labor and capital.

The space here permitted me will not admit of any proofs being given of this dogmatic

statement; it must rest upon the experience of those who are competent to pronounce judgment upon it.

Now let it be admitted that a way can be conceived for determining the relative value of every parcel of land in the United States, even if no practical way can be invented to carry the conception into effect, and that a tax of five per cent. upon that land would yield a revenue sufficient to defray the entire expenses of the Government; in such event substantially all rent of any kind would be absorbed by the tax. What would next ensue? Before attempting to consider this question we must next assume that under these conditions a way should also be found by which cultivation, production, manufacturing, and distribution could go on as effectually as they do now. We must also assume that the same opportunity to accumulate capital would continue to exist. We must assume that the only change would be the taking up by taxation of all the rent of land, at five per cent. on the present valuation, coupled with the removal of all taxes of every other kind.

What next?

The moment land ceased to yield an income or rent to the owner, no one would pay him anything for it. The market value of land would no longer exist. That, again, is the objective point of the advocates of the single-tax theory. They affirm that no one ought to be called upon to pay anything for the possession of land, and their main object would be attained if land should cease to have any salable or market value, as the result of the single tax imposed upon it. Yet the necessity is admitted by them that land should be placed in the possession of private persons in order that labor and capital may be applied to its use and occupancy for purposes of production and distribution. In what way or by what tenure would this new kind of no-rent possession of land be granted by the state? How would existing titles be extinguished, and how would the land then be redistributed? When redistributed how would the rate of the single tax then be determined? Would it not become necessary for assessors to be appointed by the National Government to establish what the promoters of the single-tax system call the "site" value of land? How would these assessors determine the exact or full amount which any person could afford to pay for the choice of land or for the selection of a particular site in order either to cultivate it or to occupy it?

How could this "site" value be established without practically leasing the land at specific or fixed rates of annual taxation, established so as to cover long periods of time? Without

such permanent possession at a fixed rate who would expend capital upon land?

The possibility of deriving any rent, product, or income from land at the present time depends mainly upon the amount of capital which has been or may be expended or invested upon it. There are many lots of land, especially in cities, which yield no more than enough to pay the present taxes, because the capital invested upon such lots is insufficient and the time has not arrived when the owners dare substitute better buildings. On the adoption of the single tax it would become necessary either for the Government to confiscate whatever capital there might be upon such lots, be it more or less, or to compensate the owners for its value before vesting that land or leasing it to some one else who would put more capital upon it. Of course unoccupied land would be at once surrendered by owners who could not afford to pay the taxes upon it and who had no capital, although they might have paid a large sum for it and might also have previously paid heavy taxes at present rates in order to keep their title. How would they be compensated?

But suppose all these difficulties overcome; still, if the "site" value, rental value, or tax value, by whatever name it may be called, were subject to alteration year by year, according to an estimate which might be put upon it by a national board of assessors, also changing from year to year, would any one dare accept the conditional possession of land for any purpose which would require a large expenditure of capital or of labor upon it before it could be made productive or useful?

Would not the only alternative then be to grant the possession of land to private persons at a fixed rate of taxation for a long term of years, or indefinitely? But that process would simply make the nation a single landlord, collecting a single tax, or rent, which could not be changed — in place of many landlords who now adjust the rents, reducing them as well as advancing them, according to the changes which occur in the progress of society. We hear much of the "unearned increment" of land, but we hear nothing of the *unrequited decrement* of land. I think it may be safely affirmed that the present market value of all the land in this country represents less than the cost of clearing, fencing, draining, building, and making it productive either in cultivation or, outside a few cities, for any other purpose. But this opinion cannot be sustained by any demonstration. There is hardly any investment that requires as much care, skill, and judgment as the management of land.

If the Government should thus become a single landlord, then, in the progress of society,

a particular site which had been granted at a low rate of single tax might advance in value for use. In such event the leasehold, or right to hold it subject to a fixed rate of taxation for a long term of years, would sell in the open market for a very large bonus. What is called the "unearned increment" would accrue to private individuals on the leasehold or taxhold precisely as it does now on the land-holding; just as the farms of Ireland have been sold to new by old tenants at a large bonus, after the old tenant had secured a reduction of rent by the action of the land courts on sufficient evidence that it would bear no more than the lower judicial rent.

What an opportunity this would give to the assessors, to the city council, to the national board of assessors! How easy it would be to grant a conditional title to a large area of unoccupied land for a long term of years, at a very low rate of taxation, to a certain number of persons; then to grant a conditional single-tax title to a long strip of land leading to this unoccupied area, on which a railway might be laid, at a very low fixed rate of national taxation. How quickly the progress of society would raise the value of such a conditional tenure of land held on condition of paying a single tax at a fixed rate. Who would get the benefit of the bonus? There are many other interrogatories which might be put of the same kind; in fact, there is hardly an aspect in which this theory can be presented from which it does not at once become apparent that the plan for the so-called "nationalization of land," and for the raising of the entire revenue by a "single tax" thereon, will not work. Even if it would work, no plan has yet been presented by its promoters which would remove any of the disparities in the conditions of men that are due to the present system of taxation, or of land-owning, which may not be removed by changes in the existing system of taxation, without recourse to the single tax on land.

On the contrary, if this theory of a single tax on land were carried into effect, it would probably load all desirable lots of land, either in city or in country, with such permanent burdens that none but large capitalists could thereafter afford to occupy them for any purpose whatever. The owners of capital would not then be obliged to pay any principal sum, or capital, for the purchase of the land. They would therefore retain the whole of their large capital for its improvement, and they would thereafter secure as large an income from their capital only as they now derive from the rent of the land which they now purchase and capital combined.

Again, if land should be taxed at its "site "

value, without regard to the capital or value of the buildings or improvements upon it, then the poor man who may now be in possession of a small house must pay as much as the rich man who owns a large house in the next lot of the same site value, or an expensive warehouse in the immediate neighborhood on another lot of the same site value. Factory operatives as a body occupy a very much greater area of land for their dwellings of no greater value foot by foot, or acre by acre, or of no greater site value than that which is occupied by the factory in which they work. The single tax on land would therefore fall excessively on them, and very lightly upon the factory. It would fall with the utmost weight upon the farmer, who of necessity requires a large area of land to produce his crops; while it would fall very lightly upon the miller, whose mill might be built upon a site of no great rental value; and yet more lightly upon the owner of the wheat elevator, which might be built on land that would not feed a rabbit.

As nearly as the writer has been able to compute the effect of the single-tax theory applied to the land of Boston, each average family of five persons in that city would be subject to an average assessment of three hundred dollars' single tax each year, which they must agree to pay when called for, in consideration of the right to possess or occupy any part of the land of Boston for any purpose. This would be the average; of course there would be variations. This single tax would be assessed, not according to the area, not according to productive capacity, not according to the relative income of the occupants, not according to the relative ability, but at the will of a board of national assessors whose estimates of the site value of the land of Boston might or must change year by year.

In opening this subject the writer has held that a single tax upon land would be but another name for a tax upon the entire product of land, which would be distributed with unerring precision in proportion to consumption of all products, without discrimination or power to avoid any part of the burden.

It may be asked why the mass of the people would not then pay the same tax directly that they now pay indirectly, if it is true that the present taxes do not stay where they are put, but are distributed in proportion to consumption.

The answer to this objection is very plain. If consideration be given to the present subjects of taxation and to the various ways in which taxes are now assessed, it will appear that a large part, if not the larger part, of the present contributions for the support of gov-

ernment are voluntary, and are not compulsory on the part of those who pay them. The man who buys a costly piece of land, and who builds an expensive building upon it, becomes a contributor to taxation in ratio to the amount of his whole investment in buildings as well as in land. The consumers of beer, spirits, wines, and tobacco may use more or less of these subjects of taxation without affecting their productive ability, unless they use too much. To the extent to which they choose to become consumers of beer, wine, spirits, and tobacco, they now pay about one seventh part of all the taxes that are now required by national, State, and municipal governments combined; in fact more, because that is the proportion of the national taxation, and does not include the license taxes which are now very widely adopted as the condition of engaging in the distribution of liquor in cities and towns. It is practically certain that the taxes on beer, spirits, wines, and tobacco, domestic and imported, now suffice to meet at least one sixth part of the entire cost of government, including the present surplus revenue, and probably more; the exact amount of license taxes is not known. There are many other taxes which it is optional for the owner or consumer of products to pay or not. To the extent to which land is held for luxurious purposes, to the extent to which houses are built beyond necessary use, to the extent to which warehouses are made more costly than is necessary, to the extent to which not only spirits, wines, beer, and tobacco, but many other articles—such as expensive silks, dress goods, furs, and other luxuries—are consumed, the farmers, the mechanics, and the occupiers of land in small allotments are relieved from the burden thus voluntarily assumed by others, unless they themselves choose to share in their consumption.

The writer has endeavored, to the best of his ability, to explore the subject and to apply the theory of the advocates of the single tax on land to existing conditions. There is nothing new in the proposition. It was presented more than a century since by the economists of France known as the *physiocrats*; it was applied in France under Turgot, before the French Revolution, with very disastrous results. The discussion which has ensued since it was again brought forward by Mr. Henry George at the present time has without question been extremely useful; it has directed attention to many of the existing abuses in our system of taxation; but how it could be adopted, how it could be applied, and how it could be made to serve as a panacea for poverty, yet remains to be proved: even the way to begin remains to be pointed out by its advocates and supporters. The space which

can be assigned in a magazine forbids a more extended treatment of the voluntary nature of the payment of a very large part of the taxes now collected, not only by the National Government but by State and municipal governments as well.

It is held by all the standard authorities on taxation that the burden of the cost of government may well be borne in part by all who share its benefits. As yet but little attention has been given to establishing an absolutely equitable system for dividing or distributing the burden of taxation either in this country or elsewhere. We possess a great advantage in the separate action of States, making it possible to try many experimental methods in local taxation, by the comparison of which various methods all may benefit hereafter. Our national revenues are, however, now derived from taxes which are consistent with no theory, and are assessed under laws which no two officials can construe alike: under these conditions it may be held that while the single national tax on land may not be approved, there is not a single national tax now imposed which does not need to be reformed.

If the omissions of the last census are covered in the census which is about to be taken, to the end that a complete statement may be made of the actual amount of all taxes,—whether assessed by the nation under a tariff or internal tax bill, or by States, cities, and towns by direct taxation upon property, by licenses, or in other ways,—it will become possible to determine the several agencies through which a part of the national product is converted to the use of the Government more accurately than it can now be done.

On the basis of the somewhat incomplete data now available it would appear that the contributions to the actual cost of government are about evenly divided between those which are paid for the support of the National Government, aside from the reduction of the national debt, and those which are paid for the support of State, county, and municipal government. The per capita contribution is now, approximately, ten dollars per head of the population for the cost of government and two dollars to the national surplus. About twenty-two per cent. of the ten dollars appears to be collected in the first instance by a direct tax assessed upon the valuation of land; about twenty-two per cent. by taxes and duties upon spirits, wines, beer, and tobacco. It is not yet possible to distribute the remainder of the taxes with any very close approach to accuracy. Nearly twenty per cent. of the present contribution at twelve dollars per head is raised by taxes on the necessities of life—on food, fuel, or crude materials which enter into the

processes of domestic industry, all of which taxes now constitute a part of the so-called surplus revenue.

If the agitation of the single-tax question results in turning the attention of the mass of the people to the present abuses of taxation, to the repeal of obstructive taxes, and to the sorting of the taxes which are necessary, with due attention to their effect upon productive

industry, a long step will have been made towards bringing our whole method of raising the necessary revenues for the support of the Government into such form as will enable the work to be done and the taxes to be paid with the least burden upon industry and with the least interference with the freely chosen pursuits of the people.

Edward Atkinson.

A SINGLE TAX ON LAND VALUES.

MR. GEORGE'S REPLY TO MR. ATKINSON.



R. ATKINSON'S objections to the single tax arise from the fact that he does not understand what the single tax is. He constantly speaks of it as a tax on land. And that he really thinks of it as a tax on land is shown by such utterances as that it would be a tax on a factor of production; would keep poor people from getting land; would fall most heavily on farmers because they use most land, etc.

But the single tax is *not* a tax on land. It is a tax on land value—on that value which attaches to land irrespective of improvements in or on it; that value which remained in the land of Johnstown after every improvement had been hurled into awful heaps of debris; that value left in the business part of Lynn lately swept by fire; that value which remains in a centrally located city lot after the building on it has become of so little value that it is bought only to be torn down.

It may be said: "What is the use of making this distinction? You would not speak of taxing house values or ship values; but of taxing houses or ships. In the United States when we speak of taxing land we mean taxing it according to value. We do tax some things specifically, but land we usually tax by value." This is true. And it is worth noting. For it shows that instead of being a new tax, which would require, as Mr. Atkinson supposes, a tremendous new taxing machine and a fundamental change in our government, the single tax is really a tax we now collect in the tax on real estate. All that is new in it is the *single*. The tax itself we already have. To make it the *single* tax we have only to abolish other taxes.

But as to the necessity for the distinction.

There is a difference between taxing land and taxing land values that does not exist between taxing such things as ships and houses and taxing their values—a difference that, although of no importance in ordinary thought or speech, becomes all-important when we come to reason on the effects of taxation. A tax on house or ship values would fall on all houses or ships—or at least on all that have not been abandoned and are yet in use. But a tax on land values would not fall on all land, nor yet on all land in use, for value does not attach to all land, nor to all land in use. Mr. Atkinson is an example of the great cause of economic confusions—the failure to define terms carefully. He certainly knows that in the United States taxes on land are assessed by value. Yet, deceived by the phrase he uses, he goes on thinking and talking of the single tax as though it were a specific tax that would fall on all land.

Though he seems to see it only by glimpses, since by saying that all taxes have the same final incidence Mr. Atkinson negatives them all, he is quite right as to many of the things he says of the tax he has in mind. A tax on land—that is to say, a specific tax on all land—*would* become a condition to, and a restriction on, the use of land; *would* hamper the use of the natural factor of production; *would* fall on farmers; *would* become a tax on labor; and *would* increase prices by increasing the cost of production. These are valid objections to a tax on land. But the single tax is *not* a tax on land. It is a tax on what in the terminology of political economy is styled rent—that value, namely, which, irrespective of the value of improvements, attaches to *some* land with the growth of population and social development; that premium which the user as user must pay to the owner as owner, either in one payment (purchase money) or in an-

nual payments (rent), for permission to use land of superior excellence.

The single tax, therefore, could *not* fall on all land. It could fall only on valuable land, or land of superior excellence. Hence it could not restrict production, or lessen the use of land, or diminish the earnings of labor or capital. It could only take the premium which the user as user must pay to the owner as owner; and since this would discourage speculation and make it easier to get land for use, it would tend to increase production and to increase the earnings of labor and capital.

In point of exchangeable power, or as items in the wealth of individuals, there is no difference between a given value of land and a like value of grain, metals, cattle, clothing, machinery, tools, or ships; but observation will show wide differences in their nature, their genesis, their laws, and their relations. As an example of the valuable things whose common character is that they are produced by labor, and which in political economy are alone properly classed as wealth, let us take a thing of the kind that in common thought and legal terminology comes closest to land—a building.

Here is a building which, irrespective of the land it stands on, is worth \$5000; and here is a piece of land which, without any improvement in or on it, is also worth \$5000. These values are equivalent, representing to the owner equal powers of obtaining other things in exchange. But—

The value of the building attached to it originally, from the moment it came into existence. The land had no original value. There is no building in the United States that did not have a value when first erected. But, though the land has existed for geologic ages, there is no land in the United States that has had any value for more than a few hundred years; while there is much land now valuable that has only had a value for a few years, or even for a few months.

The value of a building lessens with time, since with time buildings decay. And in growing and improving communities improvements that cheapen the cost of building, and changes in the kinds of buildings demanded, also tend to lessen the value of existing buildings. But land is not subject to decay or change of fashion. Nor can decrease in the cost of production lessen its value, for land is not produced by man, but was here before he came. So far from diminishing with time, the value of land in growing and improving communities tends steadily to increase. In all our growing cities there is no building that is worth as much as it was a year ago, but land as a rule is worth more.

In the case of the building, what determines

value is the cost of producing such a building. In the case of land, it is its relative advantage for use over other land—the final element in which is its location in respect to population. The value of the building has thus individual exertion as its basis. It represents the present value of the labor embodied in the building. The value of land, on the other hand, has social growth as its basis. It does not represent the value of any individual exertion, but the present value of an appropriation—for the ownership of land cannot be obtained by producing, but only by appropriating what already exists. The labor of the individual exerted on land may produce value, but it will be a value inhering in the product or improvement the labor makes, not in the land itself. That value comes only by growth of population and social advance. A man may work or spend on land to any amount; but no matter how valuable his improvements, the land itself acquires no value except as the community around it grows and improves, or access to larger populations is opened. He may do nothing at all, and, as social growth and improvement go on, the value of his land will increase. He may be an absentee, an infant, an imbecile—social growth will still add value to his land.

Thus in taxing buildings or other products of labor we take from the individual what individual exertion produced, thus impairing the natural reward of exertion, and checking the springs of general wealth. But in taxing land values we take from the individual what is brought by social growth; we simply apply to the use of the community what non-producers would otherwise appropriate. In no wise do we lessen the rewards of exertion or check the springs of general wealth. On the contrary, in applying to public use the power of drawing on the general wealth which pertains to the ownership of land we discourage ownership without use, and thus prevent natural opportunities for production from being withheld from use.

Here it may be asked, as the anarchists ask, "Why should not the whole results of production be left to those who take part in production?"

The sufficient answer is, that there is no possible way of leaving to labor and capital that part of the product that constitutes economic rent. This setting aside, as it were, of a certain portion of the results of production which *may* be taken by the community, but otherwise *will* be taken by non-producers, is a result of advance in civilization. It arises from the necessity, which comes with the higher uses of land, of giving individual possession, and from differences in the capabilities of land.

Even where the owner and the user of land are the same person, economic rent exists. Where the demand for wheat causes the cultivation of land that with a certain application of labor and capital will yield fourteen bushels an acre, the owning farmer whose land, otherwise equal, will yield to the same application twenty bushels will have an advantage—not as a cultivator, but as a land-owner. The power of getting six bushels more with the same exertion will inhere not in his labor nor in his capital, but in his land. He may cease to take any part in production and still get the equivalent of the six bushels by renting the land; or if he does not choose to rent, or is prohibited from doing so, he can get from the user who takes his place an equivalent capitalized sum or obligation. So, if a site in the center of a city will enable a storekeeper to get a larger net profit than will one on the outskirts, a separable advantage will attach to this site, which he who has the right of use can rent or sell.

These advantages attach to land; they cannot go to labor or capital. Where they go to a laborer or a capitalist, they go to him not as laborer or capitalist, but as land-owner or possessor, and give him an advantage above what his labor and capital can give. The whole product can go to labor—or to labor and capital, if they both engage in production—only where social development is so rude that no special advantage attaches to one location over another, and the land is treated as a common. In civilized societies, where there are great and increasing differences in the advantages of location, it is only on the poorest land in use that labor and capital can retain the full results of production. Any location where land has superior capability must command a premium which labor and capital must pay. This premium may be taken in taxation on land values for the use of the community, as we single-tax men propose; or it may be left to land-owners, as for the most part it is now left. But it cannot go to labor and capital. There is no way of leaving it to them.

Let me illustrate: In newspaper offices where union rules prevail the price of composition is based on the average work, and steps are taken to secure to every workman his fair chance of "fat" and "lean." But it is sometimes desirable to permit special men to set particular kinds of "fat matter." In such cases those who set this matter pay a premium to the others by way of equalization. To abolish these premiums, and to allow the men who

¹ A tax on rent falls wholly on the landlord. There are no means by which he can shift the burden upon any one else. It does not affect the value or price of agricultural produce, for this is determined by the cost of production in the most unfavorable circumstances, and in those circumstances, as we have so often demon-

set the "fat" to retain the full amount of their bills, would not be to give them the wages of their labor, but to give them the advantages of monopoly. To put the theory of the single tax in terms every printer will understand, it is to take "department premiums" for the use of the "chapel."

In speaking on this point I have had in view not only the anarchists, who oppose the single tax, but also Mr. Atkinson. He bases some of his objections on a confused recognition of the fact that taxes must be paid in the results of production, declaring that we single-tax men "overlook the fact that taxation and work are synonymous terms." This indeed we do, and for the reason that there is no such fact. Taxation and work are no more synonymous than addition and subtraction. But it *is* true that taxation can be paid only in the products of work. Mr. Atkinson would be right were he to say that all taxes, no matter on what levied, can be paid only in the products of labor and capital. But, as any standard political economist will tell him, he is utterly wrong in thinking that all taxes fall on the earnings of labor and capital, and by increasing the cost of production become taxes on consumption.¹ In this he ignores the fact that the rise of land values with social growth tends to deprive labor and capital of a larger part of the product, and to give it to those who do nothing in production. Yet he does see facts that involve this. He rightly says that land itself can yield no income. He declares that any revenue drawn from land must come from the exertion of labor and capital on the land. Now, since there is much land in the United States that yields large income to its owners, where does this income come from? It is manifestly a part of the production by labor and capital which they do not now get, and which goes to those who take no part in production.

Here, then, as Mr. Atkinson must see, is a portion of the product of labor and capital that can be taken in taxation without lessening their rewards. It is this that we single-tax men propose to take for public purposes in place of the taxes now levied on the rewards of labor and capital. It is, as it were, a natural tax levied on labor and capital when using land better than the ordinary, and which they must pay anyhow. If we leave this to individuals, we must tax labor and capital to supply its loss. If we take it for public needs, we can abolish all taxes on labor and capital, leaving them their natural and just rewards.

strated, no rent is paid. A tax on rent, therefore, has no effect other than its obvious one. It merely takes so much from the landlord and transfers it to the state. (John Stuart Mill, "Principles of Political Economy," Book V., Chap. III., Sect. 3.)

Mr. Atkinson sees that land, labor, and capital are the factors of all production, and he appears to see the impolicy of taxing these factors, since he objects to a tax on land as a tax on a factor of production. Very well. On this correct principle, a tax on land (all land) would be condemned. So, all taxes on labor and all taxes on capital must be condemned and ought to be abolished, for they, too, are taxes on factors of production. And so, all taxes on the processes or products of production ought to be abolished, for they are taxes on production itself. What, then, remains as the only proper tax? A tax on land values—the tax we would make the only tax!

Labor, capital, and land are the three factors of production, the first two being different forms of the human factor, the last being the natural factor. Labor and capital must have a reward for their exertion or they cannot continue to exert themselves, or, indeed, to exist. But Nature claims no reward. Land is her free gift to man, her gratuitous service. The primary division of the product is therefore between these two, or into wages and interest. And this (monopoly eliminated) continues to be the division on what in political economy is styled the margin of production, or the poorest land in use—land on which labor and capital can produce only their ordinary returns. But where labor and capital are willing to work on land of a certain quality—or, what is the same thing, can from their product on it obtain the ordinary rate of wages and interest—then that law of competition that tends to bring wages and interest to a common level will enable the owner of land of superior quality to claim the excess which the exertion of labor and capital will yield on that, over what they could obtain on the poorer land. And as the earnings of labor and capital must always be fixed by what they can obtain on the poorest land worked, while the growth and development of society tends to bring out higher and higher capabilities in particular lands, the portion of the results of production that land-owners can claim tends constantly to increase with the advance of civilization.

It is this part of the increment of wealth—the part called by John Stuart Mill the “unearned increment,” because it now goes to non-producers—that we propose by the single tax to take for public needs in place of the taxes now levied on industry, enterprise, and thrift.

Is not this clearly the wise and just way of raising public revenues?

Mr. Atkinson is concerned lest the poor man with a small house should be taxed as much as the rich man with a large house on a lot of the same site value, and lest men who fur-

nish “mental capital” should not be taxed enough if taxed only on the value of the land they occupy. Let me put the case the other way. Should a rich man pay any more than a poor man for a thing of a like kind? or is it just to tax men of brains for using their brains in production? Mr. Atkinson and I probably differ as to riches, and may differ as to brains, but if we went to a hotel and took like rooms should we not expect to pay like prices?

Suppose Mr. Atkinson to have charge of one of those large buildings now rising in all our great cities. To provide for its care, maintenance, insurance, and for a return on the capital invested, a revenue would be needed which could only come from those who used the building. Would Mr. Atkinson try to collect this revenue from the tenants in proportion to what they were worth? or in proportion to their business? or their brains? Would he station men with clubs at the entrances with instructions to seize forty-seven per cent. of everything brought into the building? or send them around periodically to demand “voluntary contributions” from the tenants? He is too good a business man for that. What he would do would be to raise this revenue by a single tax assessed on the tenants in proportion to the desirability of the rooms they occupied.

To make the illustration closer, let us suppose that a man of great wealth and benevolence, wishing to help a number of poor people, erects a building of many apartments. He stores the cellars with coal; he secures a supply of water; and he so adapts the building that elevators may be put in, and heat, light, water, and power be conducted through it. He does not wish to become a special providence to these men, for that would be to make and to keep them babies. He wishes them, by doing for themselves, to develop manly qualities and to learn to live together. So admitting a certain number to the building, and providing for the future coming of others, he leaves them at liberty to manage as they please.

The donor of the building asks no revenue; he has made a free gift. But the tenants will need a revenue, since some of them must be occupied in taking care of the house, in making improvements from time to time, and in doing other things for the common benefit.

Now, the proper way of raising this revenue will be clear—so clear that it will be certain to whoever considers it that the donor could have intended no other. And this way will appear as soon as the tenants come to settle the occupancy among themselves. Though for a day or two after they enter into possession they may treat the house as common, yet they will soon discover the necessity for defi-

nite location. The question of how the apartments shall be assigned among them will thus come up. If all the apartments were alike, and if the matter of location with respect to other tenants made no difference, equality might be assured by letting each take an apartment leaving the unoccupied ones for new-comers. But the apartments are not all alike, and location in respect to other occupants is a matter of importance, especially since the erection of elevators, the distribution of heat, power, electricity, etc., could not be made all at once, but would come first in the best-tenanted parts of the house. The most desirable apartments would therefore command premiums. To collect these premiums for the common expenses would be the obvious way both to put all the tenants on a level with regard to the bounty of their benefactor and to provide for common needs and improvements. Under this system there would be no levy on any individual. There would be only a single tax, collected from the occupants of the more desirable rooms. No one would be taxed for living in the building or for having an apartment, for every one would be free, without the payment of any premium, to take any apartment that no one else wanted. It would be only to the use of rooms of more than ordinary desirability that the payment of a premium would be a condition.

In this way, as the new tenants came in, in accordance with the benefactor's will, they would, until the house was really full, find ample room on equal terms with those already there; and in this way all the common expenses and the costs of making improvements could be met. As the tenants increased in number and improvements were made, the relative desirability of the apartments might change. Some that at first were most desirable and paid the highest premiums might become of only ordinary desirability and cease to bring any premium, while the upper stories, that at first no one cared to live in, might, when the elevators got to running, seem most desirable and pay the highest premiums. But the aggregate premiums would increase with increase of numbers and the making of improvements, and a larger and larger common fund be available for common purposes.

I am sure that Mr. Atkinson would say that this would be the just and wise way for such tenants to provide for their common expenses. Now this is the way of the single tax—the method which we single-tax men would apply to that house of which we are all tenants.

But another way *might* be adopted. If such tenants were to do as we of the United States have done, they would let a few of their number claim the apartments as their private

property, collect the premiums, and keep the greater part of them. They would let them claim whole blocks of as yet unoccupied apartments, and in the effort to get monopoly and speculative premiums hold them vacant long after those who ought to use them had arrived, compelling the new-comers to go farther upstairs, or into the wings, or to sleep in passage-ways, and to wander around unable to find a place to work. They would let other grabbers go into the cellars and claim the store of coal as their private property. They would let others claim the water supply, and others take the privilege of putting up the elevators, etc., and charging tolls. And then to supply the place of the proper revenue thus given away they would station guards at each entrance to the building to seize part of everything brought in, and send men nosing about the apartments demanding of each tenant to exhibit all he had, that they might levy toll on it. What liars and perjurers and evaders this system would make; how it would prevent proper improvement, and discourage honest work, and stimulate everything mean and wicked; how it would frustrate the benevolent intention of the builder of the house; how of the tenants many would be miserably poor, while a few could be lavish and lazy, Mr. Atkinson may readily see. Yet this is the system he defends.

Mr. Atkinson's astonishing statement that the single tax was applied in France under Turgot with disastrous results; his intimation that he does not know whether in any part of the country unoccupied land is less heavily taxed than occupied land; his talk of an "unrequited decrement" in a thing which has originally no value; his notion that land is worth nothing unless the improvements on it will sell for more than they ever cost,¹ and many other confusions, indicate such lack of the exactitude and discrimination required for the analysis of statistics that I would not be disposed to accept his figures did anything depend on them. But since nothing does,—since a better system of taxation would be a better system, whether our present production and revenues, or their averages, be more or less,—it is not worth while to examine or dispute these figures. One thing, however, Mr. Atkinson admits in them, that more than our present revenues could be raised by a single tax on land values. He puts the land values of 1880 at \$13,000,000,000. On his estimate of five per cent., that would make the ground rent \$650,000,000. But as this represents only the net

¹ This notion, a favorite one of H. C. Carey's, Mr. Atkinson may see thoroughly riddled by a bitter opponent of the single tax, in President F. A. Walker's "Land and its Rent."

rent exclusive of taxation, and as Mr. Atkinson estimates that \$140,000,000 of our taxes now fall on land values, the gross rent on this calculation would be \$790,000,000, while the gross revenue he puts at \$700,000,000, and the necessary revenues at \$580,000,000. In other words, without consideration of the increase in land values which the increased prosperity consequent on the abolition of these taxes would cause, he shows that we might abolish all other taxes, and by a single tax on land values raise \$220,000,000 more than needed. Thomas G. Shearman, whose estimates are much closer, shows that sixty-five per cent. of economic rent would yield all our present revenues.

One error, however, runs through Mr. Atkinson's statistics — the assumption that what our governments receive is what our people pay. To say nothing of the enormous wastes and losses entailed by the taxes we single-tax men would abolish, they directly cost the people far more than they put into the treasury. Is there a tax levied by our Federal Government which is not supported by a powerful interest ready to spend money to prevent its repeal? Propose to abolish or even to reduce one of these taxes, and Washington, as at this moment, will be filled with lobbyists begging and working for its retention. What does this mean? It means that these taxes yield revenue to private parties as well as to the Government. I speak not merely of "protective taxes." This of course is what protective taxes are for. This is what "protection" means. A tax that will not enable private parties to levy a tax for their own benefit, in addition to the tax collected by the Government, is not a protective tax. But though in lesser degree, this feature of yielding private profit is also characteristic of Federal taxes that are not "protective," and of many State taxes. Take, for instance, the liquor tax. The whisky ring "spent money like water" to oppose its reduction, and would spend money to prevent its abolition. Take the tax on cigars. The cigar manufacturers have been working like beavers to prevent its repeal. Take the stamp tax on matches. The match combination spent \$250,000 a year for some years in the effort to have it retained. Take straw braid. This is not made in the United States, and could not be made here on account of our climate. The duty on it therefore is not protective. For this reason the Senate bill of the last session proposed to abolish it, the better to keep up taxes which gave greater private profits, while the Mills bill retained it. Yet the importers of straw braid are to-day circulating petitions against its repeal. The fact is that all taxes on products, even where not directly protective,

increase prices, and thus tend to concentrate business and give larger profits at the expense of consumers.

Taking into consideration wastes, losses, and private profits, the cost of the taxes we would abolish cannot be fairly put at less than three times the public revenues they yield. But if we put it only at twice, here taking Mr. Atkinson's figures for 1880, and his estimate of needed income \$580,000,000, the direct saving by the single tax would be \$680,000,000. Considering that indirect taxes fall with greatest weight on the poorest of our people, this direct saving ought to be quite an alleviation of poverty.

Mr. Atkinson says, "Taxes will not stay where they are put; if they would, the tax question could be solved with very little difficulty." A little study of economic principles would show him the absurdity of saying either that taxes will, or will not, stay where they are put, since some taxes will and some will not. The rule is that taxes that fall on the factors, the processes, or the results of production before they reach the hands of the final consumer will not stay where they are put, but can be shifted upon the final consumer with costs and extra profits by those who first pay them. But taxes that fall on special profits or advantages, or on things of which the supply is strictly limited, or on wealth in the hands of the final consumer, or in the course of transmission by gift or devise, *will* stay where they are put.

Most of our present taxes belong to the first class. Such are all our import and excise and license taxes, and all taxes on capital in its various forms. The most important of the taxes that *will* stay where they are put are taxes on incomes, taxes on bequests and inheritances, and taxes on land values.

Taxes on incomes are unjust in nature and cannot be collected fairly; taxes on bequests and inheritances are also unjust in nature, and would soon be evaded where large amounts were involved. But the tax on land values has preëminently the element of justice. It takes from the individual not in proportion to his needs, or to his energy, industry, or thrift, but in proportion to the value of the special privilege he enjoys. It can be collected with the maximum of ease and certainty and the minimum of cost. Land lies out-of-doors. It cannot be hid or carried off. Its value is always more definitely known than any other value, and a little sign on every lot stating size, owner, and assessed value would enable public opinion to check the assessment. This tax cannot lessen production or increase prices. Tax anything of human production, and in a little while there will be less of it in existence. But land values may be taxed to the highest pos-

sible point and there will be no less land. Nor will land be less profitable to users or more difficult for them to get. On the contrary, it will be more profitable and easier to get.

The moment Mr. Atkinson realizes that the single tax would fall not on land, but on land values, he will laugh at his fears of its effect on farmers. He himself says that the value of land in cities is higher relative to the value of improvements than in farming districts. Hence it is clear that to abolish all taxes, save a tax on land values, would be to the gain of the farming districts. He himself tells us that a large proportion of our farm lands yield no revenue above the ordinary return to labor and capital. In such case there is no real land value, and under the single tax such farmers would pay no tax at all. But under the present system they are taxed most heavily. They are taxed on their buildings, their improvements, their stock, their furniture, their crops, and in many of our States on their very mortgages — for the tax levied on the mortgagee the mortgagor must pay. Taxes compel them to wear shoddy when they might wear wool, to sleep under quilts and comfortables when they might have blankets, to pay for three bushels of salt or two lumps of sugar in order to get one. From the plow that turns the ground to the machine with which he harvests the crop and the steel rails that carries it to market, from the lumber and nails of his house to the hat on his head, almost everything the farmer uses is increased in cost by taxes that fatten rings, combinations, and favored individuals. The American farmer, like Issachar, is a strong ass; but to-day he is crouching, with almost broken back, between two burdens — the burden of land speculation, which makes him pay for land he ought to get for nothing, and the burden of taxation, which wherever else it may not stay put, does stay put when it reaches him. Between the two he is being crushed out. All through the United States the typical American farmer is disappearing, and the tenant, or "blanket man," is taking his place, or the land is relapsing to wilderness.

Though he afterwards calls them "voluntary contributions" — the name that in jovial mood Dick Turpin used to give to his collections, since, as he said, no one was compelled to carry watches or money across Hounslow Heath — Mr. Atkinson seems to have some consciousness of the evils of indirect taxes, and speaks vaguely of amending them. But these evils are of the nature of indirect taxation.

These methods of plucking the goose without making it cry have always proved curses. Without them the wars, the standing armies, the enormous public debts of our modern world would have been impossible. Out of

them has come that doctrine of protection that negatives the benefits of invention by raising in hostile tariffs greater obstacles to human intercourse than seas and mountains; that legalizes robbery and makes piracy pass for patriotism; that teaches so-called Christian people that "they did n't know everythin' down in Judee," and that the interests of men are not mutual but antagonistic. It is this taxation that maintains the standing armies that prop European thrones with bayonets, and that has made our republic rotten with corruption.

Look at the willful extravagance this system has caused in the United States. Our Federal taxation is kept up for the sake of taxation. Every proposition of waste has the powerful support of interests that want taxes imposed or maintained to enable them to rob their fellow-countrymen; interests whose impudence and pertinacity have actually made many Americans believe that they can get rich by taxing themselves — that the way to help the laborer is to pile burdens on his back. But for this system of indirect taxation we might since the war have paid off every penny of the national debt, and had to-day nothing but a nominal Federal revenue to raise.

The single tax would destroy this vicious system. It would end the pressure to impose and maintain taxes, and would enable us to dismiss a horde of officials and bring the Federal Government to its proper simplicity. What we mainly need a Federal Government for is the performance of general coöperative functions, such as the issuing of money, the carrying of mails, etc. These functions tend to increase, but they bring their own revenues. We have no more need for army and navy and coast defenses than Mr. Atkinson and I have for suits of armor and blunderbusses; no more need for diplomatic and consular services than he and I have for court dresses. The collection of the comparatively small amount really needed for Federal revenue presents no difficulty. We could either change the Constitution and collect it as the State's proportion of local taxes is now collected, or without change in the Constitution could assess it on the States in proportion to population — a far fairer mode of collecting Federal revenues than the present.

Mr. Atkinson's idea of the necessity for leasing land for long terms is chimerical. The tax on land values would be collected just as it is now, and where improved land was sold for taxes, which would be seldom or never the case, an adjustment could readily be made which would secure the value (not cost) of the improvements to the owner. Land would be more readily improved than now, since it could be had for improvement on easier terms, and the

whole value of the improvement would be left to the improver. As the tax was increased speculative or anticipatory values would rapidly disappear, while selling values would diminish, and if the tax were pushed to theoretical perfection it would also disappear. But rental or use value would remain. It does not lessen the value of land to the user if what he must pay to the owner is taken from that owner in taxation. If we ever reach the point of theoretical perfection so nearly that selling values disappear, then we shall only have to abandon the American plan of assessing selling values and adopt the English plan of assessing rental or use values. With speculative values gone, and with public attention concentrated on one source of revenue, there could be no difficulty in this.

To reach this point of theoretical perfection, at which land would have no selling value,—*i. e.*, would yield to the mere owner no income,—would be to reach what Mr. Atkinson himself confesses to be the ideal. Then labor and capital could be applied to land without any artificial obstruction whatever. They would be free from all taxes on themselves or their products, while they would not have to buy land, but would only pay for its use where peculiar advantages gave them a larger return. Even before this point was reached mere ownership would cease. Men would not care to own land they did not want to use, and users of land, where their use was more than transient, would become the legal owners, having the assured privilege of peaceable possession and transfer as long as the tax was paid.

How close it might be possible finally to come to the point of theoretical perfection, or whether it would be best to leave such a margin as would give a small selling value, are matters which, like other questions of detail, it is not now necessary to discuss. But in thinking of details it should be remembered that we cannot get to the single tax at one leap, but only by gradual steps, which will bring experience to the settlement of details; and that from the abolition of present taxes, and the resulting ease in social conditions, we may expect moral improvements, which will make easier than might now seem possible the fair and full collection of a tax that took for the use of the community only values due to the progress of the community. Taxes on the products of labor, taxes which take the earnings of industry and the savings of thrift, always have begotten, and always must beget, fraud, corruption, and evasion. All the penalties of the law—imprisonments, fines, torture, and death—have failed to secure their honest and equal collection. They are unjust and unequal

in their very nature, always falling on the poor with greater severity than on the rich. Their collection always entails great waste and cost, increases the number of office holders and the complexity of government, and compels interference with individual affairs; always checks production, lessens general wealth, and takes from labor and capital their due reward—the stimulus to productive exertion. Men naturally evade and resist them, and with the sanction of the moral sense even where their duller intellectual faculties are convinced that such taxes are right and beneficial in themselves. There may be protectionists who will not smuggle or undervalue when they get a chance, but I have never met them. There may be rich men who make a true return of their wealth for taxation, but they are very few. Rent, however, is usually a willing payment. It is the strength of landlordism, so outrageously and preposterously unjust, that it appropriates a natural contribution or tax that in itself men recognize as just. For the privilege of occupying a superior location to that of others a man feels that he ought to pay. A while ago it was discovered that a man had been for years collecting rents on some blocks of land belonging to the city in the upper part of New York. Those who paid the rent had not inquired into his ownership. They knew, though perhaps they did not reason it out, that *they* were not entitled to use this superior land any more than other people, and were willing to pay for the advantage they got.

For Mr. Atkinson to understand what the single tax is will be for him to see how it will abolish poverty; will be to make him a sharer in our firm and joyful faith that He who built this house we tenant has not brought into it more than He has provided for, or doomed any one to poverty.

What is poverty? It is not want on the part of those too lazy to work—for this is a world in which work is the ordained supplier of want.

The helplessness of the infant is not poverty. This helplessness finds its natural complement and supply in the love which greets it; by natural law its very food awaits it in the breast of its mother.

Nor is the inability of those crippled in the accidents of life poverty. This too finds its complement in the natural affections and the human sympathy, which when not too much put upon and strained is ever ready to help those who need. Those who cannot work will never want where work can find its natural rewards.

Poverty is the want of the things that work produces on the part of those willing to do reasonable work. Why is there such want?

I need not point out to Mr. Atkinson that while a few of our people have more wealth than is wholesome for men to have,—for great fortunes have been growing here faster than ever before in the world's history,—the masses of our people do not have wealth enough to give them the comforts, the leisure, and the opportunities of development that in this stage of civilization ought to be possible to the humblest; that most of us by working hard merely manage to live, and must stint and strain and worry; that many are becoming criminals, tramps, and paupers, and many are eking out an existence by charity in one form or another; that children die when they ought to live; that women are old and worn when they ought to be in the prime of womanly beauty and charm; that men are aged physically and stunted mentally and morally when they ought to be in the highest development of their faculties; that many who ought to have wives feel too poor to take them; that many who ought to have husbands are cheated out of the fullness of the life for which nature intended them. I need not point these things out, for, according to Mr. Atkinson, our average production is only fifty-five cents a day. What a pitiful possibility does this represent for the average American citizen at the close of the wonderful nineteenth century.

We want more wealth. Why, then, do we not produce more? What factor is short? Where is the limitation?

Is there any scarcity of capital? Why, so great is the supply of capital that it is lent on good security for two and a half per cent. There is no want of capital. It needs but the opportunity for profitable use to call capital forth in practically limitless abundance.

Is there any scarcity of labor? Why, everywhere there is a seeming surplus of labor. Even in what we have become accustomed to think normally good times there are men ready and anxious to labor who cannot get the opportunity—masses of men wholly or partly unemployed who would gladly be at work. So much is labor in seeming excess of the opportunities to labor that from all parts of the country come requests for laborers to keep away; that we talk and think of work as a thing in itself to be desired and to be "made"; are beginning to keep convicts in idleness or at unproductive labor that honest men may have work; and to take the first steps in shutting out laborers who come from abroad.

With an abundance of capital, with a surplus of labor,—the thing that makes capital,—with a people anxious for more wealth, why is not more wealth produced? Is there any scarcity of land? To ask the question is to answer it. In this country there are as yet

but sixty-five millions of us scattered over a territory that even in the present stage of the arts could support a thousand millions! Any scarcity of land? Go where you will, even in our cities, and you may see unused land and half-used land—natural opportunities lying idle while labor presses for employment and capital wastes.

What is the cause? Simply that instead of applying economic rent to the purpose for which in the natural order it was intended, we leave it to be a premium and incentive to forestalling and monopoly, while we tax industry. There is no real scarcity of land, but there is an artificial scarcity that has the same effect. Our land is not all in use—we have hardly more than begun to scratch it; but it is practically all fenced in. Wherever labor and capital go to find employment on land they find the speculator ahead of them, demanding a rent or price based not on present development, but on the prospects of future development.

To end all this, to open to labor and capital opportunities of employment bounded only by the desires of men, we have but to conform to the manifest intent of the Builder of the house, to abolish unnatural taxes, and to resort to their natural source for public revenues. On the one hand we would do away with all taxes that now fine industry and thrift, and would give free play to the human factor of production. On the other hand we would break up the monopolization of the natural factor. When economic rent was taken for public use the mere ownership of land would become as profitless as it is sterile. No one would want to own land unless he wanted to use it; and for all who wanted to use land there would be land enough and to spare. With the forces of production thus set free, with the natural and limitless means of production thus opened, who could set bounds to the production of wealth? Were invention and discovery to stop to-day the productive forces are strong enough to give to the humblest not merely all the necessities, but all the comforts and reasonable luxuries of life with but a moderate amount of labor—to destroy utterly the nightmare of want. But instead of invention and discovery stopping, they would only have begun. What checks invention and discovery to-day is poverty; what turns the very blessings they ought to bring to all into curses to great masses is that fundamental wrong which produces that most unnatural and helpless of all objects, the mere laborer—the human being feeling all the wants of a man, having all the powers of a man, yet denied by human laws all access to or right in that element without which it is impossible for human powers

to satisfy human wants. To what as yet undreamed-of powers over natural things man may rise, in a state of society where, the forces of production being unhampered and the natural opportunities for production being unmonopolized, there shall be work for all, leisure for all, opportunities of full development for all, the inventions and discoveries of the century just closing afford but hints.

The cause of poverty is not in human nature; it is not in the constitution of the physical

world; it is not in the natural laws of social growth. It is in the injustice which denies to men their natural rights; in the stupidity which diverts from its proper use the value which attaches to land with social growth, and then imposes on industry and thrift taxes which restrain production and put premiums on greed and dishonesty; injustice and stupidity which ignore the true rights of property and turn governments into machines by which the unscrupulous may rob their neighbors.

Henry George.

MR. ATKINSON'S REJOINDER TO MR. GEORGE.



I THINK that Mr. George's support of the single tax arises from the fact that he himself does not understand what the single tax is. He attempts to discredit my reference to the economic history of France and the development of the single-tax theory by Turgot. Mr. George will find in the "Popular Science Monthly" for February, 1890, citations given by Mr. Horace White upon this old and well-worn single-tax theory, by which he can inform himself.

I think Mr. George totally fails in attempting to prove that a tax on the land value or land valuation would not have the same effect as a tax upon land. I am very certain that when he discovers that the burden upon the land would be the same under whatever name the tax were imposed, he will then fully agree that the taxes on intoxicants and tobacco had better be maintained,—as they now yield a revenue of about \$160,000,000, a sum sufficient to cover more than twenty, and probably twenty-five, per cent. of the entire cost of government, national, State, and municipal,—rather than that the present burden of taxation on land valuation, which is less in amount, should be increased.

He fully concurs with me in the view that a single tax on land "would become a condition to, and a restriction on, the use of land; would hamper the use of the natural factor of production; would fall on farmers; would become a tax on labor; and would increase prices by increasing the cost of production."

Mr. George cites the Ricardian theory of rent and the authority of J. S. Mill in order to prove that neither economic rent, so called, nor the rental value of city lots, can be charged to the cost of production and distribution; therefore he holds that these charges could not be recovered from consumers if secured to gov-

ernments by a single tax of equal amount on land valuation. The Ricardian theory of economic rent fails when two men of different capacity work two lots of the same fertility: one gets a good profit, *i. e.*, an economic rent, over the cost of production; the other gets nothing. Economic rent may therefore be attributed to the mental capacity developed in treating land as an instrument of production and not as a mine. Land soon ceases to be a mine yielding economic rent when cultivated without intelligence.

Mr. George needs only to examine the accounts of the largest manufacturers and distributors of products in order to have it proved to him that the rent or rental value, as well as the present taxes upon the land valuation of the areas occupied in these processes, are as regularly and fully charged to the cost of the business as the price of the materials and the wages of workmen. When such manufacturers and merchants cannot recover from consumers rents, taxes, and all other charges, with an average profit on their capital in addition, they give up the business.

I shall be happy to show Mr. George exactly how the rent, and also the city tax on the valuation or rental value, of land in Boston upon which my own office is situated are charged to the cost of the cotton and woolen cloth in which he is clothed, and are recovered from him as one of the consumers.

Mr. George finds that the statistics which I have given are inconsistent with his views. Without attempting to disprove them, or to substitute more accurate statistics, he then attempts to cast a doubt upon their accuracy. This attempt to evade conclusions, without proving the statistics to be wrong, is out of keeping with the general tone and sincerity of Mr. George's reply.

Mr. George has never tried or even proposed to disprove the analysis of the present conditions of the people of this country, or

the statistics of production and distribution which have been presented by myself, by Mr. David A. Wells, and by many other economists of recognized authority. These figures, and the reasoning based upon them, prove conclusively that the working people of this country, using that term in its most limited sense, are now, and have been ever since the end of our civil war, securing to their own use and enjoyment an increasing share of a constantly increasing product or its equivalent in money. This demonstration is wholly inconsistent with the very basis of Mr. George's work on "Progress and Poverty," and with all his subsequent articles, including his present reply to me — all of which proceed upon the unproved and unsustainable hypothesis that because the rich have become richer the poor have become poorer.

I agree with Mr. George most fully that even this increasing share of an increasing product still yields a very meager and insufficient subsistence and but little leisure to the great mass of the people, even of this prosperous country. I should be very glad to coöperate with him in every rightly directed effort to promote better conditions; but I think he will make little progress in developing the individual character, skill, and capacity which are the necessary precedent to any general improvement of society, by raising a noxious kind of discontent with existing conditions, on false premises. There is a wholesome discontent with the narrow conditions of the present struggle for life, which is a very different thing.

I agree with Mr. George that it is most desirable that every one who can make a suitable use of land should be helped to the utmost to attain it; and I venture to call his attention, if this article reaches him in Australia, to the Torrens system of registering land titles under a state guaranty. I think the Australians are as far in advance of us in simplifying the transfer of land as they have been in the ballot.

There is no absolute ownership of land in the United States now. All lands are held in conditional possession. I am glad to have Mr. George admit so fully that he does not propose to disturb the "legal ownership" of land or "the peaceable possession of land" by private persons under the new conditions of tenure which he proposes to substitute for the existing conditions of possession. He states these new conditions more clearly in this article than he has before. He would so adjust the single tax upon land value or rental value, and would make it so heavy, that the land itself "would have no selling value." This is his point of "theoretical perfection." Under these new conditions, he says, the "users of land, where their use was more than tran-

sient, would become the legal owners, having the assured privilege of peaceable possession and transfer as long as the tax was paid."

I venture again to point out to Mr. George that when the large capitalists are not called upon to pay anything for the possession of land except the single tax, they will hold a great advantage over the poor in gaining possession of the most desirable farm lands and city lots. They would then have all their capital available for constructing buildings upon it, of which they now pay out half or more in order to enter into the possession of land in cities. As rich men would be able to advance the heavy taxes, where the poor would not be able to do so, the new conditions which Mr. George presents would limit the "legal owners of land" to a much less number than now possess it, and would give "peaceable possession and ownership" to the few rather than to the many.

Mr. George apparently thinks that he does not agree with me in my form of statement that raw land has no value. In some parts of this discussion he has even attempted to ridicule this view; but I find in this reply that Mr. George fully sustains me. When discriminating between buildings and land Mr. George says, "The land had no original value," and again, "There is no land in the United States that has had any value for more than a few hundred years." What is this but an admission that land attains its value in just proportion to the labor and capital applied to it. It is but an instrument of production, to which labor and capital must be applied in order to impart value to it. When Mr. George says that "land is not subject to decay or change of fashion" one can only wonder that so acute a man should be so blind. Is not exhaustion of the soil substantially "decay" in its productive power? If Mr. George will come to Boston I can also show him a difference in land valuation and land taxation of fifty per cent. on two sides of the same street, which is due to "fashion." Mr. George also says that "In all our growing cities there is no building that is worth as much as it was a year ago, but land as a rule is worth more." Any real estate dealer can show Mr. George buildings, which are standing upon land of which the salable value of the land has not changed within the year, for which a large advance will be paid, either in rent or in purchase, on the previous value of the estate taken as a whole, or on cost of land and building, and vice versa.

I think Mr. George's influence will be inconsiderable so long as he thus ignores or disregards history, unquestioned statistics, and facts which are within his easy daily reach. This is greatly to be regretted, because there

is so much to admire in his earnest purpose and in many of his views.

He could do great service in reforming our present costly and cumbrous systems of national, State, and municipal taxation, if he did not exaggerate their ill effect, and did not yet more exaggerate the possibility of benefit from the single tax on land, even if that would work all the benefit which can be claimed for it.

Whatever may be the case in some long distant future, the poverty of the present day cannot be attributed to lack of land, or lack of opportunity to come into the possession of land, by any one capable of making use of it. The "peaceable possession" of land and the "ownership," which Mr. George admits to be necessary to productive use, can be attained under present conditions with less effort, and therefore at less cost, than has ever been required since the time when only a narrow strip on the coast had been taken into private possession by English-speaking people, and when all the rest of the continent was open to the occupancy of him who could possess it, almost without price and wholly without rent.

There is hardly a State in the Union in which land is not waiting for use and occupancy, or for possession on almost any terms. In many cases this is land which has been redeemed from the wilderness at a heavy cost of labor and capital. Yet Mr. George charges existing poverty mainly to "injustice which denies to men their natural rights [in land]." He affirms that land-owners under present laws and conditions, which have been the growth of centuries, "ignore the true rights of property, and turn governments into machines by which the unscrupulous may rob their neighbors." I will not venture to comment upon the malignant effect of such injudicious and baseless charges. At the same time Mr. George holds out the most delusive promises of wealth and welfare, provided only that part of the annual product which is now secured by individuals in the form of rent be taken from them and applied to the support of Government in place of all other taxes.

Mr. George says that even "were invention and discovery to stop to-day the productive forces are strong enough to give to the humblest not merely all the necessities, but all the comforts and reasonable luxuries of life with but a moderate amount of labor—to destroy utterly the nightmare of want." All this is to come from the conversion of private rents into public taxes.

If rent is really robbery, it should be done away with. It matters not how insignificant its measure is, if it is a wrong it should be abolished. But before we predicate such vast

and beneficent economic influence to this proposed reform, would it not be well to measure it?

I can myself find no trace of economic rent from farm lands, or of rental value in city lots, even approximating the total cost of government in this country, which is about ten dollars per head, or six hundred and fifty million dollars per year. I know of no economist or statistician of admitted reputation, who can be cited, who believes that there is any such sum secured by private owners from rent of land derived from simple possession under present conditions. But let it be assumed that the rent or rental value of the land of the United States may possibly be equal to the cost of government. The cost of government at eleven dollars per head (the utmost estimate) is but three cents a day for each person. Even in that cost there is a great margin of waste to be saved. One in three of the present population works for a living, supporting the other two. Working people, in the most limited sense of that term, constitute the great majority of the population. Whatever sum is taken away from landlords must be equally applied to the general relief of the working classes, so called, else the alleged disparity in conditions due to rent would be continued. The gain on each day's effort, all told, if the present taxes were abated, and if the tax on rental value were *not* distributed, would amount to three cents a day per capita, or nine cents to him or her who works, on each day's effort. If the entire cost of government could be thrown upon rents, and if that rental tax could not be distributed by those who in the first instance paid it to the Government, the gain would be less than the annual expenditure of the people of this country for spirits, beer, and tobacco, from which subjects of taxation a revenue is now derived greater than the sum now collected by taxes upon land valuation. The reader can decide whether this addition to or saving upon rates of wages would bring about the industrial millennium which is pictured in such glowing terms by Mr. George.

I think this demonstration will disperse the glamour which has been thrown about this subject by Mr. George's rhetoric, which is as conspicuous for its brilliancy as it is for its utter want of basis in history, experience, figures, or facts.

Since Mr. George has been somewhat dogmatic in his reply to me, he must excuse me for the necessary dogmatism of this short rejoinder, which is all that the space assigned to me by *THE CENTURY* will permit. In a previous article on "Comparative Taxation" some points have been more fully treated.

Edward Atkinson.

THE MUEZZIN.

IT is the swift, sweet, Orient sunset hour ;
And o'er the city, as the daylight dies,
In melancholy monotone one cries
An exhortation from a tall mosque tower.
The almond tree is whitening into flower,
A vernal gladness on the garden lies ;
There is a softness in the wind that sighs
Amid the branches of the orange-bower.
Two lovers whisper in the perfumed air,—
A bird's clear melody is heard above,
He tells the story to his feathered fair
The happy twain below are dreaming of.
That distant call proclaims the hour of prayer,—
Their murmured vows proclaim the hour of love.

Clinton Scollard.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.¹

CALLAO.



LEFT Melbourne in a sailing vessel in the month of May, 1865, bound for South America on my way to England. We were fifty-seven days at sea—a long and dreary voyage. During the whole passage we saw but one vessel. This portion of the Pacific is a waste of water, unbroken by land or any moving object, save the flight of the lonely albatross. This large bird sometimes measures ten feet from tip to tip of its wings, and as it sails around the ship it turns its head slowly from side to side with a wise and dignified look. The flight is graceful and mysterious. At times it will poise itself in the air, seemingly without motion. We caught several of these birds with a hook and a piece of meat. When seen closely they lost much of their mysterious beauty. They are not good sailors, and their sea-legs are treacherous. As soon as they stand on deck they become seasick and disgorge their food. As few ships cross the track of vessels in this region, the dreary waste is called by the sailors "the wilderness"; and the thought will force itself upon one that, if an accident should occur here, and the crew and passengers be compelled to take to the open boats, there would be but a slight chance of being picked up for many days.

We had several passengers, two of whom enlivened the trip with their political arguments. One was from South Carolina, the other from Massachusetts, and their disputes were quite violent. I was a kind of mediator between these hostile parties, and helped to settle some of these disputes. At times they were the best of friends, and really liked each other very much. We would often see them walking up and down the deck, almost affectionate in their manner towards each other; suddenly a chance shot would be fired, and then their feelings would burst forth in a blaze of excitement. They would break away and stride furiously from one end of the ship to the other, and when they met would face each other like a pair of bantam fighting cocks, with their arms akimbo and their heads violently wagging away until one would think they must soon come to blows.

On the fifty-seventh day we dropped anchor in the bay of Callao, six miles from the beautiful city of Lima, on the coast of Peru. A heavy fog settled over the town just as we arrived, and all surrounding objects were quite invisible: not even the lights of the place could be seen, and we only knew our position in relation to the town by the howling of innumerable dogs on shore; one of the passengers facetiously remarking at breakfast that he had been kept awake all night by the heaviest dose of Peruvian bark he had ever taken. In the morning the fog was still heavy and im-

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penetrable, and we were waiting for it to clear off so that we could land and get some news. The two belligerents were uneasy and restless, eagerly desiring some bulletins of the war. Presently we heard the plash of oars, and a boat darted suddenly out of the mist, stopping close beside the hull of our vessel. It was rowed by two swarthy-looking Peruvians, and in the stern there sat, or rather leaned lazily back, a tall, thin man with his legs wrapped round each other and a cigar tilted up so high in his mouth that it must have scorched the wide rim of his Panama hat. He was unmistakably my countryman, and if there had been any doubt of this he soon set it at rest by exclaiming as he caught sight of my face, "Joe Jefferson, by thunder!" There was a general surprise at this unexpected remark, and I was quite startled, though I confess somewhat pleased, at a recognition in this strange land. Of course I rose to a high premium now in the eyes of the passengers, and was deputed to interrogate my friend as to the latest news from the seat of war; but, like a true Yankee, he was n't to be pumped without filling his own bucket at the same time.

"My friend," said I, "as you seem to recognize me, perhaps you will kindly give us some news of the war." He answered this question by asking me how long it was since he saw me act in New York with Laura Keene. I told him about six years, but that I would be very much obliged if he would give me the latest news concerning Richmond.

"Where 's old Ned Sothern now?" said he to me. I was between the two belligerents, who were both writhing in agony at the cool delay of my new-found acquaintance. I told him that Mr. Sothern was in England, but that I really could not answer any more questions until he told me something about the war.

"Is he actin' old *Dundreary* now before the Britishers?" said he. Finding I could get no satisfaction from him, I turned to the captain and said: "You had better interrogate this man yourself. Perhaps you will be more fortunate than I have been."

Here the captain broke in, hailing him with, "My friend, I am the captain of this ship, and would like to get a paper from you concerning the war, as you don't seem to be very communicative yourself."

"Will your ship want calkin', Captain, before she loads?" said the impenetrable calker — for that, it seemed, was his profession.

"You don't calk my ship, or have anything to do with her, until you answer my question," said the captain.

The man now became thoughtful, and, I presume, turning over in his mind that he

might lose a job if he did not comply, said, "Oh! the war — that 's all over; the South caved in, and Richmond is took."

The crestfallen gentleman from South Carolina sank upon a stool in the middle of the deck, and the lively gentleman from Massachusetts danced a hornpipe over him, whistling "The Star-spangled Banner" as an accompaniment.

That part of the Pacific coast that borders on South America is an interesting region, though the title of Pacific is somewhat of a misnomer, for the locality is in a continual state of commotion, both civil and military; and when the occasional visitations of tidal waves and earthquakes are added to the human, or rather inhuman, turmoil that constantly ranges through this feverish land, the traveler is more anxious to bid it farewell than ever again to tax its hospitality.

The town of Callao has always been singularly unfortunate during these external and internal disturbances. Situated in a somewhat exposed harbor, it presents a fine mark for bombardment in times of war, and a convenient spot for the passage of a tidal wave in times of peace. It is said that on a quiet moonlight night some hundred years ago, while the inhabitants were innocently slumbering and not dreaming of disaster, one half the town, having no desire to disturb the repose of the other half, slipped quietly away from its foundation and slid gently into the bay. I was told that some distance out in the harbor, when the tides were extremely low, the roofs of the submerged houses and the spires of the old Spanish cathedral could be seen beneath the clear waters of the bay. We got into the boat of the custom-house officer, who directed the men to row us to the shore, and as we landed we discovered that the town was in a wild state of commotion. Soldiers and policemen hurrying from the barracks and station-houses, broken-pated rioters under the escort of guards, and a general stampede of frightened women and children, made up an animated but rather unattractive picture for the entertainment of peaceful strangers. In the midst of this excitement there appeared upon the scene an old man in his shirt sleeves, attended and arrested by at least a good half-dozen policemen, who were hurrying him along to prison.

I was afterwards told that the disturbance and arrest had grown out of an attack upon two Chilians by some Peruvians, and that the former had fled to the house of the French consul, M. Valrie, who had protected them and offered the defenseless parties a sanctuary on his premises. A mob had collected about the place, and when the consul came out to ask their patience till a proper inquiry could

be made, the rioters became incensed; and at his offering protection to the Chilians the unruly crowd attacked the old man, who, seeing himself dangerously surrounded, snatched a sword from the hand of one of his assailants, and clearing a circle in the midst of the crowd fought his way out amid a shower of stones and sticks. The scene as it stood when we came upon the ground was animated and dramatic.

As we arrived in front of the jail, the policemen had unloosened their tight hold on the consul, who stood calm and unruffled, with his arms folded and with a look of utter contempt at the mob; the blood streaming from an ugly gash in his forehead had stained his white hair, which seemed to stand up defiantly. The expressive features of the old man had a fine aristocratic cut, and contrasted strongly with the low-browed, swarthy Peruvians who surrounded him. They hissed their anger at him and brandished their sticks and knives about his head; but the resolute look from his clear blue eye, and the quiet smile on his pale face, told of the supreme satisfaction he felt as he gazed in triumph at the well-battered heads of the enemy, and, old as he was, but few would have liked to trifle with him upon even ground.

I have mentioned this little incident as I afterwards became intimate with this interesting old gentleman, and had some curious experiences with him.

LIMA.

I CONSULTED the list of departures, and found that I could not possibly leave for Panama inside of ten days; so, with the rest of the passengers, I determined to spend that time in Lima. This city was founded by Pizarro in the year 1535, and a magnificent cathedral built by him still stands in the center of the plaza. Through each one of the principal streets of Lima flows a clear stream of water. Pizarro had viaducts constructed from the foot of the Andes for the purpose of running these useful sewers through the city. It is a bright and sparkling place. The ladies are considered the most beautiful in the world, while the men are the most insignificant. My South Carolina friend was particularly susceptible to female beauty, and, being unable to restrain his enthusiasm, would start back as every new and beautiful face presented itself: pausing suddenly and grasping me by the arm, he would point at some lovely beauty, and go off into an ecstasy of delight. Many of them would veil their faces, while their cavaliers would look stiletto at my enthusiastic friend.

The South American cities are extravagant

in the use of gas, and Lima at night is brilliantly illuminated. There was a French comic-opera troupe at the theater, so we wended our way in that direction. The crowd was great, and we had difficulty in procuring seats, which at last we accomplished by paying high prices to the speculators. The dress circle is reserved entirely for ladies, who have their open private boxes which encircle the whole tier. They never go into the parquet, so that part of the house was filled with gentlemen, and, as the curtain fell, they all got out their opera-glasses, and, turning around, began surveying the beauties in the circle. This is the custom; it is not considered rude; on the contrary, the fair ones expect it, and prepare their toilets to meet the demands of this masculine scrutiny. If we were struck with the handsome ladies on the plaza in the daytime, what was our amazement at the fascinating scene before us as we stood with our backs to the curtain and gazed in wonder at the audience! The circle was ablaze with beauty, the black eyes of the señoras and the señoritas vying in brilliancy with the diamonds in their raven hair. Their toilets were exquisite—flowing, gauzy silks in pale pink, blue, white, and amber; light and delicate fans waved with a grace only to be accomplished by those who have Castilian blood in their veins. A Frenchwoman is graceful and knows it, but a Spanish woman is graceful and does n't know it. There is such a difference in the effect of this! The extraordinary part of the sight was, that hunt where you would, there was no discovering a plain face—nothing but beauty. These bewitching sirens have a lovely olive complexion, tinged with deep carmine, singularly white, pearly teeth, and eyes so deep and black that I said to myself: "Oh, Father O'Grady, it was lucky for the little Sydney maiden that you did n't stop in Lima on your way to Australia." The good St. Anthony himself could never have withstood such glances as were here revealed.

Just before the end of the opera it is customary for the señors to vacate the parquet and station themselves in a long line to watch these lovely creatures pass out; and as they move slowly through the line of admiring gentlemen they begin to undulate those fascinating fans that almost speak, and bow and smile so sweetly that everybody seems to be making love to everybody else.

A MIDNIGHT FUNERAL.

AFTER the opera we walked through the Grand Plaza. The majestic old cathedral of San Francisco loomed up grandly in the dark night. The rich stained-glass windows were

illuminated, and a dismal peal from the organ, accompanied by a low, wailing chant from the monks, told that a midnight funeral service was being held. The body was laid out in front of the altar, with kneeling friends and relatives about it. The dirge was in Latin and was chanted in a minor key, producing an awful effect, and one that I should think would be anything but consoling to those who are left to mourn the dead. I never saw a funeral service at night before, and the contrast just after the merriment of the opera was very striking. In the morning (it being a fast day) we went to the same church to hear mass. The outside of the cathedral had a cheap and tawdry appearance in the daylight, resembling theatrical scenery under the same circumstances. The plastering, broken and decayed, was painted a pinkish yellow; the doors and windows blue and green; the ironwork and figures were gilded with cheap Dutch metal—giving the whole building the tone of a decomposed Christmas cake.

On entering the church our ears were saluted by a magnificent orchestra playing the overture to "Masaniello." There are no pews in this cathedral; the great open space in the center is flagged with stones, and hundreds of people were on their knees at prayer; a motley group composed of all grades of society—native Peruvians, half-castes, and pure Spanish, all mixed together. A lame old mendicant, with his feet swathed in bandages and his crutches by his side, was groveling on the pavement, possibly asking relief from agonizing pain; farther on was a little market girl with a basket of flowers in her hand; between these knelt a stately and beautiful señora in rich and costly black lace, her raven hair done up with a jeweled comb, and sparkling gems in her ears and upon her fingers. This seemed to me the pure democracy of religion. Out of the church these people had their different spheres; their roads in life were widely separated; but here, where they prayed to God, they seemed to be upon a common level, and the lady and the beggar offered up devotions side by side.

A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

AFTER breakfast we walked out into the courtyard, and there I saw, for the first time in my life, a beggar on horseback—not the proverbial fellow who, having suddenly come into a fortune, bestrides a prancing steed and goes galloping over the heads of his old comrades, but a beggar mounted on his own charger. He got down from his saddle, and, taking off his sombrero, walked slowly and in a cringing sort of way from one point to another,

asking alms. He had a villainous walk, and shambled along with a halt first in one leg and then in the other, almost dragging his unshapely limbs after him, his shoulders dropped and his face turned up with a hypocritical smirk upon it; but with all his fawning, his snake-like eyes had a searching, eager look that seemed to charm the unwilling charity out of the guests, and upon receiving each donation he would roll up his eyes and invoke a benediction on the giver. Nobody wanted to give him anything, yet most of them did; our group was disgusted, and declined to be blessed on this fellow's terms, at which he gave us a look not at all resembling a prayer, and most threatening in its aspect. After browbeating most of the bystanders out of their money he coolly sat down to count it, and then, without the slightest look of gratitude, lighted his cigarette, mounted his horse, and rode leisurely away.

I was naturally curious to find out something about this fellow, and in a conversation with the landlord learned that there were many of his class living on the outskirts of Lima. It seems they are a kind of half-beggar and half-brigand people, and prowl about at night in the dark streets near the edge of the town, begging from strangers. They seldom commit murder, but have a way of terrifying their prey into submission; the one we saw was especially bold, plying his trade in the open day. Their victims generally think it better to give something and so quietly get rid of them.

After I had been about a week here my old New York friend, the calker, who had hailed me on my arrival, called on me, as he said, to talk over old times; not that we had ever met in America, but, as he put it:

"Don't you know when a fellow in a foreign land sees another fellow from the same place he's from, he kinder wants to pump him out, don't you know?"

"Pump him out" I naturally presumed was a technical phrase of his profession, being an operation to which a ship is subjected previous to calking. I asked him if I was right in my surmise. "Quite," said he; "you are watertight on that point."

"Have you been long in South America?" I said.

"What's become of Laura Keene?" he replied.

From my past experience I saw that he was going to do all the pumping, so I quietly submitted. He began asking the whereabouts of the actors that had played in "Our American Cousin." He seemed to have treasured their names as if they had been old friends. I wondered at this, and, thinking I might

venture on a question, asked him why he was so anxious to know all about them.

"Well," said he, "the actors a fellow sees in his young days, don't you know, he never forgets, though he has never spoken to 'em? He seems to kinder know 'em. Why, I could go on and tell you the names of all the old companies for years back — at Wallack's, Burton's, and even way off in the days of Mitchell's Olympic! Blake, Chanfrau, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Charles Walcott — yes, and a hundred more. They seem like old friends to me." Here he paused for a moment, as if calling up some old theatrical memories. At last he seemed to wake up, and said, in a mysterious way, "Did you ever see a 'fandango'?"

"No," I said; "what is it?"

"Well, it's a place where Spanish girls sing and dance, and play the guitars and castanets. The company is kinder mixed, and it's a leetle dangerous sometimes."

I told him the latter part of the programme would certainly have no attraction for me.

THE THEATER IN CALLAO.

"Well," said he, "there's one thing in Callao I want you to see; it's the Spanish theater. I sha'n't tell you what it's like; but you won't regret going, for it's the darnedest, queerest theatrical performance you ever saw or ever will see."

I was now, naturally, interested, and went with him that evening to Callao, six miles from Lima, to visit the Spanish theater. We got seats in the dress circle, where we could have a good look at the entertainment and the audience. The cheap part of the house was quite full. In the pit there were entire families of men, women, and half-grown children. They appeared to be quite respectable, but very hilarious. The place was filled with smoke, the cigarettes being plied with great vigor in every direction. The performance opened with a farce. There was little or no dialogue, but plenty of practical fun. The characters seemed to be in a continual state of excitement, suffering, and terror. A man with a white face would go up the chimney and come down black, a baby was thrown out of a window, and an old lady burned her husband with a red-hot poker. The audience was very much amused at this, and I noticed that their glee was at its height when any one suffered physical pain. After this performance came Spanish dancing of an excellent kind, full of graceful poses and not at all vulgar. The dancing was followed by instrumental music and singing.

As I traced the plot of the next play through

the action I discovered it to be "The Prodigal Son," illustrated by dialogues and tableaux. The parting of the father with his boy was exceedingly well done, and many of the audience were in tears. The temptation scene at Memphis, where the prodigal gambles and is lured away by beautiful women, was well acted and realistic. Then came the return of the prodigal, which ended the play.

I fancied that now the entertainment was over, but the alert calker laid his hand on my arm, saying with earnest meaning, "Wait a minute."

A RELIGIOUS TABLEAU.

THE theater was darkened, the cigarettes were put out, and a solemn hush went up from the audience. The place was as still as death. The people almost stopped breathing. I seemed to be the only one who did not know what was coming. Now there came a low moan of anguish, as if from a great distance; so expressive of sorrow, and yet so gentle we could scarcely hear it. An invisible organ began a solemn dirge, and as the curtain rose there before me was Mount Calvary with a complete tableau of the crucifixion, the whole scene represented by living figures — Christ upon the cross, the two thieves, and a group of female figures kneeling upon the ground. I was startled at this unexpected sight, but I saw at once by the reverence of the audience, and the earnest manner in which the tableau was given and received, that no sacrilege was intended. On the contrary, the beholders were devout: some were on their knees; men were praying, women were weeping, and nearly all made the sign of the cross and bowed their heads. I was transfixed with wonder as I looked upon the scene. In the distance there were dark and ominous clouds, streaked at the horizon line with a blood-red color as the sun was going down. The walls of the distant city were dimly visible, and against this dark mass the three weird crosses stood out with a bright light shining upon them. The patient anguish of Christ was wonderfully represented in the upturned face, while the heads of the two thieves hung down in abject, groveling misery. The contrast was marvelous, and the terrible grief of the women stretched out in agony upon the ground was full of reality. The curtain slowly fell as the organ pealed out a solemn hymn, and the audience rose and left the theater with a quiet, noiseless step, as if they were going from church.

Here is a subject that at once opens up a field for thought and discussion. The religious tableau that I saw in Callao is, undoubtedly, the same one given at the close of the Passion Play in Ober-Ammergau, which thousands of

devout Christians assemble to witness. They pay for their admission, and look upon the exhibition with no other feeling than that of reverence; yet if the same picture were presented here by the same people the audience would be shocked and distressed. And this is because, in the first place, we naturally feel the influence of the country we happen to be in, and imbibe sympathetically the sensations of those who surround us. In the foreign lands we know that time and custom have made it with them a sincere and holy illusion; whereas if this entertainment were sprung suddenly upon us here it would give great offense, because we should recognize that the subject was merely a catchpenny. It is the motive, therefore, which renders the same act religious or sacrilegious; and what is perfectly right in Bavaria or South America would not be tolerated in England nor in the United States. But I saw, from witnessing the impression of this performance on the ignorant minds of people who could neither read nor write, how effectively the Church in the olden time must have used the drama as a mode of illustrating religious history.

A TROPICAL CITY.

No rain ever falls in Lima. A heavy mist settles upon the city just before daylight and hangs like a pall over the place. About ten o'clock the sun breaks forth, quickly dispelling the misty veil as if touched by a fairy wand. The sky in an instant becomes azure blue, and the atmosphere so bright and transparent that, as you look at the far-off Andes, the crevices of the mountains are as clearly defined as if you were viewing them through an opera-glass. The gaudily painted shops and dwelling-houses, and, above all, the bright-colored walls and steeples of the churches, are crude and offensive when you are close to them, but viewed in the distance the effect is very different.

There is an antique bridge of quaint Spanish architecture some three miles from the city, through which falls, or rather tumbles, a cataract of foaming water. Standing on this structure and looking back on the city at sunset, the rich colors melt into each other with the most ravishing gradations. Above the red-tiled roofs of the old houses rise the innumerable tall, gray towers and gilded spires of the different cathedrals. They seem to flash in the sunlight and stand out clearly against the deep-green background of tropical foliage that skirts the base of the Andes. These lovely mountains rise one above another, melting from deep green to blue and purple. The peaks, full six thousand feet above the

level of the sea, are capped with snow, glowing pink and golden against the clear blue sky.

Nothing can exceed the brilliancy of this tropical city. The costumes of the people are very picturesque. The ladies wear no hats, but wind about their heads and shoulders a graceful scarf called the *ribosa*. This is passed across the face, leaving only one eye of the lady exposed. Whether this is done to preserve the complexion, or to give a coquettish air to the wearer, I do not know, but the effect is full of mystery and romance. The children dress precisely like the grown people. Little señoritas six or eight years old wear the "ribosa," and peep their one little eye out in quite a comical way, and the boys go about in black swallow-tail coats and high silk hats, looking like so many General Tom Thumbs.

The streets swarm with lottery offices, and the hawkers stop you in the plaza, or waylay you at the corners, offering tickets for sale. Gambling is the besetting sin of the country. Men, women, and children of all grades indulge in this passion. In the quiet summer evenings it was delightful to walk by the dwellings and pause to look in at the courtyards. Many of these are illuminated and decorated with fountains and with orange trees bearing fruit and blossom at the same time; señors and señoritas swinging in hammocks, smoking cigarettes, and playing their guitars. It was a very dreamland of romance.

Since I was there this lovely city has been desolated by war. The majestic cathedrals and beautiful homes have been battered down by the armies of Chili, the proud people subjugated, and the whole country of Peru laid in waste and ruin.

LEAVING SOUTH AMERICA.

We sailed from the port of Panama early in August. On our second day out I recognized the old French consul of Callao. He and his wife were promenading the deck arm in arm, their little son clinging affectionately to his father's hand. To my surprise the consul stopped me, and, offering me his hand, exclaimed: "Ah, Monsieur Jefferson, permettez-moi. I have known you exceedingly very often. I was been consul in Sydney when you arrive zer four times a year ago!" He introduced me to his wife, who was an exceedingly bright, witty little lady, and as my agent spoke French fluently, we made the trip through the tropics the more agreeable by an interchange of civilities and ideas.

It was fortunate that my agent was a good interpreter, for if in his fracas with the Peruvians M. Valrie's head had been as badly broken as his English, he never would have

left South America alive. Himself, wife, and son were bound up in one another's love. The lad was not more than twelve years of age, quite young to be the son of such an elderly couple, and he seemed to be the sunlight of their lives. He would often pat his father's hand and kiss his mother's cheek in the warmth of his affection, and at such times the old people would glance first at the child and then at each other, as though they were saying, "Was there ever such a boy as ours?" One could not look at this Arcadian trio without shuddering at the thought that their happiness came so near being destroyed by a ruthless mob of South American ruffians, whose whole lives were not worth one drop of the blood they would have shed. M. Valrie, like all his countrymen, was devoted to the drama and the opera. As I had been in France and was familiar with the acting of the favorite comedians, we would compare notes as to our opinion of the reigning favorites of the French stage. He delighted in these conversations, sometimes wandering off in imagination to the Opéra Comique, singing the overtures to "Zampa" and "Fra Diavolo" all out of tune, and giving imitations of some of the noted actors, shrugging his shoulders and grimacing to the delight of us all. At such times it was curious to contrast this innocent, vivacious little man with the calm and dignified consul whom I had seen behave so courageously when in the hands of the rioters, and difficult to realize that it was the same person.

The moon shines with great brilliancy in the tropics, and when the Pacific is on its good behavior the long, low swells, as smooth as glass, reflect great streaks of light in fantastic shapes across their surface with splendid effect. During these glorious nights our little party would sit out on the deck of the steamer, humming old tunes and keeping time with the beat of the machinery, and generally finishing the evening with a game of whist, the agent and Madame against the consul and myself. The French are bad whist-players, and surely M. Valrie was a champion in this respect: he never would return my lead, and whenever I took a trick he would trump it triumphantly if he could.

"My dear M. Valrie," I would say, "why trump it? the trick was already ours."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" he would exclaim; "how treacherous I am! Ah, well! we bos take him tergezzer, so we make sure of him, eh? it is always ze same t'ing."

AN INCIDENT IN PANAMA.

A SINGULARLY interesting old gentleman called to see me while I was acting in Australia.

He had been in the colonies for a number of years. His early life had been passed in the society of actors, and his memory of the celebrities of the theatrical profession was quite remarkable. He knew the Kembles, Mrs. Siddons, Jack Bannister, and Elliston intimately. He had witnessed the O. P. riots and Kean's first night in London. As he had a rich fund of theatrical anecdotes, I was charmed to cultivate his acquaintance. We passed many hours together, walking and chatting in the Botanical Gardens, and in these rambles I gleaned from him much of the unwritten history of the English stage during the reign of George the Fourth.

I mentioned to him that I was about to visit England by way of South America. "Then," said he, "you will pass through Panama?" I told him that I should do so. He became very much agitated, and said: "My young friend, I have a dear daughter living in that city. She is the wife of an English merchant. I have not seen her for fifteen years. My only child! God knows how I have longed to look upon her dear face again. Will you not see her, and tell her that we have met? I know that she will feel anxious to hear of her old father. We are separated by thousands of miles, and shall never meet again upon this earth, but it will be a great comfort to me if you will let me know that you will bear her this message."

He gave me the name and direction of the merchant, and I promised him faithfully that I would see the old man's daughter when I passed through Panama.

On my arrival there I felt much pleased to think that I should possibly see the daughter of my old Tasmanian friend and bear to her the loving message of her father. I detest the tropical cities, and have always been miserable until I could get out of them, with the single exception of Lima. The humid atmosphere, filled with the rank odor of vegetation, the sweltering heat, the lazy and inanimate inhabitants — all combine to make one restless and unhappy. So it was a comfort to contemplate an approaching sensation of a domestic character. Besides, there was a touch of the dramatic in the prospect of telling a long-lost daughter of her long-lost father, and I quite felt my heart beat as I approached the house of the English merchant. The name on the door was quite correct, and, in accordance with the old gentleman's direction, I rang the bell and sent in my card by a warm, red-faced footman, who returned and ushered me into the presence of his master. The gentleman remained seated as I entered, and seemed to be looking directly over my head. The day was broiling hot, but the coolness of this reception

seemed to lower the temperature at least twenty degrees. I had entered the house with some agitation, so I confess that this unexpected freezing rather disconcerted me. The man sat bolt upright in his chair at a writing-desk. The conventional English frock-coat was conventionally buttoned from the waist to the breast (and that, too, with the thermometer at a hundred), a starched white cravat (nothing could have melted on this gentleman), a great parrot nose, drooping eyelids, together with a crisp and bristling head of gray hair, completed the picture of the stiffest piece of humanity I had ever seen. There was a pause.

"Well," said he, "what is it? I don't know you."

I was so enraged at the whole proceeding that I was going to reply that if he kept on looking two feet over my head the probability was that he never would know me; but I restrained myself, and merely replied that I had a message for his wife from her father in Tasmania. He looked as dead and unmoved at this as if he had not heard me at all, and apparently addressing the footman, but with his eyes still directed over my head, said, "Show this person upstairs, and inform your mistress."

He took his eyes from the wall and began to examine some papers with that kind of earnestness that seemed to say, "I don't want any remarks from any one on any subject whatever; go away at once, and oblige me by not returning." His manner admitted of no appeal so I followed the man, and was ushered into a large, gloomy apartment where he left me to announce my visit to her ladyship. In the tropics all the dwellings are closed tightly against the light, so as to render them cool during the heat of the day; but surely this was the darkest room that I had ever seen, and when I entered, having just come out of the bright glare of the street, the objects in it were scarcely visible, and only revealed themselves one by one. Little sharp streaks of yellow sunlight forced themselves through the closed window-blinds, and gradually I discovered that the walls were dead white; not a picture or ornament of any kind hung upon them; there was no carpet on the floor, and the only articles for use were a half-dozen of those uncomfortable and inhospitable mahogany chairs covered with dismal black hair-cloth, and a long sofa made of the same mournful material. The high backs of this unfriendly furniture were stiff and straight, or perhaps inclined a little forward, as though they were designed to tip the visitor gently out, the smooth hair-seats rather assisting in the arrangement. I fancied that the grizzly ogre of this gloomy place kept his young and lovely wife a kind of prisoner

here and tortured her with these unsympathetic surroundings; and if this were so, I thought how her heart would beat and her eyes fill with tears as she listened to one who bore a father's blessing to his child, and I blamed myself for not having written just a line to prepare her for my visit that she might have time to recover from the shock, for I felt now that the meeting might be embarrassing to both parties. I was working these thoughts in my mind when the door of the adjoining room opened slowly and her ladyship appeared.

She was dressed in white, and as she glided slowly into the dark room one would almost have fancied she was a ghost. Her figure was tall and graceful, and her bearing aristocratic and self-possessed.

I was standing when she entered, and as she seated herself upon the sofa she motioned me to a chair without speaking a word. I was disappointed in her cold and stately manner, for her temperature was quite as low as her husband's, and she received me if possible a trifle more frigidly. Her face was very beautiful, but so cold and quiet that I felt nothing short of a domestic communication could melt such a piece of marble.

In a few words—for I was really anxious to get out of the place—I told her that I bore an affectionate message to her from her father.

"Oh, indeed. Poor father! I hope he is quite well? May I offer you some luncheon?"

I could no more have swallowed a morsel in that house than I could have embraced the master of it. The face of her father rose up before me. I called to mind the tears in his eyes and the trembling emotion of his voice when he spoke of his only daughter, and I thought how years ago that fond old man had perhaps looked forward to the birth of his child, and when it came into the world that he had taken it in his arms with loving care and attended its early life; and now, in his old age, thousands of miles away, with his heart still yearning to see her, she sat there, cold and impassive, receiving his loving message with chilling indifference. I could stay no longer, and rose to depart.

"Madam," I said, "I came here to deliver a message with which I was charged, and fancied that the nature of it might give you some pleasure; but I feel satisfied that I have unintentionally been intruding."

"No," she replied; but it sounded so much like "yes" that I took up my hat and bowed myself out.

The hot and narrow streets of the town were an agreeable change after the freezing I had just gone through, and I was only too glad to get out of this charnel-house. I do not know, nor can I tell to this day the cause of my

unlooked-for reception. At first it crossed me that perhaps the father had committed some crime, and that they were ashamed of him; but when I recalled his simple, honest face I felt how unjust were my suspicions; so I could therefore only conclude that it was the natural austerity of the merchant and his wife.

It is over twenty years since the little incident I have just narrated took place, and if this cheerful couple are still alive I do not envy them the many hours of stately misery that they must have passed in each other's society.

I was glad to get out of Panama. Our party, consisting of my son, a friend from Australia who was now acting as my agent, and myself, crossed the Isthmus, and took an English mail steamer from Colon to Southampton, passing through the group of West India Islands, touching at St. Thomas and Jamaica, and arriving in London about the middle of June, 1865.

THE NEW "RIP VAN WINKLE" IN LONDON.

ON my arrival in London I met Dion Boucicault. He asked me if I intended to act; I told him that I certainly did if I saw an opening offering a fair chance of success.

"What material have you got?" said he.

I replied that I had a great part in an indifferent play, "*Rip Van Winkle*."

Boucicault did not seem to fancy the selection, thinking the subject stale, but we talked the matter over and soon came to terms. He undertook to rewrite the drama for a consideration agreed upon between us. He never seemed to think much of his own labor in this play; but I did, and do still, with good reason.

While the work was in progress I made an engagement with Benjamin Webster to act the part at his theater, the Adelphi. I sent to America for my three other children to join me in London, and took up my abode at No. 5 Hanover Street, Hanover Square. It was generally supposed that four years of success in Australia had enabled me to return home a millionaire. Quite a mistake, I assure you. Not poor, certainly, but not rich: just in the condition that is most desirable for all; neither too poor nor too rich, with something to give one security in case of accident, constant employment, and a moderate income. Less than this may be inconvenient at times; more than this is a nuisance. But I must stop writing speculative philosophy and stick to facts, or I shall turn from a biographer into a lecturer.

The play was finished in due time, and a day was set for reading it to the company. The time arrived, and I hastened to the theater with some anxiety, for I am always attacked with a

nervous fit when I am to meet a new assemblage of actors and actresses. I cannot get over the feeling, and to this day it is the same. I of course had expected both Boucicault, the author, and Webster, the manager, to meet and assist at the reading, but when I got to the theater I found letters from both, saying that they could not attend. There seems to have been an old feud between Webster and Boucicault, and I presume they did not desire to meet; so I read the play. Among the actors who were present at the reading was Paul Bedford. The name of this cheery old man is scarcely known in this country except among professionals who have been abroad, but in England it is cherished with much affection. He had been a member of the Adelphi company for forty years, perhaps longer; he sat opposite to me during the reading, and was an attentive and sympathetic listener.

When I came to the entrance of *Nick Vedder* in the opening scene, "Ah, that's me, my lad; that's me," said he.

He chuckled over the humor of the play, and at times he wiped the tears from his eyes as the pathos of the language moved him. "I say, my lad," said he, "I'm told there is twenty years to elapse between the third and fourth acts?" "Yes," I replied. "Well, I ain't alive then, am I?" "No, Mr. Bedford," said I; "you are cut off in the flower of your youth." "What, die in the first act? Good!" And so he went on with a running fire of fun altogether at variance with good discipline.

Mr. Billington, who was to act in the play, and who was considered an authority in such matters, said, "There's a hundred nights in that play; am I right, Paul?" To which Bedford replied, quoting from his old character of *Jack Gong*, "I believe you, my boy"; and then, taking me by the hand, he said with mock solemnity, "My transatlantic kid, I welcome you to the classic precincts of the royal Adelphi."

While the play was in rehearsal I was desirous that Boucicault should see how I had arranged the business of the scene, as I knew that his judgment and opinion upon what I had done would be of value, and would serve to strengthen the effects. So it was arranged that a full rehearsal of the play and the scenery should take place on the Monday preceding its production, and that he was to be present.

With my portion of the work he seemed well pleased, but during the setting of the scenery something went wrong; nothing of very great importance, I fancy, or I think I should remember the details of it. It was, however, enough to start him off, and in a rage he roundly abused the theater and its manager. As I before mentioned, he and Mr.

Webster had been at variance for some months. The latter gentleman was hot-tempered and highly sensitive. Previous to my arrival in London he and the author had been quarrelling and wrangling over their respective rights and wrongs. Mr. Boucicault, now that an opportunity offered of his speaking his mind before Mr. Webster's company, launched forth against the manager, the theater, and its misrule with great energy. He denounced the whole establishment, spoke of his own experience on that stage, and likened the present to the former imbecility of management to which he had been subjected, and so revenged himself on the absent manager by holding him up to scorn before the actors. After the rehearsal was over, and the enraged author had departed, I found that the company were very indignant at Boucicault's abuse of their absent chief. Mr. Phillips, the stage manager, took me aside and told me that he feared much trouble would arise from the scene that had just taken place; and to my surprise informed me that Webster, knowing that Boucicault would be present, was there himself, concealed behind the curtains of a private box, where he had heard the whole affair. Webster was very bitter when transformed into an enemy; and I can imagine the furious glare that must have been in his fierce eyes as he listened to the abuse of Boucicault, who, quite innocent of his presence, had been thus denouncing him. If ever there was an occasion when listeners heard no good of themselves, surely it was on that memorable morning. I was about leaving the theater in quest of Mr. Webster when the call boy handed me a note from him. It was short, but entirely to the point; it referred in no very complimentary terms to the scene that had just taken place and to the author of it, and concluded by saying that he could not allow any play of Mr. Boucicault's to be acted in his theater. Here was an unexpected check. I at once asked where I could find Mr. Webster, and was told that he had gone home. I got the address and jumped into a cab, making a hot pursuit after the irate manager. Mr. Webster lived upon the Surrey side, I think; I know that we passed the celebrated old madhouse of Bedlam on our way. But bridges, steeples, and madhouses almost merged into one during this exciting ride, so far as my mind was concerned; for I had looked upon the approaching Monday night as the most important professional one of my life, and I was not going to have my golden opportunity snatched from me without a struggle.

As I turned the corner of the street in which he lived, I saw that the old manager had arrived and was striding up the steps of his

house; his hat was firmly set on his head, and the very back of his coat seemed to be in a rage. He entered, and I followed close upon him. The old housekeeper admitted me, and took my card. She said that her master had just gone upstairs; and at that moment I heard a door bang with an angry thud that echoed through the old house like the ominous thunder that precedes a storm. The place had a bare and lonely look, being scantily furnished and very dusty. The old housekeeper, who was scant of breath, came to the head of the stairs and beckoned me up. When I reached the landing, she pointed rather timidly towards a side door, and said to me cautiously and in an undertone, "That 's his den, as he calls it." I thought the name most appropriate just at the present time; I felt there would be a scene, but there was nothing left except to have it out. I knocked at the den, and the lion growled, "Come in!" I opened the door, and—enter Daniel. The old manager was quite pale, and if he were then not in a towering rage, the effects of one were plainly visible upon his angry face. His gray eyes, wonderfully expressive, snapped with the reaction of temper; and his black wig—one of those unmistakable articles with a hard parting on one side and a strong tendency to get away from the back of the head—had got awry, and this gave him anything but a reconciliatory appearance. We had a long and stormy scene. Of course he was not unreasonable enough to blame me, but his opinion of the whole affair was delivered in language more tinged with billingsgate than "choice Italian." I told him that any interruption of my opening would be very injurious to me; that the play, scenery, and actors were even now fully prepared for action; that I felt quite sure of myself in the part, as I had already played it with success in the old version; and that to interrupt the present arrangement was to imperil my future. He suggested that we should discard Boucicault's play and substitute the old version. To this I answered nay, explaining to him that not only was Boucicault's play infinitely superior to the old one, but that I had made my agreement with the author, and it must be kept. I insisted that I would not submit to act the Mercutio in the matter, and so fall because of a quarrel between the Montagues and the Capulets, and finished by showing him that it might be disastrous to his season to throw aside a good play ready for production and trust to chance to fill up the vacancy. He began at last to see the matter in the light in which I had placed it, and withdrew his objections, though with much reluctance.

My approaching appearance was the important dramatic event of my life. I had been

five years from America and was on my way home, and I felt satisfied that if this new version of "Rip Van Winkle" succeeded in London my way was quite clear when I returned to the United States.

On Sunday evening, being alone in my lodgings, I got out for my own admiration my new wig and beard, the pride of my heart, and which I was to use in the last act. I could not resist trying them on for the twentieth time, I think; so I got in front of the glass and adjusted them to my perfect satisfaction. I soon became enthused, and began acting and posing in front of the mirror. In about twenty minutes there came a knock at the door.

"Who 's there?" said I.

"It 's me, if you please," said the gentle but agitated voice of the chambermaid. "May I come in?"

"Certainly not," I replied; for I had no desire to be seen in my present make-up.

"Is there anything wrong in the room, sir?" said she.

"Nothing at all. Go away," I replied.

"Well, sir," she continued, "there 's a policeman at the door, and he says as 'ow there 's a crazy old man in your room, a-flingin' of his 'arnds about and a-goin' on hawful, and there 's a crowd of people across the street a-blockin' up the way."

I turned towards the window, and to my horror I found that I had forgotten to put down the curtain, and, as it seemed to me, the entire population of London was taking in my first night. I had been unconsciously acting with the lights full up, to an astonished audience who had not paid for their admission. As I tore off my wig and beard a shout went up. Quickly pulling down the curtain, I threw myself in a chair, overcome with mortification at the occurrence. In a few minutes the comical side of the picture presented itself, and I must have laughed for an hour. I had been suffering from an attack of nervous dyspepsia, consequent upon the excitement of the past week, and I firmly believe that this continuous fit of laughter cured me.

On Monday, September 5, I made my first appearance before a London audience, and was received with a cordial welcome. The play of "Rip Van Winkle" was entirely new to the English public, and its success secured for it a run of one hundred and seventy nights. The company worked with a good will and never flagged in their energy.

ENGLISH RELATIVES.

AFTER I had been acting a short time in London I received, to my surprise, the following letter:

HACKNEY, September 30, 1865.

DEAR SIR: Somewhere about the year 1801 an uncle of mine, bearing your name and belonging to your profession, went to America.

On seeing the announcement of your appearance at the Adelphi I was naturally curious to know if you were a distant relative of mine or not. My wife and I sat in the front of the theater last night, and when you came upon the stage we were quite certain that you had the honor of being my first cousin. My father, Lieutenant Frank Jefferson, commanded the queen's yacht at Virginia Water — you may have heard of him. I am the father of an English family, in comfortable circumstances, so you need not be alarmed lest you should have stumbled upon a batch of poor relations, and if you will dine with us next Sunday we shall be glad to give our Yankee cousin a hearty cockney welcome. Under any circumstances let me say that it gave me great pleasure to see a face from a far-off country so unmistakably like the Jeffersons.

My wife and children join me in hoping that you will come.

The inclosed diagram and address will show you how to find us. We dine at three (not fashionable people, you see), and I shall be at the gate on the lookout for you.

Yours truly,

TOM JEFFERSON.

I was much pleased at the tone of this letter, and replied that I was undoubtedly a cousin of his, but a second one, as his uncle was not my father, but my grandfather; writing him also that I would join his family party on the following Sunday.

Sure enough, he was at the gate; and as he gave me a hearty shake of the hand I looked in his face and it seemed to me as though my father stood before me: the likeness was indeed wonderful. His wife and a host of children were waiting inside, and they received me right royally.

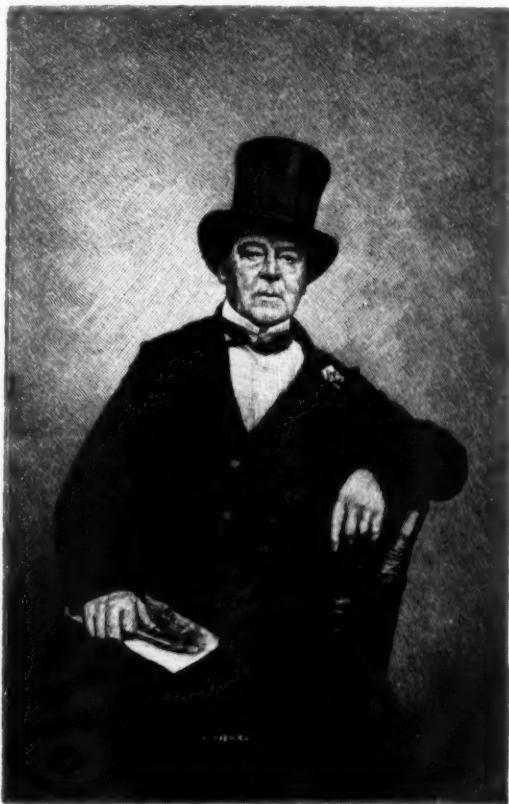
We all sat down to dinner — roast beef and plum pudding. My cousin said that they did not usually have the latter dish till Christmas, remarking that he looked upon it as a national institution, not to be trifled with, and that I must feel myself highly complimented at being treated to this formidable article; but as he knew that I never got anything so delicate in America, my enjoyment of it would console him for leaving the beaten track.

In ten minutes the ice was broken, and I was one of the family. Of course I had a thousand questions to answer about America, and my glowing accounts of the New World filled the boys with a desire to emigrate at once. Tom was a wag, and told the youngsters that he had heard when I first arrived that I was quite black; but a few months' sojourn in the clear atmosphere of London had restored me to the natural color of my ancestors, at which the little ones wondered and the big ones laughed.

We had another family reunion at Christmas, when all the Jeffersons we could hunt up dined with me at Verey's. In the afternoon the whole party went to Astley's to see

All I ask is your good offices in getting us seats together."

This was done, and in the center of the theater sat four-and-twenty Jeffersons "all in a row."



PAUL BEDFORD. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & SONS.)

the pantomime. Of course there was the usual crowd about the doors that always assembled during this festive season at the theater. I was elbowing my way to the box office for the purpose of purchasing tickets, when I was accosted by E. T. Smith, the manager.

"I cannot allow you to buy tickets," said he.

"I am obliged to you," said I; "but I have my family with me, and could not think of intruding them on your good nature."

"Your family—take my box," said he. "You are quite welcome. Where are they?"

"There," I replied, pointing to the group.

"Twenty-four of them."

"Twenty-four!" said he, aghast.

"Yes," said I; "and as they are not professionals, I must insist on buying the tickets."

VOL. XL.—55.

If there is one thing more amusing than an English pantomime, it is the English audience that go to see it. Men, women, and children who are intelligent enough on ordinary occasions seem, under the influence of this potent spell, to lose all control of themselves. Before the curtain rose the faces in front were expressive and even thoughtful. But when the entertainment was in full swing all sense of propriety was thrown off.

The audience were carried away and delighted beyond measure, and swallowed the most idiotic nonsense with one broad grin that seemed to mantle the face of the whole house. Shout after shout went up when the clown sat on the baby; and as the cockney swell appeared, extravagantly conscious of his own dignity and charmed by the effect of his personal appearance, the heartless public

sat in eager expectancy, well knowing that some disaster was about to befall him; and when a half-barrel of flour was poured upon his devoted head they would burst forth in the most boisterous manner. Any catastrophe that occurred to the police was always hailed with delight. Why is it that these guardians of our safety are held in such contempt theatrically? When a double-dyed villain gets his quietus, and the innocent heroine is restored to the arms of the first walking gentleman, we applaud with delight. Surely under these circumstances one would suppose it to be our duty to resent any affront offered to the "force"; but no, the slightest indignity be-



BENJAMIN WEBSTER.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY.)

stowed upon a virtuous policeman, such as the emptying of a bucket of water over his helmet, seems to give us joy.

It was very pleasant to meet with some of the artists, actors, and men of letters in London. To sit and chat with renowned people that I had heard of from boyhood — to have the erratic and domineering advice of hot-headed, kind-hearted Charles Reade pounded into one; to be patted on the back by dear old Planché; and to be glared at through the fierce but honest spectacles of Anthony Trollope, was a treat indeed. I had come unheralded and unexpectedly among them, and they made me very welcome.

Joseph Jefferson.

NATHANIEL BACON, THE PATRIOT OF 1676.



OF Bacon's Rebellion, probably the most romantic episode of colonial history, I purpose to give an account here, drawn not only from all the familiar sources of information, but also from the great mass of documents relating to this period preserved in the British Public Record Office, as well as from some manuscripts of the highest importance acquired about 1875 by the British Museum, and not before used by any student.¹ I have also used manuscript authorities lately acquired by the Library of Congress.

¹ Reference is here made to some of the papers in the volume numbered Egerton, 2395, in the British Museum. Perhaps the most important of the papers in the Record Office is the report of the royal commissioners sent to Virginia at the time of the rebellion. There are many other manuscripts there necessary to the right understanding of Bacon's movement, but they

EARLY STRUGGLES FOR LIBERTY.

NOVEMBER 13, 1618, O. S., is perhaps the most important date in colonial history; and November 23, which corresponds to it in our style, is the great forgotten anniversary of American history. On that day the Virginia Company granted to the colony a "Great Charter," by which representative government was set up in America for the first time.² The first representative assembly in what is now the United States met in the chancel of the little church at Jamestown, 1619, the two houses and the governor sitting and deliberating as one body.

When King James determined to crush the

seem to have been almost or quite unknown to writers on Virginia history.

² A note preserved in the Public Record Office in London, in the handwriting of Secretary Davidson, is my authority for the date of the Great Charter. But the date is confirmed by certain ancient deeds cited in the Aspinwall papers which refer to a Great Charter bearing this date.

Virginia Company, because it had fallen into the hands of Sir Edwin Sandys, the Earl of Southampton, and other liberal statesmen, he used great art to persuade the colony to surrender the Great Charter of 1618. But the Virginia Assembly defended their charter, and even cut off the ears of their clerk for taking a bribe from the king's commissioners to betray their secrets. In 1624 this little pioneer assembly laid down the fundamental principle over which the struggle against English encroachment was to take place, by declaring that a royal governor could not levy taxes without the consent of the burgesses. But declarations of sound principles will not establish liberty. In 1635 the Virginians went further. One of the very commissioners whom James had sent to cajole them into a surrender of their Great Charter had been made governor of the colony. The colonists sent many vain petitions to England for relief from his arbitrary rule. Harvey had made friends with Lord Baltimore and the rival Maryland colony. The colony named for Queen Henrietta Maria, and affording a refuge for her co-religionists, stood easily first in the king's favor. At length the colonists rose bodily against Governor Sir John Harvey, and packed him off to England in May, 1635. In October, 1636, he was sent back to govern a colony in which he had the ill-will of every human being except those who were partners and abettors of his oppressions.

Every effort of the Virginians in these days to relieve themselves of this tyranny failed, for Baltimore steadily sustained Harvey, except when in 1637 he entered into a sinuous intrigue through which, by cool deception of the king, he proposed to get himself made governor of Virginia, at a salary of £2000 a year.¹ This last is almost the only petition of his in these days that was not granted just as he made it. When Harvey had wreaked his will upon the devoted colony for three years London was filled with the scandal of his administration, and the king and his council were overwhelmed with bitter outcries from Virginia. The king at length consented to restore the colony to the old Virginia Company, but Baltimore appears to have defeated this. In 1639 even the influence of Baltimore could no longer shelter Harvey. He was removed, and Sir Francis Wyatt, who had governed Virginia under the Company, was sent out to allay

the discontent, and perhaps to pave the way for the proposed reestablishment of the Company. Wyatt, "a most just and sincere gentleman and free from all manner of corrupt and private ends," stripped Harvey and his fellows of the property they had gained by confiscation. But the triumph of the popular party was short. Kempe, the secretary of the colony and a supporter of Harvey, eluded Wyatt's vigilance, and got away to London, carrying with him "the charter of the colony." This may have been the "Great Charter" of 1618, which appears to have been destroyed or irrecoverably lost at an early date.

When in 1641 George Sandys and other friends of the colony thought themselves in a fair way to get the Virginia Company reestablished, they were taken by surprise at the success of an intrigue of Kempe, Wormley, and other fellows of Harvey, by means of which Wyatt was removed and Sir William Berkeley appointed governor.

Sir William Berkeley was from the outset a bigoted courtier. In reference to all questions of religious or political progress his eyes were in the back of his head. On the other hand, in affairs relating to material advancement he was almost visionary in his attachment to novel projects. He had received from Charles I. by patent a monopoly of the right "to gather, make, and take snow and ice, and to preserve and keep them in such pits, caves, and cool places as he should think fit." As governor of Virginia he recommended himself to the king and his ministers, and no doubt to the Virgin-



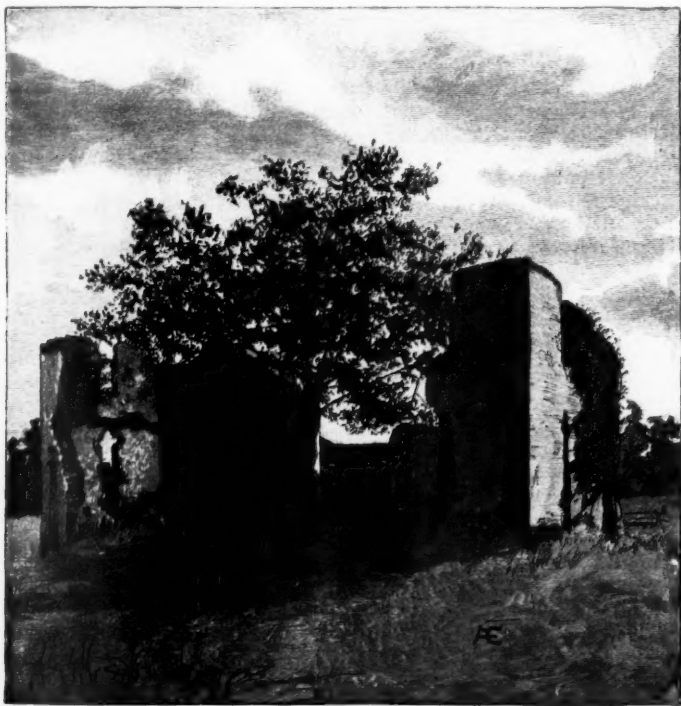
OLD FIREPLACE AT GREEN SPRING PLANTATION.

ians themselves, by his patronage of every kind of novelty in trade and agriculture. He endeavored to promote the culture in Virginia of silk, flax, hemp, rice, cotton, indigo, and currants, as well as the manufacture of pitch and potash, and the exportation of masts.

¹ Baltimore to Windebauk, March, 1637; Colonial Papers, Public Record Office. Also printed in Maryland Archives.

He adroitly turned the tide against the movement to restore the Company, and obtained from the assembly a protest against it. He no doubt endeared himself to the Church and Cava-

fore they dared to set up the standard of the king, chose Berkeley governor in order to be ready for whatever might happen. Berkeley, in the absence of definite intelligence from Eng-



RUINS AT GREEN SPRING, GOVERNOR BERKELEY'S PLANTATION.

lier party by expelling the Puritan ministers who had come from New England, and in 1644 he won applause by conquering and capturing the veteran chief Opechankano after the Indians had massacred five hundred of the colonists.¹ By his resolution in holding the colony for Charles II. after the death of Charles I., and by the favorable terms he exacted from the Protector's agents, he won still greater applause. The expulsion of the Puritans from Virginia in 1643, the immigration before 1650 of many hundreds if not thousands of cavaliers, and the enforced transportation of sixteen hundred royalist soldiers in one batch, fixed the cavalier character of the colony.

The Virginia cavaliers as soon as the Commonwealth began to show weakness, and be-

land, accepted the election in a good-lord-good-devil sort of a letter, as not knowing into whose hands he might fall. The first act of Charles relating to the colonies after his return was to issue a warrant granting anew to the staunch old royalist the governorship of Virginia. His salary was made independent of all grants from the colony, and he was provided with a commission for a court of oyer and terminer; thus the two deadliest weapons of colonial despotism were put into his hands.

BERKELEY'S SECOND REIGN.

A CHARACTER in which prejudice is intensified by egotism and passion gains nothing by adversity. Sir William began where he left off. Traveling Quakers and Puritan refugees had intruded into the colony. Imprisonment and banishment — unanswerable arguments much in vogue then in Old and in New England — were applied, and Berkeley used also the more profitable argument of confiscation of

¹ From a brief document dated 1648, and preserved in Westminster Abbey, which I examined by the courteous permission of the Dean, it seems that even in this honeymoon of Berkeley's government there were suspicions of speculation in the royal revenues in Virginia, and that "the king's late ministers" were charged with complicity in it.

goods. He discouraged the laudable desire of the Virginians to found free schools, declaring that "learning had brought disobedience and heresy into the world." He would have no printing presses, nor any ministers who were not "very orthodox." He did not like preaching; he preferred parsons who contented themselves with reading the prayers, and for the rest, let the world wag as it would. It was a political maxim of his time in Jamestown that wise men and rich men are given to faction, while poor men and fools may be governed. Without schools or printing presses, and with little preaching, he would prevent Virginians gaining much wisdom, nor did the exactions of his rule leave them hope of wealth enough to make them dangerous.

But even poor men and fools turn upon their oppressors at last. There were only about fifteen hundred negroes in Virginia in Berkeley's second term, but in 1670 there were about six thousand bond white servants — poor people, some of whom had volunteered to come to America and be sold for four years to pay their passage, others who had been kidnapped by force or trickery, and some convicts sentenced for petty thefts or transported for political offenses. Fifteen hundred of these passed out of bondage every year, each receiving a warrant for fifty acres of land. These new freemen composed a formidable democracy, ever disposed to resent the oppressions of the magnates or "grandees," as they called the rich planters.

The Virginians, rich and poor, were victims of the English merchants. The new government passed again the oppressive navigation act of the Commonwealth, made it more stringent, and exacted obedience to it. As all Virginia tobacco was thus compelled to go to England, a ring of about forty English merchants got the whole trade into their hands, and ate up almost the whole profit of tobacco-planting. Berkeley, who had a large tobacco plantation at Green Spring, overcame his dislike for the printing press so far as to publish in London a brochure against the oppressions of the tobacco merchants.¹ But in the very year, 1663, in which he was thus warm against a monopoly that pinched him, he tried to get

what he called "a perticuler commission" by which the whole Indian trade of the colony should be given over to himself, his cousin, and certain associates — a scheme which he succeeded in carrying out in another form, and which was the main cause of the desolation that came upon the colony thirteen years later in Bacon's Rebellion.

If the governor, his cousins, and his friends, with the English tobacco traders, had been the only hawks hovering over the colony, the case would not have been quite desperate. But the easy-going Charles II. was surrounded with courtiers whose greed has rarely been matched. Even a remote colony of planters seemed to them worth the plucking. In the very year of the death of Charles I. a group of them wheedled his exiled son into making them a grant of the whole northern neck of Virginia, and this grant was renewed after the Restoration, in total disregard of the rights of those who already owned the land. Such a grant threw doubt on the validity and perpetuity of all land titles, and this was sure to shake the very financial foundations of an agricultural colony.

After years of uneasiness from these earlier grants, the colony was startled in 1672 by a grant of the whole colony to Lords Arlington and Culpepper almost without any reserve. They were to have the royal quit-rents and the escheats; to them was to appertain the sole right to grant lands. They were at the same time given powers that were yet more formidable in that day of uncertain wilderness boundaries, neglected titles, and corrupt courts. Arling-



VIEW FROM THE UPPER END OF JAMESTOWN.
(The piles mark the ancient location of the Sandy Beach peninsula.)

¹ I have seen a copy of this rare pamphlet in the White Kennet collection at the house of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, in London. It is called

"Discourse and View of Virginia." A note in the margin, in the handwriting of Bishop White Kennet, ascribes the authorship to Sir William Berkeley.

ton and Culpepper were to have the appointment of the sheriffs who executed the laws and collected the taxes; they were to name the escheators, whose business it was to recover lands the title to which had been forfeited, and the surveyors, in whose hands were questions of lines and boundaries. They had power to make new seals, and they could regulate the division of the colony into counties and parishes at their pleasure. This wholesale grant of royal powers, with all its half-hidden possibilities of cruel extortion, had thirty-one years to run, and during that time the landholders of Virginia would be unsheltered from the rapacity of the two proprietors.

It was at length decided to send a commission to protest against the grant, and to buy off the grantees. To pay the expenses of the commis-

loyal fervor of 1662. From that time Berkeley refused to order a new election until the rebellion under Bacon, fourteen years later, compelled a change. The governor had a pliant assembly, originally chosen by the freeholders only, and one that had long since ceased to represent anybody. The members, with the governor's help, had provided liberally for themselves. Besides a large daily pay from the time of leaving home, each member drew an additional allowance for a man-servant, and yet another for his horse—the whole pay of a Burgess aggregating two hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco a day. The assembly, if its services were sufficiently prolonged, might be made to yield to a member a far better crop than his plantation. The liquors consumed by "commit-

Nathaniell Bacon General by the consent of the people

SIGNATURE TO THE FIRST DRAFT OF A PROCLAMATION, PROBABLY AUTOBIOGRAPHIC. (BRITISH MUSEUM.)

sioners, and to supply blackmail for the noble lords whose clutch was on the very throat of the colony, an additional tax of sixty pounds of tobacco was levied on every "tithable poll" in Virginia. By this means the poor, already overburdened with an undue share of the taxes, were again made to pay charges for what could benefit only the landed proprietors. For since the poor man's substance was sure to be consumed in any event, it could not make much difference to him whether he was robbed by favorites of the king in England, or plundered by favorites of the governor in America. Culpepper and Arlington, finding themselves confronted with a commission from Virginia, were readily persuaded, or perhaps paid, to sign an agreement by which they yielded their claims under the grant to everything except the royal quit-rents, which last they contrived to increase one-third by a stipulation that they should be paid in tobacco at three halfpence instead of at twopence per pound, as had been the custom.¹ But by the time the news of this release reached Virginia, the attention of the colonists was wholly turned to the disasters of a new Indian war, and to troubles which were fast driving Virginia into civil strife.

Below the discontent with the taxes lay a deep-seated dislike of the assembly which levied them. It had been elected in the

tees" were also charged to the colony, and there were "clerks" to these committees who received salaries of four thousand pounds of tobacco sometimes "for scarce twenty lines of writing." Men who were not landholders were not suffered to vote, but the salaries of the burgesses were collected by a poll tax; for, by the rule of that time, the rich were to enjoy, and the poor were to pay. As each county paid its own representatives, the three hundred tithable men of one thinly populated county were required to contribute five hundred pounds of tobacco a day to support the dignity of their burgesses at Jamestown. And this was only one of many charges, for an assembly so well cared for could not be mean. In addition to the governor's high salary he was kept in good humor by an annual "present" voted in recognition of this or that imaginary service rendered to the province. Members of the governor's council, who engrossed the most lucrative offices, were, as a special mark of nobility, freed from the poll tax on themselves and ten servants apiece, and received a salary besides. There were also smaller officers who took their toll with a large hand: the sheriffs had the first chance, and they got ten per cent. of every levy for collecting it; the clerks' fees were similarly exorbitant. The parson of each parish had also his claim for sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco, raised, like all the rest, by taxing the "polls." On these same tithable polls, and never upon land, were laid many other grievous burdens; as the tax for arms and ammunition, forts

¹ Mr. Doyle reads this paper wrongly when he supposes that Arlington and Culpepper were to receive a tax of three halfpence per pound on Virginia tobacco. This would have extinguished the planter's interest. By adroitly lowering the customary price of the tobacco in which they were paid, the grantees increased their quit-rents.



J. Underhill sculp

ENGRAVED BY J. UNDERHILL.

J. Underhill sculp

Effigies Illustrissimi
Baronis BALTEMORE
Governoris Absoluti
Provinciarum Terræ
America: etc.



Dñs Cecilus Calvert,
de Baltimore in Regno
Brit et Proprietarij
Mariæ et Baloniz in

PORTRAIT OF THE SECOND LORD BALTIMORE.
(AFTER A PRINT PRESERVED IN THE BRITISH PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE.)

and cannon, and for other charges from which the country received no visible benefit whatever, but from which Berkeley and his friends ever grew visibly richer.

With all these multiplied charges to pay, it is not surprising that the planters should be curious to know to what the permanent tax of two shillings a hogshead on tobacco collected since 1659 had been applied. The people living nearest to Jamestown were the most puzzled by this riddle. There was no printing press, and the planters in each county were dependent on the gossip of their "court-day" for information; it is not surprising, therefore, that many of them even believed that the story of the king's having granted away the land and privileges of the colony was but another device for taxing them to enrich the "grantees." Often imposed on by fictions, they had grown suspicious. For there was every year a tax to buy ammunition for the militia, and yet the militia were "feigne to buy their own powder and shott themselves." And what had become of all the "castle duties" levied on

vain, for Berkeley was ever amusing the king and that portion of the English public which took any interest in Virginia by sending over specimens of hemp and other new commodities raised on his own plantation.

THE INDIAN MASSACRES AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

"KING PHILIP'S" Indian war, which broke so fiercely upon New England in 1675, was thought to have spread a contagion of hostility far to the southward by means of that quick intelligence which existed between the tribes. Indian aggressions took place on the Potomac, which led to rash and indiscriminate reprisals from the settlers. The Virginians were presently involved in war, not only with their old enemies the Doegs, but with the more dangerous Susquehannocks as well. These last fortified a well-chosen position in Maryland with a skill worthy of a more civilized race. They surrounded their camp by a high bank of earth constructed with flankers and pierced with many port-holes; this again was inclosed by a trench, while without the trench was a stockade of tall tree-trunks. The bases of these were planted three feet below the surface, and they were wattled together six inches apart, in order to leave space for the defenders to shoot through. The tops of the trees thus arranged were interlaced, so as to give great firmness to the whole. The location in wet ground prevented the besiegers from mining. A hundred and fifty Susquehannocks held the place against a thousand colonists. From this impregnable stronghold the Indians killed fifty of their assailants, but the lack of providence in the matter of food is the weak point of savagery; the Susquehannocks were soon obliged to depend for sustenance on horses captured in their sallies against the besiegers. These failing at length, they sued for peace, sending six of their head men as ambassadors to ask for terms. The colonists, exasperated by their losses, and finding, as they claimed, some of the original murderers in this embassy, detained the chiefs, and after awhile put five of them to death. The Maryland officers concerned in this breach of faith were afterwards severely punished; the Virginians were rebuked by Governor Berkeley. The Susquehannocks, seeing that there was no chance for escape by surrender, were pushed to desperation. Watching their opportunity, they succeeded in getting out of the fort in the night, with their wives and children and all their goods, "knocking on the head" ten of the besiegers as they made their way out. The Maryland government entered into a separate treaty of peace with the Indians, and thus the fury of the Susque-



TOMB AT JAMESTOWN PARTLY INCLOSED IN A TREE.

ships for many years, and certainly not spent in maintaining forts? Notoriously these duties were often collected from ships in shoes, and these were appropriated to private use.

But there was no apparent means of relief from the strong hand of oppression. Berkeley stubbornly refused to dissolve so obliging an assembly; he said that men were the more valuable, in any calling, in proportion to their experience. To the mutterings of the storm about him the governor was the more insensible that he was now old and hard of hearing, and was, moreover, married to a young wife, who was believed to be the very devil of the whole situation. There was small encouragement to appeal to England against Berkeley, who was backed by powerful court influences, and who had there a high reputation for loyalty and public spirit. Almost continually for a dozen years the colonists had complained in

hannocks' revenge was turned wholly upon Virginia.

The Susquehannocks, though much reduced by their conflicts with other tribes and with the whites, were a fierce race, loving war for its own sake, and, having now abundant provocation, they soon made their revenge felt. In one night in January, 1676, they cut off thirty-six people in the upper settlements of the Rappahannock and Potomac. The governor thereupon ordered out a competent force to pursue them, giving the command, with ample power to make peace or war, to Sir Henry Chicheley; but, with that sudden change of purpose which more than once marked his course at this critical time, he presently disbanded the troops and recalled Chicheley's commission.

The infatuated Berkeley, perhaps rendered sullen by opposition, now persisted in postponing all effectual preparations until the assembly should meet, "in the mean time leaving the poor inhabitants in continual and deadly fears and terrors of their lives," while the Indians, meeting with no organized resistance, scourged the upper settlements more savagely than ever. Of seventy-one plantations in one Rappahannock parish on the 24th of January there were but eleven left seventeen days later, "what with those that ran away . . . and such as staid and were cut off." By the time the burgesses met in March the number of victims had mounted to three hundred.

The assembly was the old and rotten one chosen fourteen years before. As was its wont, it did what the governor desired and what the people detested. Provision was made for building frontier forts and garrisoning them with five hundred soldiers; these were to be raised in the seaboard counties, where the dissatisfaction with the governor was somewhat less pronounced than among the people on the exposed frontier. But these troops were on no account to be allowed to attack any Indians without getting specific orders from the governor, unless, indeed, the Indians should be so indiscreet as to be caught in the very act of murdering the settlers. The simplest frontiersman could see that forts so far apart were of no service to settlements so sparse. The structures built under the act were so flimsy that they were soon reported to be falling down of themselves from the mere effect of wind and rain. They served the ends of their projectors, however, in giving an excuse for a new levy of no less than two millions of pounds of tobacco on the tithables, already driven to desperation by the accumulation of their burdens, and especially by the sixty pounds of tobacco a head which they were obliged to pay to ransom the colony from Arlington and Culpepper.

Stung by the cruel and unrevenged desolations wrought by the savages, and outraged by this un pitying taxation, the people cried out upon their rulers. They declared that they would rather plant no more tobacco than to pay for the building and maintenance of the forts, deeming the whole proceeding "merely a design of the grandees to engross all their tobacco into their own hands." They humbly petitioned for leave to go against the Indians at their own cost under some leader of the governor's appointment, but Berkeley met this reasonable request by forbidding such petitions under a heavy penalty.

Much of this war against public opinion may have been the mere obstination of a narrow-minded and unsympathetic old man, adhering first and last to a dogmatic belief in his own infallibility, and feeling himself badgered by a populace he had been wont to control and to hold in contempt. But the exasperated Virginians did not hesitate to ascribe to Berkeley far meaner and more mercenary motives. The colonial law forbade traffic with the Indians without license. Berkeley had made use of this to secure the monopoly he had first sought to get by royal grant. He licensed a few men to trade, and exacted from them every third skin. These licensed partners—one might rather say accomplices—of the governor sold arms and ammunition to the neighboring Indians with impunity, though the law made this a capital offense. The nearer Indians had a "go-between trade" with the hostile savages, and these were thus amply supplied with materials of war. Open criticism of a governor so absolute was dangerous, but the people passed their thoughts from mouth to mouth in dark proverbs. The current saying, "No bullets can pierce beaver-skins," told, as plainly as men dared to utter it, their belief that a tenderness for this lucrative trade withheld the governor from sending an expedition into the Indian country. The people went so far as to believe that Sir William and his friends were even willing to goad his enemies to open rebellion that they might have a pretext for confiscation, and this surmise was also coined into a proverb to the effect that "Rebels' forfeitures will be loyal inheritances."

The governor not only suppressed petition; he even tried, whenever there was any possibility of success, to discredit reports of Indian massacres. But no authority could keep intelligence of the outrages from traveling swiftly from plantation to plantation; and the panic-stricken refugees, fleeing in destitution from the frontiers, were a perpetual censure of the governor's administration. Nor could any vigilance of Berkeley's keep back the darker stories of the hideous tortures to which cap-



OLD CHURCH TOWER, JAMESTOWN.

NATHANIEL BACON.

tives were subjected by the savage foe, the favorite device of the Virginia Indians being that of slowly flaying the victim alive, after having torn the nails from his fingers with their teeth.

But none of these things moved the un pitying governor. At the very time when he had intelligence that fresh bands of savages were descending on the upper James River settlements, he refused a new request made by the men of Charles City County that they be allowed to go against the enemy. But the cup would now hold no more; the settlers could no longer be restrained by the shadow of royal authority. "The cries of their wives and children had grown grievous and intolerable to them." They beat up for volunteers on their own account; and though such an act was held in that age to be rebellion, the magistrates offered no interference while the inflamed people were day after day "drawing into arms" and waiting "for nothing but one to head them, and lead them out on their design."

GENTLEMEN of fortune and education were the natural leaders of every undertaking in a society like that of Virginia in 1676. But it was not surprising that men of property were loath by any act of technical rebellion to put their estates within the reach of the cupidity of the governor, in whose hands centered every kind of legislative, judicial, and executive power. Many of the great proprietors, and even some members of the council, could not quite conceal the sympathy they felt with the popular indignation. There were, besides, several gentlemen of less fortune who took the popular side more or less openly. Among these was Lawrence, a brilliant man, bred at Oxford, who had lost an estate by an unjust decision which Berkeley had made on the bench; another was Drummond, a shrewd Scotchman, who had been governor of North Carolina.

But the most important adherent to the popular cause was Nathaniel Bacon, the younger of the two Virginia councilors of

that name. He was of "no obscure family," being son of Thomas Bacon, of an ancient seat known as Friston Hall, in the county of Suffolk, in England. From the characterization of Thomas Bacon, in an exceedingly rare tract of that time, as "a gentleman of known loyalty and ability," we may infer his adhesion to the royalist side in the civil wars. Nathaniel Bacon entered St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, as gentleman commoner, in 1660, and proceeded to his M. A. in 1667.¹ "To the long-known title of gentleman," says the tract cited above, "by his long study at the Inns of Court he has since added that of esquire." He had also been abroad; "his erratic fortune," as the royal commissioners put it, "had carried & shewne him many Forraigne Parts."² He did not escape the taint of his time—a time in which lavish expenditure was accounted a mark of generosity of spirit in one of his rank. His father had given him a "genteel" competency; "but he, as it proved, having a soul too large for that allowance, could not contain himself within bounds, which his careful father perceiving . . . consented to his inclination of going to Virginia, and accommodated him with a stock for that purpose to the value of eighteen hundred pounds sterling"; a very liberal outfit for a new country, considering the value of money two hundred years ago. His age at the outbreak of the rebellion was twenty-nine.³ "He was indifferent tall, but slender, black-haired, and of an ominous melancholy aspect," say the royal commissioners, who were naturally not favorable to him; and they add that he "was not given to much talk or to make sudden replies." He "lived in that continent in very good repute," says the tract I have cited before; "his extraordinary parts, like a letter of recommendation, rendering him acceptable in all men's company." His cousin, Nathaniel Bacon the elder, was "a rich politic man," and already for many years a member of the governor's council. The younger Bacon, who arrived in Virginia in the autumn of 1673, or the winter following, was soon raised to the



POWDER MAGAZINE, SO CALLED, AT JAMESTOWN.

same dignity. The elder Nathaniel, who was childless, proposed to make the younger his heir, and it is said that at a critical time he offered to "his uneasy cousin" a considerable part of his estate, if he would lay down his arms and "become a good subject."

But the younger Nathaniel had settled at a plantation about twenty miles below Richmond, known then as now by the name of "Curle's." He was, therefore, not far removed from the Indian frontier. Three servants of his neighbor, Captain Byrd, had been killed by the savages; and Bacon's own "outward plantation," on the brook yet called "Bacon's Quarter Branch," within the present limits of Richmond, had been ravaged, the crops and a great stock of cattle destroyed, and his overseer killed. Among papers recently acquired by the British Museum there is a copy of a letter from Bacon's wife, a daughter of Sir Edward Duke, to a sister or sister-in-law, palpitating with alternate fears that her husband will be killed by the savages or hanged by the governor. In this she thus naïvely tells how Bacon came to undertake the leadership:

If you had been here, it would have grieved your heart to hear the pitiful complaints of the people, the Indians Killing the people daily and the govern'r not taking any notice of it for to hinder them, but let them daily doe all the mischief they can: . . . and the poor people came to your brother [Bacon] to desire him to help them against the Indians, and hee being very much concerned for the losse of his overseer, and for the losse of so many men women and children's lives every day, he was willing to doe them all the good he could; so hee begged of the Governour for a Commission in Severall letters to him, that hee might goe out against them, but hee would not grant one, so daily more mischief done by them, so your brother not able to endure any longer hee went out without a Commission.

Bacon's own account is equally striking:

Finding that the country was basely for a small and sordid gain betrayed, and the lives and fortunes

¹ I am much indebted to Dr. Charles Waldstein for examining the college registers for me.

² "A True Narrative, &c." MS. Pub. Rec. Office.

³ The authority for his age is a letter kindly sent me, in answer to one of inquiry, by Henry F. Bacon, Esq., of Bury St. Edmunds, who informs me that he was born January 2, 1647.

of the poor inhabitants wretchedly sacrificed [I] resolved to stand up in this ruinous gap and rather expose my life and fortune to all hazards, then basely desert my post, and by soe bad an example make desolate a whole country in which no one dared to stirr against the common Enemy but . . . crowded together like sheep leaving their plantations and stocks a prey to the enemy.

The royal commissioners relate that Bacon hesitated long to take the decisive step of putting himself at the head of the volunteers without a commission; but three prominent men, Crewes, Isham, and Byrd, persuaded him to visit the camp and "treat" the volunteers, when at a preconcerted signal the men cried out, after the old English fashion, "A Bacon, a Bacon, a Bacon!" This sudden election by acclamation, or rather by clamor, turned the scale of his decision.¹ The "whole heart and hopes" of the distressed people "were now set on Bacon as the only Patron of the country and preserver of their lives and fortunes," say the king's commissioners. His force consisted of three hundred men, who pledged themselves to him by signing their names in a round robin on a large paper, and taking a solemn oath to stick together. Meantime the governor issued a warning proclamation,² and mustered a company of gentlemen to disperse Bacon's men; but when Berkeley reached the falls of the James River, Bacon and his three hundred had crossed to the south bank and pushed off southward into the Indian country, whither neither the governor nor his escort of gentlemen had the stomach to follow. Sir William Berkeley found means to vent his angry feelings by gallantly informing Mrs. Betty Bacon that her husband would be hanged as soon as he returned, and by uttering another angry proclamation, dated the 10th of May, in which he denounces Bacon as "young, inexperienced, rash, and inconsiderate," and his followers as "rude, dissolute, and tumultuous," declares Bacon a rebel, and deposes him from his seat in the council and from his office as a magistrate.

Eight days later the governor's whole tone had changed. While he was lying in wait in Henrico County for the return of the volunteers from the Indian country, and, as the Baconians believed, even sending information to the Indians, a new storm suddenly arose among the people of the lower counties, who cared little about the Indian war, but who looked on Bacon as their champion against the oppressive tax of two millions of tobacco for worthless

forts. Berkeley issued another proclamation, on the 18th of May, 1676, while he was yet in Henrico County, dissolving, though with manifest reluctance, the old but never venerable assembly, which for fourteen years had braved public opinion in making laws at the governor's dictation. The rising in the lower counties was by this time taking on the proportions of a serious insurrection, and Berkeley could only avert the hurricane by dismantling the useless forts and returning promptly to Jamestown, thus reluctantly leaving open a door for Bacon's return.

BACON'S CAPTURE AND RELEASE.

A PARTY of the Susquehannocks had taken refuge on an island which is described as two hundred miles to the southward of James River, and which seems to have been in the Roanoke River. This island was the seat of the Ockinagees, one of the trading tribes. These Indians are thought to have belonged to the great Dakota family. Their island was "commodious for trade, and the mart for all the Indians for at least five hundred miles."³ These Ockinagees appear to have been the same as the Mangoaks, of whom Raleigh's colonists heard, who had a great trade for copper, which was brought from the Northwest, passing through the territory of several tribes before reaching them.

When Bacon reached this isle of traffic his provisions were exhausted, and he was not strong enough to engage both the Ockinagees and the Susquehannocks. One may conjecture that the Ockinagees, as the great trading tribe, were the Indians that Berkeley wished to shelter, for at this moment they had a thousand beaver-skins in store which would naturally pass into the hands of the governor and his partners, and no doubt it was through an intermediary trade with the Ockinagees that the Susquehannocks were able to procure arms and ammunition. But Bacon, affecting friendliness with the Ockinagees, persuaded them to fall upon the Susquehannocks, which for some reason they were not loath to do. By this sudden and treacherous attack thirty Susquehannock warriors and all their women and children were slain.

But by this time the Ockinagees, who had three forts on the island, were reinforced. Perhaps also they had got wind through the Pamunkeys, or some other protected tribe, of the wish which the Berkeleian party openly

¹ The royal commissioners say that he had been previously plied with wine to render his acquiescence the more certain.

² This first proclamation is probably not extant, but it is referred to in the second.

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³ A manuscript by Sir William Berkeley in the collection of the late S. L. M. Barlow, Esq., entitled "Virginia's Deplored Condition," and dated August, 1676, is authority for some of these particulars.

confessed, that the savages would "knock Bacon on the head." Bacon could get no food. Many of his men deserted, and his force was now reduced to seventy. The savages grew more hostile as the whites grew fewer. At length one of Bacon's men was shot from the mainland. At this signal a bloody battle ensued. Bacon, who never failed of resource in an emergency, drew his men close to the open palisades of the Indian party, so that the Indians could get no range on them, while the Virginians thrust their guns between the very palisades and fired on the huddled mass of yelling savages within. Many Indians tried to escape, but large numbers were slain. The destruction was pitiless and indiscriminate; it was the seventeenth century. After fighting all night and a great part of the next day and quite destroying one of the forts, Bacon withdrew his men, exhausted by heat, hunger, and fatigue. He had lost eleven men. On his return to the settlement he was received with acclamation, both as the first who had given a check to the Indians, and as a champion whose action had compelled the calling of a new assembly.

Bacon prudently sought to make peace with the governor and to secure even yet a commission against the Indians, who were now ravaging the border in revenge of Bacon's raid. Meantime, however, a guard was kept night and day in Bacon's house, for fear the governor should have him assassinated.

You never knew any better beloved then hee is [privately writes Mrs. Bacon of her husband]. I doe verily believe that rather then hee should come to any hurt by the Governour or any body else they would most of them loose their lives.

Bacon having been displaced from the council, the people of Henrico returned the blow by choosing him and his friend Crewes to the House of Burgesses in the new "June Assembly." Throughout the colony there was a democratic reaction, and the governor was compelled to give way, by allowing all freemen to vote. The people in many cases refused to trust a land-holder, but chose men "that had but lately crept out of the condition of servants" and those who had been "eminent abettors of Bacon."

But when the June Assembly met, the lead against the governor was taken not by the humble freemen, but by some gentlemen who got a committee appointed to inquire into the collection and expenditure of the revenue. Sir William Berkeley with characteristic facility forgot the fair promises made before the election, that he would submit to investigation, and now sent pressing messages to the lower house "to meddle with nothing until the Indian business was despatched." The de-

bate between him and the house rose high, but the governor's new-born zeal in "the Indian business" prevailed, and the profound mystery of the public accounts was never penetrated by the profane. The Virginians presently had work more serious than looking into expenditures, and in the troublous times that followed the governor had the satisfaction of hanging one Mr. Hall Clarke, a gentleman who had been guilty of no other offense than that of "a prying curiosity" into the administration of public funds and such like secrets of state.

Bacon's constituents, though they had chosen him their burgess, were loath to trust their idol within the governor's reach. Forty of the Henrico men, guns in hand, resolved to bear him company to Jamestown. On the evening of the second day of the session Bacon's own sloop, with this guard on board, reached the neighborhood of the little town; and that night Bacon rowed ashore with about twenty of his men, whom he stationed in the bushes at various points in the scattering town, while he resorted to the house of his friend Lawrence for consultation. The presence of the rebel in Jamestown was discovered by Clough, the parish clergyman, who gave notice to the governor, so that by the time Bacon could reach his sloop the guns of the fort had opened upon it, and Bacon sailed up the river out of shot. The next day armed boats were sent to take him, but these were probably unwilling to close with the fusileers of Henrico. The ship *Adam and Eve*, however, intercepted Bacon's sloop, and he surrendered himself and his men, and was brought to Jamestown, to the joy of the governor and his friends.

A curious scene ensued. When Bacon was brought before Sir William Berkeley the governor said, "Now behold the greatest rebel that ever was in Virginia." After a short pause he added: "Sir, do you continue to be a gentleman? And may I take your word? If so, you are at liberty upon your own parole." This clemency was well judged, for the rumor, already spreading from plantation to plantation, that Bacon was in arrest had set the country ablaze with excitement. The men of the upper James River and the men of New Kent were quickly in motion "with dreadful threatenings to double revenge all wrongs" done to Bacon or his men.

THE FIRST MARCH ON JAMESTOWN.

BERKELEY had before shown his knack of seeming to bend before an opposition too strong to be resisted, while clinging tenaciously to his purposes. Jamestown was by this time full of determined though unorganized men come to

watch the course of affairs. Further to allay the dangerous popular jealousy, the governor intimated his willingness to pardon Bacon and restore him to the council, and even to grant him the much-desired commission against the Indians, if Bacon would only save his wounded honor by a public apology. Bacon had professed a desire for such a settlement two weeks before. "If you can propound any honorable way," he had written to Berkeley, "I will run as great a risk to procure your esteem as I do lose it for." It was besides a life and death matter with him, so that though he afterwards claimed to have yielded to the entreaty of his cousin, it is probable that being a prisoner he did not stickle long at signing and reading in public the very humble apology prepared for him by the elder Nathaniel Bacon, acting as mediator. He was almost at once admitted to his old seat in the council, and the news of the reconciliation dispersed the excited up-countrymen who had continued to crowd into town.

So fine a day presaged a storm, for Berkeley had learned statecraft in the school of Charles I. He had gone so far as to make public announcement of Bacon's appointment, but the commission was left unsigned, and the wind soon began to set from another quarter. Orders were privately sent out to raise the train-bands of the neighboring counties, and so to dispose of them that Bacon's friends could not again assemble in such numbers. The governor, relieved from pressure, found a pretext for not signing the promised commission. Intelligence was secretly given to Bacon that he was to be re-arrested, and that the road and the river were beset with men to put him to death if he essayed to go home the next morning, as he had proposed to do. He thereupon, to use his own phrase, "took the next horse" and escaped in the night. The party sent to seize him early in the morning searched Lawrence's house, sticking their swords through the beds in the vain hope of finding Bacon somewhere concealed. But the up-country was already flocking to him, and in an incredibly short space of time he was marching with characteristic celerity towards Jamestown, and this time there were five hundred armed men at his back. It was late in the day when the news came; the governor promptly ordered four great guns set up at Sandy Beach, which was then the only approach by land to the Jamestown peninsula, and which has now quite disappeared. Thirty men, all that could be mustered, were called out, a barricade across the narrow neck at Sandy Beach was planned, and scouts were sent out over night. The next morning there was a cry of "Arms! Arms!" in Jamestown,

but all attempts to secure trustworthy recruits from the York train-bands had failed, for the whole country was filled with disaffection. The soldiers of Jamestown were few, and the half of them not to be depended on against the popular leader. Reports were brought, moreover, that Bacon's men had sworn to put all to the sword if any resistance should be offered. With characteristic versatility and finesse, Berkeley had the cannon thrown from their carriages and the small arms laid aside, so that the town which had beat to arms in the morning presented an utterly peaceful and non-resistant aspect when on that June day Bacon marched in at the head of four hundred excited men on foot and a troop of a hundred and twenty on horseback. He left a party at Sandy Beach to prevent surprise from the land side or the escape of any one from the town, sent another squad to the ferry, another to the river landing-place, and a fourth to take possession of the fort, "so that no place could be more securely guarded."

Everybody in the little capital seems to have been panic-stricken except the old governor, whose cardinal virtue was the courage of a Cavalier. After some parley through councilors, he became furious at his own humiliation and the sturdiness of Bacon's demands. Going out, he bared his breast and declared that they might shoot him before he would sign a commission for such a rebel as Bacon. Then, forgetting his age and station, he drew his sword and offered to settle the matter on the spot by single combat with the young rebel. It is indeed the seventeenth century that we are here dealing with! "Sir," answered Bacon, "I come not nor intend to hurt a hair of your Honor's head, and for your sword your Honor may please to put it up; it may rust in the scabbard before I shall desire you to draw it. I come for a commission against the heathen who daily inhumanly murder us and spill our brethren's blood and no care is taken to prevent it." All the time of this dramatic parley between the slender young leader and the aged governor Bacon's hand was nervously put now to his hat and now to his sword-hilt, as though in an unconscious alternation of respect and defiance.

But courtly speeches did not avail. The governor and council retired towards the state-house; upon which Bacon, following them, took another tone, and burst out with one of those ingeniously meaningless oaths with which the young gentry of the Restoration period garnished their speeches, and in the making of which Bacon was notoriously ingenious. "God damn my blood!" he cried, "I come for a commission, and a commission I will have before I go.

I'll kill governor and council and assembly, and then I'll sheathe my sword in my own heart's blood." Rhyming his action to his words, he turned to his fusileers and said, "Make ready and present." The loaded matchlocks of the enraged Baconians were now leveled at the state-house, from the windows of which the burgesses were eagerly watching the scene between Bacon and the governor. One of the frightened burgesses waved a handkerchief at the troops and called out, "For God's sake hold your hands a little and forbear, and you shall have what you please."

Bacon probably felt that in his perilous position he could not afford even a half victory. He refused the first commission offered to him, and extorted a satisfactory commission for himself as major-general and thirty commissions in blank for officers to serve under him. He required the assembly to pass an act disabling certain of the worst spirits of the governor's party from holding any office, and he extorted a letter to the king signed by the governor and the speaker in exculpation of himself. In vain the old governor professed himself sick and sought permission to go home; the ferry and the peninsula were guarded, and Berkeley, subdued for the time, assented to a set of laws well adapted to reform abuses and relieve the people. When Bacon was dead and his work abrogated the oppressed Virginians begged for the reenactment of "the laws of the June Assembly," and "Bacon's Laws" are an oasis in the Virginia legislation of the seventeenth century.

THE SIEGE AND DESTRUCTION OF JAMESTOWN.

THIS legislation at gun-muzzle was interrupted before it was completed. In the forenoon of Sunday, the 25th of June, Jamestown was thrown into commotion by news "that the Indians had been foule and murdered eight of our people . . . at two several places on York River." These bold murders were but twenty-three miles from the capital, and were more than forty miles within the line of frontier settlements. Bacon therefore ordered provisions to the falls of the James River, and on Monday morning marched out of Jamestown to try his new commission against the savages. On that very Sunday in which Nathaniel Bacon, for the moment virtual dictator of Virginia, was getting ready to go against the Indians, England was agitated by the news of his earlier movements, and Thomas Bacon of Friston Hall was presenting a pathetic petition to the king begging that he would not be too angry with his son in Virginia until all the facts were known.

No sooner were the rebels out of Jamestown than the governor set himself to undo their work. He summoned the militia of York and Middlesex, under pretense of going himself against the Indians; but when the train-bands were informed that it was Bacon against whom they were to march, it is said that a murmur of "Bacon, Bacon, Bacon," arose among the men, who sullenly broke ranks and returned home. The old governor fainted on the field with chagrin.

The "general," as Bacon was now called, had completed his preparations for the Indian campaign, when, on the very night before the proposed departure of the expedition from the falls of the James River, there arrived a messenger sent post to inform him that the governor was raising the militia against him. Fearing to go against the savages with the certainty of encountering a hostile force when his men should come back exhausted, Bacon made a ringing little speech to his men and marched straight back to Jamestown. The governor, not wishing to encounter the rebels single-handed, fled across Chesapeake Bay to the eastern shore, where the inhabitants, from their remoteness and perhaps from their peculiar character, had always remained loyal, and free from the agitations of the rest of Virginia. But even the men of Accomac, while affording him an asylum, higgled with Berkeley for relief from abuses.

Bacon now found the government of all Virginia, except the two counties on the eastern shore, left derelict on his hands. He therefore summoned the leading gentlemen of the country to meet him on the third day of August at Middle Plantation, the site upon which the new capital, Williamsburg, was planted a few years later.

The men of estate were very willing to have their battles fought out for them, but many of them were naturally loath to put their own necks in reach of the governor's halter. Bacon, however, boldly threatened to deliver up his commission to the assembly, leaving the people to get out of the fix as best they could, unless they would enter into the most stringent engagements with him. He was not in a position to be content with a half support; Berkeley from Accomac was threatening vengeance, and he knew that he must soon settle his account with England itself, for the governor had sent Lady Berkeley across seas to make sure of assistance. A clergyman who opposed the taking of an engagement hostile to the king's troops was imprisoned, as were Sir Henry Chicheley and some others; some were won over by Bacon's arguments and persuasions, and some whom he suspected he compelled to go with him to the Indian country. Just at

the opportune moment the scale was turned in favor of Bacon's propositions by a new Indian raid into Gloucester County, and even York fort, from which the governor had but the day before taken away the arms and ammunition, was in danger of being captured by the savages. The general prescribed an oath which was administered in almost every county by the lawful magistrates, binding the Virginians to resist any forces sent out from England until Bacon could have time to inform the king of the true state of affairs and get reply; to divulge to the general all words spoken against him; and to keep his secrets. Bacon now made the only military mistake of his whole career; but, owing to the coincidence of unfortunate circumstances, it eventually proved a fatal one to his cause. He intrusted to Carver and Bland, two of his lieutenants, the delicate task of sailing to Accomac and capturing Berkeley. It was the only one of his important undertakings that he put into other hands, and the only one that miscarried. It might have been better to have sent Carver, seaman that he was, to fight the savages, and to have gone after the larger game himself.

Of his second expedition into the wilderness the accounts are very conflicting. The royal commissioners — who, however, knew little of Indians — censure him severely for attacking the Pamunkeys, who were ostensibly at peace with the whites. But the Virginians for the most part held to the theory, adopted by all frontier people when smarting under long-continued, cruel, and treacherous Indian outrages, that all Indians are hostile, overtly or covertly. Detained by rain until provisions were short, he offered to all who wished permission to return home; but this was done so adroitly that only three or four dared to brave the ridicule of their fellows by deserting the general. When all the provisions were consumed, he sent away all those who were not willing to subsist on horse-flesh and chinquapins. With the hardy little band that was left him, he kept up as long as possible a relentless scouring of the woods.

But when Bacon emerged from the wilderness it was to find the province again in confusion. The governor had captured the ship sent to take him, and had joined to this sixteen or seventeen sloops of the country; with these, on the 7th of September, he reentered Jamestown, which had been hurriedly evacuated by the Baconians without any attempt at defense. Berkeley had mustered for this expedition six hundred sailors and other adventurers. It was reported at the time that he had promised them, besides regular pay, twenty-one years' exemption from all taxes except church

dues, and the plunder of all who had taken Bacon's oath — "catch as catch could."

When Bacon received intelligence of the governor's return he had left but a hundred and thirty-six men, including "baggiatiers" or porters; and this little troop was exhausted by fatigue and scant diet. But by one of those martial appeals which never failed to stir the blood of his followers, he contrived to inspire his wan and weather-beaten little company with his own valor and confidence. He boasted to his men of their courage; he ridiculed the governor's force as composed of cowards and plunderers; he made the fiercest threats of vengeance; and to work his men up to the courage of savage desperation, and to intimidate his foes, he swore them to give and take no quarter — an oath not hard to them, since they were pretty sure to be hanged if they should surrender.

He did not take time to secure many reinforcements, but pressed forward towards Jamestown. The people cheered the valiant little forlorn hope as it pushed along the roads; they uttered prayers for the general's happiness, and rallied at the governor and his party. Fruits and victuals were brought forth to the soldiers as they passed, and the patriotic women passionately cried after Bacon that if he needed help they would come themselves to aid him.

Such was the celerity of this march, that before the governor had warning of his approach Bacon reached Jamestown — "outstripping the wings of fame," in the words of a writer of the time. His last day's march was thirty or forty miles, and he halted at Green Spring, in the neighborhood of Jamestown, where he disclosed to his tired men the tremendous odds against them, and animated them again by a speech pitched in a high, romantic key. "Come on, my hearts of gold," he cried; "he that dies in the field lies in the bed of honor." Drawing up his men after dark in the old Indian field by Jamestown, he rode forward to Sandy Beach — the neck, about ten paces wide, that connected the town with the mainland. He began the siege in the chivalresque fashion of the time. Instead of leaving the enemy to discover his arrival as best they could, he commanded a trumpeter to sound a defiance, and had a carbine fired; this was presently answered by a trumpeter from the town. Having performed the ceremonies due to the occasion, he dismounted, surveyed the ground, and ordered a trench made across the neck.

All night the men worked in the moonlight, having but two axes and two spades. Berkeley again attempted his favorite ruse of a conciliatory hypocrisy: he ordered his troops not to

attack, believing that the rebels would not dare begin an open battle with the royal governor, and pretending that he wished to avoid a war on account of Bacon's services against the Indians. The game had been played too often; Bacon assured his followers that the governor's party were as perfidious as they were cowardly. The little earthwork was at length completed, and at daybreak six of the Baconians announced the beginning of the siege by making a dash at the Jamestown palisades, firing a volley in bravado, and retreating in safety to their trench. In the contest which ensued Bacon's works, though built so hurriedly, effectually sheltered his men from the fire of the ships in the river and from the sallies of the governor's troops. By showing the men how to shield themselves with fagots carried in front of them and deposited on top and at the ends of the breastwork, the general extended and strengthened his fortifications under fire, apparently without losing one of his volunteers in the whole struggle. A sentinel perched on a neighboring chimney reported to the leader "how the men in the town mounted and dismounted, posted and reposted, drew on and off, and what number they were." Bacon's followers, after the childish fashion of the time, taunted and braved their adversaries, and even made a display on the top of their works of the Indians they had captured.

One attempt was made by a strong sally to carry the besiegers' works, but the rebels repulsed this, killing two of the attacking party, and Berkeley's troops never essayed it again.

On the 17th of September Bacon secured some cannon. Finding it difficult to mount these without losing the lives of some of his band, he sent to the neighboring plantations and brought into his works the wives and other female relatives of the governor's principal advisers and set them in an exposed position in front of his breastwork, sending one of the number into the town to give notice to the husbands of these ladies of the nature of his defenses. When his guns were in position he politely sent the ladies home again. A jaunty time, when men in deadly struggle played such schoolboy pranks!

Berkeley's recruits had come for plunder, and the business was getting too serious for them. Jamestown, with its malaria and its brackish water, "not grateful to the stomach," was an uncomfortable place in September. Every day was adding to Bacon's strength, and great numbers were rising in Isle of Wight and Nansemond counties. The governor's friends were particularly anxious to save the spoils already in their hands. On the 18th of September, the day after Bacon's great guns

were placed, the plunder that had been gathered — of which the governor had Lawrence's cupboard of beautiful silver plate — was carried on shipboard and the town evacuated.

The governor's fleet, however, halted in sight of the town; there was evidently an intention to reoccupy it at the first opportunity, nor was it very defensible from the water side. Besides, if Bacon remained he would soon be entrapped, for Major Brent was marching against him with a thousand men mustered from the northernmost borders of Virginia, where the causes and course of Bacon's movement were only known from vague rumors. The rebels did not want any stronger reasons for destroying a place which seemed to them the very fountain-head of all their calamities. Jamestown consisted, at this the pinnacle of its splendor, of sixteen or eighteen widely scattered houses. Of these about twelve were large, new, and built of brick, as was the church. There were only about a dozen families permanently resident there, "getting their livings by keeping of ordinaries at extraordinary rates," as a writer of the time tells us. All the dwellings, with the church and the state-house, were burned on the 19th of September. Lawrence and Drummond set fire to their own houses, and, if one may believe the governor, Bacon fired the church with his own hand. Drummond saved the records from the burning state-house.

BACON'S DEATH.

WITH his usual promptness in meeting a danger half way, Bacon started at once to encounter Brent, but the tidings that the general had beaten the governor out of the town demoralized the northern train-bands. Their adhesion to the governor was perhaps already doubtful; some of them fled; the greater part deserted bodily to Bacon, "resolving with the Persians to go and worship the rising sun." In his hour of triumph Bacon showed much moderation. He was full of plans for reorganizing the colony and for withstanding the forces expected from England. But Jamestown, whose unwholesome air had from the outset cost the colony many valuable lives, was now to revenge itself even on its destroyer. The week that Bacon spent in the trenches of the pestiferous peninsula had smitten him with a fatal dysentery, and he died in Gloucester County on the twenty-sixth day of October, full of military anxieties to the last. With admirable devotion the friends who surrounded him took precautions against the possibility that his body should ever be exhumed and exposed on a gibbet. In later times nobody knew where Nathaniel Bacon was buried. The only hint that has come down to us is that stones were placed in the

coffin by his friend Lawrence, from which we may conjecture that he found a sea-burial in the wide estuary of York River.

His character is sufficiently apparent from his career. The royal commissioners, who arrived in Virginia after he was dead, use some harsh words about him; it was to be expected that the commissioners of Charles II. would not speak well of a rebel. But their whole narrative of the rise of the rebellion is a justification of his action; nor can the commissioners quite conceal their admiration for some of his qualities. They testify that he was not "bloodily inclined"; in spite of all provocation he put but one man to death in cold blood, and that one a spy who had made a business of enlisting with Bacon and then deserting to the governor. Bacon offered to pardon him if any soldier in his force would but speak a word for him, but no word was spoken. The rebel leader seems to have lived without a suspicion of personal vindictiveness or mercenary corruption. He restrained the appetite of his troops for plunder in an age which accounted spoils the legitimate reward of the soldier. Men did not simply obey him — they were ready to die for him. In some things his movement foreshadowed the American Revolution, which it preceded by a hun-


dred years. His contrivance of a quasi-voluntary engagement of the people, as a substitute for legal authority, resembles strangely the "Articles of Association" exacted by the Congress of 1774; it is possible that the patriots of the later rebellion took lessons from him. For, in 1774, the "Virginia Gazette" printed an account of Bacon's movement from an old manuscript, now lost, as a means of animating the people to resistance. The signature to one of the proclamations in the British Museum, "Nathaniell Bacon, Generall by the consent of the People," strikes a note that has a strangely modern and republican sound. He was, as we have seen, an adroit speaker, and he possessed courteous manners and great powers of persuasion. His writings, though never elegant, and though sometimes lacking in correctness, are strong and effective; in spite of occasional turgidity and youthful declamatoriness, they are in places nervous and even eloquent. Considering the really great administrative qualities that were combined in this man of unflinching resource, one is tempted to wish that the Virginia Hampden had chanced on a more fortunate time and a larger field for the exercise of his genius.

Edward Eggleston.

[BEGUN IN THE JUNE NUMBER.]

THE ANGLOMANIACS.

III.

T was not until Mr. Ernest Jencks, late passenger on the steamship *Etruria*, and future professor of biology in Illyria University, Michigan, found himself and his luggage shut up in a dingy cab of the "night-hawk" pattern, and oscillating violently towards the Brevoort House over pavements unutterably bad, that the conviction dawned on him he had been tricked by fate. Verily, in the words of his prophet Carlyle, might have been said to him, "The understanding is indeed thy window — too clear thou canst not make it; but fantasy is thine eye, with its color-giving retina." Imagination had him in her grip. Since the pantomimic but expressive interview with the goddess of his dreams on shipboard he had actually not had speech with her alone. With returning sunshine, dry decks, good appetites, and hopes of land, the ship's passengers had suddenly blossomed out into a host

of chirping, joking folk, full of the affairs of a world that did not interest him and that subtly divided him from Lily.

Among the first to emerge from seclusion was Lily's mother. Trig, alert, stylish, conscious of a becoming hat, and sustained by stays that took ten years from her age, Mrs. Floyd-Curtis was herself again. At her beck were attendants aggressively correct and solemn. Surrounding the chairs of mother and daughter was a throng of gossipers. And if chance offered him a loop-hole, by seeing Lily set out for a walk, she was at once followed and entwined by Mrs. Clay. To hang around with the crowd in the hope of receiving the sixteenth of a smile or the thirty-second part of an opinion as to Lili Lehmann's voice did not allure him irresistibly. The whole complexion of things between them had been altered by fine weather. He was almost tempted to find his divinity sometimes pert, as he thought her mother vulgar. A light frost, in fact, had fallen upon his blooming rosebush. And then a great event had taken place, reconciling Mrs.

Floyd-Curtis to head winds and expanding her soul in pious recognition of the blessings sometimes concealed by frowns of Providence. Lady Melrose, widow of the late earl and mother of the present unmarried owner of the title, the irate dowager on her travels whom Miss Lily had contrived to affront so grievously at the outset of their voyage, had, like her fellow-travelers, been laid low by seasickness. She was a neighbor of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis in the locality of her stateroom, and it would have been a stony-hearted peeress who could have refused the patient daily offerings of homage—*pâté* sandwiches, fruit, champagne, and what not—that found their way to the reviving sufferer. And thus, by a process slow, but sure as the growth of pearls within the shell, America appeased the mother country. When the dowager appeared on deck, giving to view high aquiline features, a suffused complexion, and the expression of a bird about to pounce, her thin form encased in a black alpaca dust-cloak, and a faded blue hood trimmed with seal upon her head, it was leaning on the arm of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis's own Jeames, to take her place amid the downiest of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis's own cushions.

How Mrs. Clay admired her co-worker in diplomatic paths; how Lily was made to nibble, with rosy lips and contradicting eyes, at a bit of humble-pie; how Mrs. Floyd-Curtis sat by serene, and kept the situation well in hand—are victories to be sung in strains heroic, not said in lowly prose.

Had our worthy Jencks been a little less of a dreamer, and a little better versed in worldly ways, he had surely seen that this circumstance put the finishing touch to his hopes of favor from Lily's mother. Had there been nothing else, how could Mrs. Floyd-Curtis have ventured to perform the rites of introduction between an Englishman of middle class and an Englishwoman of high rank on a ship flying British colors? This is a question for the manuals on etiquette to decide. The vastness of the subject inclines me to waive trouble by letting Mrs. Floyd-Curtis have her way.

Thus matters had continued until the *Etruria* touched her pier. Then a wild throb of rebellion against parting with his love without another word of confidence assailed the breast of Ernest Jencks. He could have seized her and jumped overboard had he dared believe she returned his passion. But of opportunity for this sort of medieval *coup-de-main* none offered. Lily had receded as America drew near. He almost fancied she had intention in her avoidance of his presence. In the confusion of going ashore, when he was standing alone and savage, debating what next to do, Jencks felt a touch like velvet on his arm.

He turned around, saw Lily with her maid, and in the near distance Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, beckoning.

"It was to ask if I may keep your 'Letters to Dead Authors,'" Lily said; "I can send it to you by mail."

He had forgotten the book, but his heart exhaled in blessing Andrew Lang. In his joy at recognizing a bond between them, however slight, poor Jencks lost his head, and blurted out:

"Don't send it back. Or, if you must, keep it till you want—till you've need of me—you might, you know—then send it, and I will come."

"All the way from Illyria?" she said, with her old merry smile at his extravagance of promise.

"From the world's end," he whispered hotly, and their hands met; then Mrs. Floyd-Curtis bore down upon the group and hustled them apart.

It was a moment of some anxiety for Lily's mother. There was on board a new prima donna, and the reporters had come down in full force to be told of her gladness to greet America. It was also known that the heroine of the Prince's breakfast was returning by this ship, and as paragraphs were bound to reach next morning's newspapers it was naturally desirable that they should be discreetly framed. When, therefore, a good-looking young gentleman doffed his hat to Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, and offered her his card containing in one corner certain magic syllables to show what organ of public opinion he embodied, the clever lady actually turned red. But soon recovering herself, she withdrew a little from the crowd, and discoursed to her questioner in gracious whispers.

MR. THOMAS BANTING, who, barring a rather cherubic look, could in no sense be said to suggest a messenger of Cupid, found Jencks at his hotel some days after landing. The Englishman, who had determined to spend a fortnight in New York before banishment to Illyrian wilds, seemed to the genial New Yorker to be in an impracticable mood, and, reversing Browning's words, was "all prickles, no petals." He let himself be carried off, however; was put up at a couple of clubs, and dined at Delmonico's, where they saw a curious gathering of sun-burned, hilarious people in half-traveling costume, declared by Mr. Banting to be the elect of society returned from mountain, moor, and sea, and in the act of opening their town houses for the season. Jencks looked in vain for the fragility he had been led to believe in as typical of American women. The men, too, were brown and hearty, and

much of the talk was about sport, horses, dogs, and yachting, although, where the ladies had no part in conversation, Wall street and the familiar names in finance were often heard. The evening wound up pleasantly at a neighboring theater, where they enjoyed as much as was possible of a charming actress over the

breathless, got in, or rather on to the platform at the rear. These the conductor of the car, a smiling Irishman in a greasy uniform and with extremely dirty hands, patted upon the back, adjuring them to "Step up lively, now." When at last neither inside nor out could by any pretense be made to receive another mar-



LADY MELROSE ESTABLISHED WITH A SUPPORTER ON EACH SIDE.

monstrous bonnets of the women occupying seats in the parquet. Coming out of the playhouse, the two men stood for a moment to light their cigars beneath the electric light of the entrance. Jencks wondered at the incongruity of an audience so richly attired struggling for places in a Broadway car. Pell-mell they rushed for the seats, and when these were filled surged into the narrow aisle, packed in a swaying mass. Women, with costly furs, diamonds, and hothouse violets, clinging to the straps, were nudged and jostled by any unsavory stranger who had paid his five cents for a "ride." And still the insatiable car stood still and submitted to new incursions. More ladies, laughing and

tyr, the bell rang, the straining horses started, and a new car came into place, to see the experiment repeated.

"By the way, this is Friday," said Banting, as they exchanged good-nights. "Why not run out with me to-morrow to Tupelo, and stop over till Monday? It's a place you ought to see. And I should n't wonder if you found some one there you know. I know the Floyd-Curtises are there. They've been buying land, I'm told."

Jencks hesitated, and was lost.

Next day Banting found him walking up and down in the ferry-house at the foot of West Twenty-third street, and thought the

air of New York must agree with the newcomer, so bright, so eager, was the young man's face, so quick his step. Presently a huge double-ended boat came into the slip, gates were opened, and a crowd of people emerged, rushing as if to see a fire, carrying with it women, babies, and other impedimenta, to be succeeded by a returning wave of similar humanity, who, filling the cabins, settled placidly into the seats. When the everyday people were established it was the turn of a few whose luggage was marked "Tupelo Park" to go on board. Some sat in their cabs or broughams, with glasses down, and with long-coated footmen waiting close at hand. Others went out on the forward deck, and stood huddled in little isolated groups. Almost all refused to see their fellow-passengers. They were really delightfully exclusive. And their accent was for the most part so strongly English, their phraseology so much what Jencks had left behind, that but for an occasional relapse into the American vernacular, a word promptly repronounced in English, you might have believed them to be one of Thackeray's bands of British aristocrats compelled to cross the Channel in company with tourists of their own nation, but of baser clay.

The glorious wide river swelled into a mimic sea. The far shore was dyed with autumn tints. A wind blew out of the west so fresh and free as to make the blood tingle with delight. In this sparkling atmosphere the Hudson was instinct with life. As the cumbrous boat plowed heavily in the direction of New Jersey she was apparently compelled to thread her way among schooners, sloops, lumberbarges, tugs, and rowboats that impeded her course. Other huge ferry-boats crossed and recrossed the stream. An ocean steamer came in, another sailed, the decks thronged with passengers. It seemed like a game of hit-or-miss, as the various craft glided before and behind theirs, amid the clang of bells and raucous cries of steam whistles. For miles along each shore the horizon line was etched with the masts of ships.

Most striking to the eye familiar with the atmospheric density of a London firmament was the stainless blue of the sky serving as umbrella to New York, whose purity the smoke of thousands of chimneys did not succeed in smirching. In the slanting rays of an afternoon sun, housetops, spires, towering buildings, and meaner suburbs were seen under a beautifying veil of golden tissue.

In the drawing-room car, where the Tupelo party were presently assembled, Jencks found himself, willy-nilly, gathered up by Banting and presented to some of the passengers who had by that time relaxed into a relieved

intercommunication of which the perspective showed no bar. By all of them he had the satisfaction to be received civilly, by some with cordiality. A new Englishman has the odds all in his favor. Banting, a good-natured mortal, and sketchy in his style, had told his friends that Professor Jencks was the most famous scientist of Oxbridge, and that Barker said he might probably be intending to write a book about the States. Barker had said nothing of the kind. It was a passenger on the *Etruria* who hazarded this observation, and Banting interwove it with his own ideas of the reality. The consequence was that Jencks's reputation, immediately after he set foot on American soil, began to grow at the rate of Chicago or Seattle.

In the talk of the circle of which Mr. Jencks was now privileged to be a member he thought he had never heard a more nimble interchange of merry nothings. The manner of it was rather French than English, though the low voices and distinct enunciation, here more the rule than the exception, suggested a lesson acquired in England and practiced with painstaking. Following his experience with some other Americans in public vehicles, the present one "like a poultice came, to heal the blows of sound."

It was evident that the men were mostly content to let their womankind serve as their representatives in active speech. Some of them, coming directly from down-town offices to join their families at the ferry, opened the large sheets of evening newspapers and were lost behind them at the starting of the train. Now and again such a student of current history might be observed to grind his teeth and crumple his journal, or to get up and retire precipitately into the smokers' car. He was apt to be a distinguished citizen whose name was familiar to the public, in process of deriving entertainment from some horribly personal and abusive paragraph concerning his private character, or a brief biography of his wife or daughter accompanied with ghastly process blocks of these ladies in *costume de bal*.

To Jencks's particular lot fell a voluble couple, mother and daughter, going up for what apparently was an oft-repeated holiday at Tupelo, and prepared to enlighten him on all points connected with the gossip of the place.

Under circumstances like these he naturally heard the name of his fair one early brought up for comment. The young lady, a "bud" of the preceding year, beset him to know what he thought of the eyes, nose, mouth, taste in dress, intelligence, and temper of Miss Floyd-Curtis. The poor girl was, in fact, thoroughly raked over the coals of criticism. His inter-

locutor, who, he justly thought, was pretty enough on her own account to have left room in the world for Lily, did not rest till she had despoiled the newer beauty of every claim to admiration. And then he observed her bestow a covert but satisfying glance at a certain strip of mirror let into the opposite wall of the Pullman.

Mr. Jencks learned also that not only were the Floyd-Curtises installed at the club house as recent purchasers of land and prospective house-owners, entitled now to the privileges of membership, but that they had with them as their guests Mrs. Bertie Clay and the Countess of Melrose. These ladies were to be crown and summit of the evening's expected meeting of club people and cottagers in the ball-room of the club house.

Less than an hour and a half of journeying over emerald lowlands into a beautiful hill country, all garlanded with autumn leaves, brought the party to their destined stopping-place. Behind the station were drawn up an array of dog-carts, village carts, wagonettes, and other shining vehicles, with grooms, horses, and harness in correctest style. To these severally resorted the people who owned them as well as the luxurious cottages scattered about the Park. Jencks, with his friend and others bound directly to the club, took possession knee to knee of a trig omnibus, and were before long passing under a stone archway marking the confines of the Park. Here, between the rows of chattering people, Jencks again enjoyed hearing the name of Miss Floyd-Curtis tossed like a shuttlecock. He was inclined to think that the importance to the social community of a new belle was second only to that of a presidential candidate to the community at large; and, this being the year of a presidential election, he had already found opportunity for observation on the subject. That conjecture had begun to reckon up the available and impecunious members of the British peerage for Lily's benefit, he was also made painfully aware.

It was otherwise a pleasant drive enough, through a wilderness that had been made to blossom into something akin to the perfection of English landscape gardening. The winding roads were paved and drained and provided with lamps for gas, but overhead grew trees of the deep woods, and at every turn some boulder bedded in moss and greenery, some bank of yellowing bracken, some glimpse of lake and distant hilltop, showed that nature had not been despoiled of her fondest coqueteries. In the dewy depths of leafage glorious in rainbow color there were still notes of song-birds tarrying upon their southward way, while squirrels stored their nuts in full sight of the

passer-by. Viewed in that atmospheric brilliancy of tone peculiar to our hill country at this season of the year, a little effort of the imagination and one might revive the primeval stretches of woodlands in which the genius of Cooper framed some of his "Leather-stocking Tales."

The "bus," skirting the lake, drew up finally before a long, picturesque, brown house, with wings and attendant cottages clustered beneath a grove of glorious oak trees. Lackeys in waiting helped travelers to alight, and ushered them into a deep hall, filled with the furnishings of home-like comfort, and softly luminous with lamps and a fire of logs, kindled in a chimneyplace of cavernous proportions. Scattered over the great table facing the fire were journals and magazines of England and America, those illusive piles that light the unaccustomed eye with rapture, and to the habitual reader of many periodicals convey satiety with the mere glancing at the covers. Surrounding this table, seated in easy chairs or standing, were groups of men and women, most of them attired as if just come in from walk, or drive, or ride, or sail. It was the pleasant hour when cups clink and kettles puff their steam, when whitest fingers twinkle over sugar-tongs, dally with cream-jugs, and make votive offerings of too often atrocious draughts of tea. In an adjoining drawing-room a table was spread offering full material for the exercise of this fashionable pastime. Elsewhere was heard the soft click of billiard balls, and to the men who so desired it there was more than one open door of escape from the society of their best and dearest. But for the registry desk, hidden from sight by the abutment of the chimney, where stood an official prepared to testify on all points connected with trains, telegrams, conveyances, drives, keys, location of rooms, probabilities of weather, and the correct time of day, it was like the country house of some self-effacing host.

Jencks was a little bewildered by the brilliant gaiety of the guests, the already established among them greeting the newcomers with effusive welcome. He would have missed the reserve, the low-toned talk, of a similar gathering in England had he been an adept in the country houses of his own, his native land. But it was charming enough to dispense with criticism as he stood by the hall fire looking curiously on at the kaleidoscopic picture. In none of the passing figures did he discern the one now become of absorbing interest to his thoughts. As the people were thinning out to go to their rooms the hall door opened, and, in a waft of cooling air, fragrant with odors of the autumn wood, came to him the apparition of Lily Curtis. She was one of a driving



"I HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE HERE."

party just arrived, and on entering the warm hall she hastened to loosen and throw aside the Connemara cloak of glowing crimson, with some sort of high collar of brown fur and intricate clasps of beaten silver, that he remembered seeing on shipboard. That the young man nearest her received this cloak upon his arm as if it had been royalty's Jencks noted with jealous eyes. Then a species of giddiness came into his calm brain, for Lily, looking over at the fire, saw him in turn. She was clad all in white woolen stuff made sailor-wise, and she wore upon her ruddy locks a little sailor hat. Everything recalled to him their voyage and his enchantment. A moment and she had crossed the hall and was holding out her hand to him, a joy there was no mistaking in her eyes.

"Why, Mr. Jencks!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, how d' ye do—I'm here with Banting."

It is only in books that people taken by

surprise adjure each other in polished phraseology.

While dressing for dinner a sense of the grotesqueness of his present attitude disturbed the young professor. He was obviously a fish out of water. He felt tempted to pack his portmanteau and go back to town by the night train. He tried to persuade himself that the only reason for not doing so was that it would seem so very rude to Banting.

Banting and he had a little table for two in the great glass-covered veranda overlooking the lake, where everybody likes to dine. Banting had cunningly selected their location in order to give his friend a full view of the pretty scene.

There were many tables, some large, some small, the diners numbering about one hundred and fifty when reinforced by parties from the cottages, who came in for the dance that was to follow. In their immediate vicin-

ity a table with many roses and silver candelabra was prepared for an especial party not yet arrived. Presently Jencks had the pleasing pain of seeing six couples come down the room, among them his sweetheart and the man who had held her cloak, and take their places at this table next to him. Without doing more than to glance over the rim of his glass of Burgundy, he could see the back of Lily's beautiful young shoulders, and her knot of burnished hair twisted high and stuck through with an amber dart—the little rings escaping from the knot curling upon the bare white column of her neck. As she had passed them, with a nod and a smile, the poor professor had been struck dumb by her dazzling appearance. It was not finery, surely, for her attire was of simplest white, girdled with white, and she wore no ornaments. But he had never seen her before in evening dress, and he did not wonder that all heads turned to look at her, and, as to the Helen of the classics, "did her reverence as she passed."

"Amber—what is amber?" he was musing. "Tears of the Heliades, I think, when they wept over Phaeton's fall. They were changed into poplars, and their boughs dropped the precious gum. She is straight and tall, like a poplar, but her eyes have never wept."

Now this is what he said. To the waiter: "I will have another cutlet." To Banting: "It's awfully good of you, certainly, to give me an opportunity to see this. I'm not likely to see anything better of its kind. These people, I take it, represent your most distinguished citizens. But tell me, if you don't mind: this upper stratum of republican society in your States in general—for what are its members distinguished? Has any one of them discovered or invented anything, or written a book that led thought in his time, or a successful play? Is there among them a great statesman, or surgeon, or scientist, or one of your brilliant editors or lawyers whose names we know so well in England?"

"Hum!" said Banting; "you see *those* at dinners sometimes. But, as a general rule, they're too busy. They're bored by it, in fact. They send their women-folk."

"And your politicians?"

"They show up in Washington," Banting exclaimed, rather nervously. "Fact is, you should go to Washington. It's unique. I run down there myself every season, for a week or so."

"But the politicians who are living in New York?"

"They can't serve two masters," Tommy said, serenely. "Just let a man's name be published as at a swell ball or dinner, and his constituents of Avenue A pitch into him for a 'dude,' and away goes his 'influence' in

his 'deestrick,' and the newspapers never let up on him. Two or three fellows of our set have gone in for politics in New York, but they were young, you know. They'll have time to live it down."

"Then if this is society, such men as I ask about are *not* society?"

"Absurd!" said Banting. "Plenty of 'em send their families. You can understand that to run a big machine like ours takes time."

"Then the ones who do have time to associate with the wives and daughters of the ones who don't?" persisted Jencks.

"Oh, they have mostly inherited great fortunes; in some cases have made their own and stopped," said Tommy, easily. "They represent our leisure class, our equivalent for your aristocracy."

"Is it true, what a newspaper man told me, that there are gentlemen of inherited wealth among you who are actually and designedly segregating into a clique that shall exclude the present maker of money, the professional man taking fees for service rendered to his client or his patient?"

"I give you my word I never heard anybody *say* so," said Tommy, modestly. Being the son and heir of a late eminent haberdasher, Mr. Banting was rather flattered by this suggestion. "Hang it, Jencks, what do you expect of us?"

"I expected to find New York the flower of the materialism by which the world is leavened; and I've found it," remarked Jencks, putting sugar in his coffee.

"If we're material, what's London? What's Paris? Why, fellows over there will do anything for money. As I was going on to say, I believe you Britishers are half disappointed not to find us sitting around wigwam fires, and to have our squaws wait on you, and be asked to go to the chase in Iroquois costume."

"I am disappointed to find so few who seem to value their country for anything it has achieved beyond heaping up colossal fortunes and laying so many miles of railroad. Those who treasure its traditions are about as isolated from the control of thought as one of the Aztec images up yonder in your Metropolitan Museum, where I spent the morning in company with perhaps a dozen other searchers after art last week."

"We'll catch up with history and the arts by and by," remarked Mr. Banting, with imperturbable good nature. "And if you'll stay over in New York till election time I rather think you'll find a reason why the high patriotic business is about played out. Just go down to Castle Garden and study the kind of citizens we're acquiring every day to help form our thought. Drop in at one of our courts and see our manufactory of voters at work."

The other day I happened to be there when the judge was examining a scaly lot of organ-grinders and Russians, previous to naturalizing them. The first fellow he had up was an Italian, all garlic and ear-rings, and the first question asked was, 'What sort of a government is this?' 'Georgia Washa, Georgia Washa,' the fellow answered, like a parrot. But the judge pressed the question, and on being prompted in the rear the man rallied up with, '*Sì, sì, repubblicana.*' 'Who make the laws?' was the next question, and again the answer was 'Georgia Washa.' But after repeated coaching Signor Garibaldi informed the court that 'de peep' make the laws, and was then admitted to be one of us—an American citizen. Another aspirant was a dirty, hairy Nihilist with a name like a sneeze. He could n't speak a word of English, and the questions were repeated to him through a Russian interpreter. His only answers were a series of shrugs, and his face was as vacant as an owl's; but he, too, became entitled to the privilege I share with him. The law's exaction is that the would-be citizen shall be 'of good moral character and attached to the principles of the Constitution'; hence the style of interrogatory."

"That's a nice showing for your judiciary," Jencks said. "It's as bad as stealing votes."

"We must make allowance for a fellow-feeling in some cases, I suppose. When the judge happens to be foreign born himself, or the immediate descendant of a naturalized immigrant, his inclination to be indulgent with the new applicant for citizenship is sometimes irresistible, don't you know? At any rate, that's what we have to put up with, and it's stinging hard to bear."

"You are always 'putting up with' things. You're the most submissive race on earth to public outrages. And from a cursory view of the situation I'm inclined to the opinion that the least attractive features of your great city, externally, are office-holders and ash-barrels," said Jencks, good-humoredly.

"Which is the *raison d'être* of Newport and Tupelo. Well, all said, and in spite of some weak points, I find our community a pretty good one to live in. You gibe at our extravagance, but what does money mean but the good things of life? If our millionaires have, so far, chosen to put their art into the best ways of getting comfortably around the world, who's profited by it, I'd like to know? Pictures and statues will come along. You don't find our charities behindhand. They are among the most splendid in the world. In the last few years our grand new houses have been filled with treasures you were glad we had dollars enough to pay for. Who'd buy all these crown jewels of defunct monarchies, tapestries and

carvings from impoverished castles, bric-à-brac and books Europe can't afford to keep, if we did not? Even the East profits: Japan has to manufacture new curios, because her priceless old ones are in American collections. Wait till I can show you the houses of a few of our New York millionaires, and you'll see whether the Jeffersonian simplicity business is not played out to some good purpose."

"Don't show me anything more," Jencks said, laughing. "I am rapidly growing into the state of mind of that young fellow I heard of last week who failed as a society reporter, and went and hired a suit of evening clothes in which to drown himself like a gentleman in the reservoir of Central Park. I believe it all to be enormously important."

"She has just the untrammelled walk that a young squaw might have," his thoughts took shape again. "If she were grinding corn in a hollowed rock she would be just as graceful. Oh, if she had not a penny, and I a ranch in the far West, what a glorious comrade for the wilds! Even this cobweb tinsel spun around her has not harmed her yet. But it will—alas! it will. And she is no more for me than I am fit for an atmosphere like hers. It is the wildest caprice of destiny that has made me love her. Well, I will regale my eyes this little while, and then—Walter Bagehot said he would enjoy society if the little pink-and-blue girls were not so like each other. That's how I've always looked at it. She's not monotonous. She is continually changing, the embodiment of joyous youth at one moment, cynic the next. But the cynicism is only skin deep, and the freshness is perennial—"

"If you've finished your coffee, shall we go and smoke?" said Banting.

IV.

THE ball-room at the Tupelo club-house is an octagonal apartment, with tints of opal iridescence in its dome and walls, and draperies of gray-blue plush. Around it runs a dais, with seats for dowagers and talkers. At one end is a stage for concerts and theatricals. On this were already grouped the picturesque Hungarians, tearing away wildly at their magic fiddle-bows, and filling the languid air with irresistible vitality. On the wide parquet, polished like an eggshell, groups of girls were strolling or waltzing together, with an occasional glance in the direction of the entrance-door, beyond which, in billiard and smoking rooms, the men hid themselves, conscious of value as blessings to be not unduly lavished until sufficiently desired.

Even Lily, at ordinary times indifferent, kept a sort of covert watch upon the door.

Lady Melrose, accustomed to her forty

winks after dinner before the men came in, had established herself with a supporter on each side. She resented the approach of ladies who would have chosen this hour for civilities. In her opinion there was too much discussion of everything among women in America. Upon the great questions of the hour, down to the smallest arrangement for social entertainment, was expended such a surprising amount of animation. Nor did she meet with the enthronement as an oracle she had been led to expect. These easy, clear-headed, clever women were a surprise to her. One inconsistency alone was patent. She saw that they were cultured, beautiful, and well-dressed without extravagance. It soon transpired that most of those with whom she talked had journeyed into every civilized part of Europe and the East—that in no sense could they be called provincial. It struck her as a curious weakness that the achievement they apparently valued most was the three days' visit last year to Lady Such-a-one's shooting-box in Scotland, or the dinners and balls they had had cards for the year before in London. Every hereditary title of their acquaintance in the British peerage was rubbed up and made to do duty in reminiscent conversation. To Lady Melrose such warmed-over food was not refreshment. Her fad was temperance, and she had much rather have discussed the blue-ribbon movement in America, and the probabilities of getting an audience to listen to her expound her views in New York slums, than to indulge in Mayfair maundering.

"Yes, I dessay. Very smart, very pretty," she answered to somebody's appeal as to whether she did not find the present scene attractive. Then, turning to Mrs. Bertie Clay, "I wish you 'd keep them off me for a bit," added her ladyship, hunching her mauve shoulders and yawning. "If they would sit still I would n't mind it. They talk so much. And everybody makes me give my views of everything. I don't want to be made to talk. I want to be told stories, like those What 's-his-name told me at dinner. He 's a doctor, ain't he, What 's-his-name? He 's really the best of the lot. I suppose he learned 'em to amuse his patients."

"Oh, but it 's a long time since Dr. Clarkson practiced," interposed Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, hastily. "You must n't think he practices. He has an independent fortune, and is one of our most popular men in society."

"I 've another story for you, Lady Melrose," said the object of their remarks, coming up at this interesting juncture. "Heard it just now in the billiard-room, and booked it for your benefit. The place was—well, say Red Gulch, Oregon; the scene, a hanging. Red Gulch, you know, was a brand-new 'city' in the

hands of an enterprising land company, consisting, in point of fact, of a store and two houses, near which the gallows had been placed. From far and near people had come to enjoy the exercises of the day. No such gathering, in style and numbers, had been seen or was likely to be seen. At the moment when the clergyman had said his prayer, the condemned man had stepped upon the trap, and the sheriff had adjusted the noose, a thin, excited man in a linen duster, his hat in hand, full of papers, dashed up the steps of the gallows, and with a profound bow addressed the group.

"If the gentleman now occupying the platform will give way for *one* moment," he remarked; then, turning to the crowd, 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he went on, 'I call your attention to the fact that the Red Gulch Land Improvement Company has still for sale a number of valuable corner lots, which to those buying now will be sold by me at prices within the reach of all—'

"So much he had said before he could be stopped; and having accomplished his purpose, cordially thanking and saluting the sheriff and the condemned, the intruder stepped down, and the 'gentleman occupying the platform' stepped 'out.'"

"Horrible!" cried Mrs. Floyd-Curtis.

"Fancy, now," said her ladyship.

"It 's a fact," remarked Clarkson, beamingly. "Another? Well, I was traveling in—er—Missouri—last year, and a fellow in the smoking-car with me sighed deeply as we passed a field of growing wheat.

"'Things ain't like they was,' he said, sentimentally. 'Ten years ago I owned land in this vicinity—lived here, in short. Us gentlemen of the neighborhood took a man up on suspicion of horse-stealing, and he never denied it, and the boys just hung him to a tree. Well, we buried him in this here field we 're passing, and 'bout a week later came the news that he never done it. He war n't no horse-thief, after all. He was a respectable citizen living in the next county, and the wust he ever done was to kill a man in a quarrel over cards. He thought, you see, we was a-hanging him for that. Of course if we 'd have known all he done was to shoot a Kansas man, we 'd have never took the matter up. The joke was on us. But I told the boys I 'd make all square with the widow, and I did.'

"How so?" I asked.

"Well, they just got up resolutions of sympathy with the family of the deceased, and I rode over with 'em and saw the widow, and—married her. I live there now, and she 's in the ladies' car behind.'"

"Fancy, now," said her ladyship again.

An hour later and the dance was in full

swing. Jencks, who had several times gone to the threshold of the ball-room door and turned back, at last strolled in, taking his seat in a remote corner. Lily was, as he soon discerned, queen-rose of the rosebud garden of girls, and on exceedingly good terms with her surroundings. He did not suppose she had noticed his arrival; but in one of the figures of the cotillon where the dancer may choose a partner she came swiftly in his direction, appealing to him with a little gesture of command.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I don't dance," he said, his heart thumping at the opportunity he had lost. "I have no right to be here. But if to-morrow I may see you for one moment—"

"Come to service at the little church; you may walk home with me," she answered, melting from his sight into the multicolored throng.

Next day, which was Sunday, a light, drizzling rain fell, and many of the ladies, Mrs. Floyd-Curtis among others, chose to stay indoors. Rain had ceased, but the yellow trees exhaled moisture and the lake seemed to be veiled in gray as the two young people set out for their walk back to the club-house.

"I wonder what I should say to you if I met you in fair weather," Lily remarked. "You are a perfect rain-crow."

"And you are a stormy petrel, that has become entangled in the rigging, to be held sacred on my voyage through life."

"Well done!" cried Lily. "You have certainly improved in gallantry. I have hopes of you. Ten years in America, and we shall not know you for a British stoic."

"I am afraid not," returned Jencks, a tremor in his voice that he could not entirely repress. "But, indeed, I can't talk nonsense about you and me."

Lily tried to rally to her rescue something to turn away the tide she felt was ready to burst and overwhelm her.

"Don't talk, then," she said. "Let me do all the talking. Then I'll be sure to go home and tell mamma that Mr. Jencks is the most agreeable man I know."

"You had better say as little as possible about me. I'm not inscribed in your mother's books. When I bowed to her last night she looked as if she were trying to think where she had met that person, and Mrs. Clay simply cut me in cold blood."

"You were never half civil to Mrs. Clay. She gave you more than one opportunity on shipboard."

"I don't like that kind of woman. She makes my flesh creep. And—but I've no right to say what I began to say."

"Go on, please."

"It's only that I don't think she's a good friend of yours."

"She's a very intimate friend of mamma's," said Lily, a shade crossing her bright face. "And she has been so kind to me. I believe she can make mamma do anything she pleases."

There was a pause. Jencks was thinking, with terror, that his worst fears for Lily would be confirmed.

"I'm not exactly meek," the girl went on. "But when I love people I like to please them in every way. My mother has been the tenderest, the most loving person to me, except my dear old daddy—and Mrs. Clay is so captivating. Oh, why did you put it into my head she's not my friend?"

"I am very sorry," Jencks said, humbly. "It was not considerate of you. I was thinking perhaps chiefly of myself."

"But you said she makes your flesh creep."

"Good heavens! so I did," cried Jencks. "That was abominably brutal. It's well I'm to leave these parts on Wednesday for Illyria."

"I never knew such a plain-spoken person as you are," she resumed. "But when I'm inclined to take offense it comes over me that you have never told me anything that was not true—and truth seems to me so beautiful. It is like a rock to rest upon. So I forgive you the rest; but please don't abuse my friends, for they are all I have."

"Soon you will have a hundred new friends to choose from. In a few weeks they will be swarming around you. It will be only a question to whom you will throw the handkerchief."

"Your voice sounds cross. Why are you like a peevish child? Why should I not have friends? You, who are going to Illyria, what difference can it make to you?"

O Lily, Lily! what has become of your pride of young womanhood that you stoop to set this snare?

Jencks did not answer her at first. He stalked along, swinging his closed umbrella, and splashing the water out of little pools. She stole a side glance at his face, and saw it dark and lowering, the vein between his brows swollen, the lines around his mouth more set than ever before. She thought she had offended him, and, like the child she was, moved fluttering closer to his side, and looked up into his eyes.

"Don't be angry," she said. "I did not mean to hurt you. I can't bear to have you look at me like that."

"God help me!" the young man burst out suddenly. "Oh, you are not blind; you have a heart that feels! Don't you see that I love you better than life?—that if I asked you to marry me I'd be a cur? That day upon the steamer I thought for a moment—one mad moment—that you might care for me. I'll declare it gave me more pain than pleasure. But in the time since I've seen that it was

my own delusion, and I am glad. If I go away from you, it will be with resolution to live this passion down. It's because I respect my manhood as much as I love you that I'm going; can't you see?"

Lily, for all her coquetry of manner, knew not the arts of evasion. What was trembling on her lips to say, and was yet unsaid because he had told her he did not mean to ask her to be his wife, might have changed the course of events and of this story. She was conscious of a wave of protest, of longing not to be left, like a child's clinging to the one who bids him farewell and sets him down to go away. And while these emotions were tearing her heart a carriage came around a turn in the road and the horses were pulled sharply up. Within sat Lily's mother and Mrs. Clay, the latter languid and indifferent, appearing to look at them through narrowed eyes.

"Lily! Why, Lily, you imprudent child!" cried Mrs. Floyd-Curtis. "It was only two days ago you were complaining of sore throat. Come in with me; I am taking Mrs. Clay for a turn before luncheon. Mr. — er — Banks."

"Jencks, Madam," said that person, bowing.

"Mr. Jencks can no doubt find his own way to the club. There, Thomas, you may drive on now. Good morning, Mr. Banks."

Jencks stood like a stock upon the roadside, watching the carriage roll away. Two men in knickerbockers, with billycock hats and black-thorn sticks, came up with him. The young fellows, who were off for a ten-mile tramp, eyed him curiously, and bestowed on him a civil greeting as they exchanged remarks about roads and distances. This circumstance gave Jencks the idea of setting out on his own account for a walk of indefinite duration. He struck over the hills, and did not make his appearance at the club-house till after dark.

While Lily's maid was engaged in attiring her young lady next morning a knock at the door developed a bell-boy with a note. When she could be alone to read it Lily found these penciled words:

I write this at the station waiting for the train that will take me away from you. I tried to pass out of your life without another word, but vainly. With my whole heart and soul I love you. Good-by, and be happy always, and light of heart as you deserve to be, and are.

I think it no shame to our Lily that she kissed the prosaic bit of railway paper again and again, raining over it a summer tempest of girlish tears. It seemed to her that a great black stone had rolled across the pathway of her life. This man, this stranger, who had been but a short time before one of the vast army of entities born into the world to cross and recross one another unrecognized, how had he suddenly become the master of her heart? That is a mystery it would

puzzle a deeper philosopher than Lily to answer. One fact, however, remained indisputable. He had come, he had gone; and with him the spring-time of her woman's life.

"Yes, he left last night. You managed the matter beautifully, you dear thing," said Mrs. Floyd-Curtis to Mrs. Clay the same morning, when the ladies were on their way to see a match at shooting pigeons.

"I knew from the moment he turned up here what his little game was," Barbara observed. "Banting, who is a goose, ought to have known better than to bring him."

"You are quite sure there has been no gossip about their meetings on the ship?"

"Everything is talked about," said Barbara, discreetly generalizing. "But it will die out soon. The worst they can say is that she flirted — and in America, what's that?"

"But I never knew Lily to want to flirt before."

"My dear lady, it is an appetite that to most of us comes with eating," Mrs. Clay said, not refraining from a sneer. "Those big blond men, with broad shoulders and an air of caring only for themselves, are the most dangerous to girls. There's no denying the man was good enough to look at."

"But his name — how could my Lily fancy any one with such a dreadful name?"

"Well, he has taken his name away with him, and we may hope never to hear of it again. All I advise is, that for the future you keep an eye on Lily. This kind of affair at starting may give her a taste for them. Besides, there are other reasons — did I tell you? Lady Melrose says her son has cabled that he will join her for the journey to the West."

"But I thought he never saw his mother more than once or twice a year," exclaimed Mrs. Floyd-Curtis with sparkling eyes.

"Perhaps he means to turn over a new leaf, and will begin by attaching himself to his mother's apron-string. Perhaps he's tired of England. When I knew him he was tired of everything. At any rate, he is coming to New York."

"I don't think I mentioned," resumed Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, after a moment's silence, "that Lady Melrose has promised me a visit before she sets out for the West."

"She is so very fond of you," answered Barbara, with a cooing little laugh, as she turned over for admiration the new bangle, with its ruby solitaire, that Mrs. Floyd-Curtis had that morning clasped upon her wrist. "And you will find Melrose so very nice."

MY DEAR MELROSE [had his mother in America written to the young lord who was tired of everything]: What I am going to say will no doubt bother you. But you know I never was by way of being afraid of coming to the point. There are some people here who have a daughter — I came over in the

boat with them, and they were very civil. At first I thought this girl was bad-tempered, but now I think she is only saucy, and her temper is well enough—it is the habit these American girls have of asserting themselves in the presence of their superiors; and that, it appears, one must get used to, like the iced water and the stuffy hot houses, where you can't breathe without opening the window. She is very pretty,—so pretty that people over here are making as much of her as if she were one of our princesses,—and her fortune is immense. Her own mother has told me that if the girl marries to please her she will receive four million dollars upon her wedding day, with more to come when the mother dies; and there is but one other child, a boy at Eton, and you know the children here inherit share and share alike. Now, knowing the fuss you are in about money matters, and hoping that you have at last seen the necessity of settling down to keep up the estate, it occurs to me this chance is excellent for you. Of course they will jump at it. The father of this Mrs. Curtis made his money in—Something Oil, I think; but he was formerly a grocer, and her husband still keeps a "store," though to be sure he need not. One never sees the husband, but Mrs. C—— is now in the best society. Their home is a perfect palace, finer than Lord John's, or even the duke's. This mother and daughter dress in a way that surprises Timpkins, and seem to have always worn these fineries. When I say house, you'll understand I mean the town-house. They have no country-seat, but have bought land and are about to build a cottage. Everybody in America is talking of buying or building in the country. But when you come to see their country homes, they are just smart villas on the public road,—only fancy, on the public road,—or else they have a beggarly few acres around them, and the house always in sight. Some of them live so close together that I believe they can talk from one veranda to another, which I consider shocking. Even their great men, the ones worth from fifty to a hundred million dollars, do the same.

If you don't care for this girl after seeing her, you might go with me to Chicago, and then go on and get a bit of hunting somewhere, so the trip would n't be thrown away. You said you wanted to try for mountain sheep in Wyoming. I'm doing very well, and would be willing to wait in New York until you come; and Timpkins has no complaint to make, as the beds are good, and one can have tea at any time. I've had no chance yet to speak in public about temperance, but there's a field for it in New York, and I shall certainly hope to do so before long. The most degrading exhibition of the general prevalence of this vice among the lower classes came to my personal experience a few days since, and if you meet dear Lady Jane I hope you won't forget to mention it to her.

We'd been, Timpkins and I, to see the asylum for lunatics, and some reformatories, and so on, upon an island near New York, and coming back the boat landed us at a wharf where there were no cabs to be had. So we took a little tram-car, intending to go to the hotel; and a most filthy place it was, with market people and laborers squeezed up to me, and such a smell! I thought I would just improve the opportunity to distribute leaflets, and to say a word or two as we went along. While I was getting to my bag the driver of the tram began to ring a little

gong, and I observed that everybody's eyes were fixed on me. A woman next to me explained (very rudely) that we were expected to drop our fare into a box fastened near the door beside the driver. Then I found my purse was gone: luckily enough I'd but a few shillings in it, for I've not heard of it since. By that time the car had stopped and the driver put his head in, and I was in a pretty pickle.

"Have you no money, Timpkins?" I asked, and when she said, "No, my Lady, not a penny, please your Ladyship," there was the rudest laugh. It was evident they were all intoxicated—every one. One man said we were rum Salvation gals, and the brute of a driver said he'd seen my kind of a ladyship try to make a ride before. Just then Timpkins, who had gone quite pale and was crying, fished up out of the pocket of her gown some bits of silver. You may depend we got out of the wretched hole quickly, and for some time wandered around in the mire of a slum beside a river till we met a policeman, who found a cab that took us to the hotel. I shall mention this in my lectures when I return.

The way I happen to know about these Curtises is that the mother has been so uncommonly polite. To show you how they live, soon after we landed from the boat she invited me to an "informal luncheon" at her house in what is called Washington Square. Of course I went in my every-day gown and bonnet, expecting to get a chop and a potato, and perhaps a glass of beer. But, dear me! It was superb; a great banquet, with the rooms darkened, and lighted by lamps and candles, and such banks of flowers as we'd never think of ordering in except for state affairs. We were at table for nearly three hours, and at every place were five or six wine-glasses, and the table loaded down with gold and silver, and Sèvres and Dresden and Minton china for each remove. Twelve women were at table, and they looked for the world and all like Kate Reily's fashion-plates, and talked all together in the shrillest way. When we got up to go into the drawing-room to drink coffee the servants gave us bouquets. A person at the luncheon told me she heard our hostess had ordered all the roses of a single variety that could be purchased in town, costing at least five shillings for each rose. We fetched away also menus printed in gold on satin, bags of sugar-plums, and other costly knickknacks. It was quite embarrassing. I felt as if I had been shop-lifting. And this, they tell me, is an ordinary kind of entertainment among the ladies of New York. One must not expect to meet their men at luncheons. They are at work "down town."

Do, my dear Melrose, think over what I have said. You know better than I do how badly you need the money. Fancy my hearing a man say, yesterday, that he would rather be a hack-driver in New York than a poor peer in England. But all these people exaggerate, you know, and there are so many of us in the same box. Marrying an American is n't what it used to be. If I were not hurrying to catch this mail I'd tell you more about the girl herself. On second thoughts, I send you inclosed her photograph. I dare say you will be surprised, as I was, at a certain air she has—quite like one of us. But then most things here are a surprise. They don't talk a bit like Americans in novels. I am very disappointed, on the whole, at the want of local color. But it is cheaper living than I thought. They invite you all the time.

(To be continued.)



WAITING FOR RELEASE.

A YANKEE IN ANDERSONVILLE.

THE following pages were written during the years 1866 and 1867, almost immediately following my release from the Southern prisons. It is my own personal experience, and was written while fresh in my mind that it might not be lost to memory. It is but the experience of several thousands of others who were comrades with me at Andersonville, Charleston, and Florence, only the half is not told; while if the experience of many others was told it would be greater and worse than my own.

After twenty years I revised the original manuscript, leaving out much of its bitterness, and nearly all the explosive adjectives and personal opinions.

My experience embraced three years of service, twenty-two battles, and ten months in different Southern prisons. I enlisted as a private soldier the twentieth day of May, 1861, in a company that was raised in my native town of Wrentham, and composed almost entirely of schoolmates and acquaintances. The following June, together with nine other companies from adjoining towns, raised in the same manner as our own, we were organized into the 18th Massachusetts Volunteer Regiment, with James Barnes of Springfield, a prominent engineer, for our colonel. He was soon promoted to command a brigade.

Our fortunes were soon cast in with the Army of the Potomac. The 18th Massachusetts Regiment took part in all its marches, and was present on every battlefield of that army. I was always present with my regiment till the event which is recorded below.

General Grant took the Army of the Potomac under his personal observation in April, 1864. The third day of May following we started for Richmond for the fifth time, in a

little different manner than ever before, as the sequel shows. Two days later, soon after noon, we entered the first fight of the campaign, the battle of the Wilderness.

My company, I, were deployed as skirmishers. Our forward movement was soon stopped by a volley from the concealed enemy, which brought down Charley Wilson, one of the first victims of General Grant's campaign.

This volley caused us to move back. We found our division drawn up in line of battle, with knapsacks and all unnecessary baggage stacked in a heap, and a guard detailed from each company to watch over it. The preparations did not seem to indicate that our generals apprehended much of a force in our front, but expected only a small skirmish. We were soon ordered to advance upon the enemy, which we did by moving slowly through the woods and underbrush, keeping our line as straight and compact as possible, about half a mile, when a dropping fire of musketry began.

The nature of the battleground was such that artillery could not be used to advantage, though I noticed upon the turnpike to our right that two pieces had been planted so as to command the road, but they were not used, as I shall explain, till nearly night.

The dropping fire did not check our advance. The order to charge soon rang along the line, and our slow advance broke into a double-quick and a run. The firing was rapidly becoming heavier and occasionally told upon our men, dropping one here and there, seeming to make no particular selections. Our line soon became very much disordered, owing more to the underbrush than to our reception at the hands of the enemy. One brigade of our division was two hundred yards in advance of us, hotly engaged upon the top of a wooded knoll,

while the brigade to our right was nearly half a mile in our rear. The enemy, no doubt seeing this disorder, took immediate advantage of it and pressed us harder than ever, when the order was passed along the line to fall back and re-form. We did so in part, but did not succeed in connecting with the brigade upon our right.

Again we charged through the brush upon the enemy, driving them more than half a mile, causing our line to become still more disordered and scattered among the brush, and again we were ordered to fall back and re-form.

The afternoon was very hot; the young growth of forest was so thick as to shut out any breeze that might be stirring outside, and the trees had not yet leaved enough to afford any shade. The powder smoke was stifling, causing exhaustion and extreme thirst. Some few were sunstruck, or completely overcome by the heat and smoke.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and we had been fighting nearly three hours without any advantage to either side. Our loss was pretty heavy in killed and wounded. We had reason to suppose the enemy's loss equaled ours. As we moved back they charged upon us in turn. In trying to move across a miry place, together with several of my immediate comrades, we were held fast in the mud, and before we could extricate ourselves, in our partially exhausted condition, the "Rebs" were upon us, giving us no choice but to surrender or be shot down.

Of course we surrendered, and were ordered back to the rear of their line of battle, about two hundred yards, where we were considered safe enough without having any special guard placed over us. We busied ourselves for two hours in ministering to the wants of our wounded, who lay scattered about in every direction and every possible condition of suffering, bringing them water, and binding up their wounds to the best of our ability.

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon when I saw those two cannon, before spoken of as posted on the turnpike, do fearful execution. The turnpike was straight as an arrow, and crowded,—massed full of Confederate reinforcements coming to the front,—and these two pieces of artillery opened upon them, each firing only a single shot; but the shot skipped down and along the road, opening two distinct gaps through the rebel ranks for full three hundred yards. I had no means of knowing how many those shots disabled, but it must have been hundreds. In three seconds there was not a man left in the road, as far as the eye could reach, who was able to help himself out.

About dark all the scattering prisoners were

collected by our captors and marched to General Ewell's headquarters, a little to the rear of his corps. About nine hundred of us were collected in this way, and we found that the most of us had been captured by the celebrated "Stonewall Brigade."

Here I saw General R. E. Lee for the first and only time in my life. He sat upon his horse carelessly, with one knee resting upon the pommel of the saddle, and leisurely smoking a cigar. He appeared a middle-sized man, with iron-gray hair and full gray beard, not very closely cut; as fine-looking a specimen of a man and soldier as I ever saw. He remarked, as we filed past him, "Am sorry to see you in this fix, boys, but you must make the best of it." His tone was kind, and spoken as though he really sympathized with us, as I have no doubt he did.

After dark a guard was detailed to march us to Orange Court House, distant twenty-five miles. We were all exhausted with the day's fighting and heat, and the march before us did not look very promising; for go we must, and that, too, at the point of the bayonet.

Our thoughts upon this lonely, tiresome march were anything but pleasant and comfortable. Only one month more and my term of service would expire. I had been thinking very strongly of the home I had left three years before, and during the whole of that time had not seen it, or even been outside the lines of the Army of the Potomac. Now we were marching the opposite way, towards the rebel prisons—of which we had already heard too much.

Our guard used us well, and I would say here that during our whole captivity we always experienced good usage from an old soldier—from all those who had fought and met us upon the many battlefields of the war. It was left for the "home guards" to maltreat and abuse the prisoners of war, and to heap insult upon injury. No truer statement was ever made than "A brave man is always humane and generous, while a coward is cruel and vindictive." The brave men of the South were mostly at the front with their armies.

We were told by our guard that we should be exchanged in a few days by way of Richmond and City Point. We believed it, and therefore none of us made any attempt to escape. We arrived at Orange Court House about one o'clock the next morning—to use an army phrase, "completely played out"—and were there crowded into the jail yard, our number just packing it full. Distributing ourselves upon the ground, we made the best of our circumstances, and generally slept till nine o'clock in the morning. Before noon we began to realize the meaning of the word "prisoner."

We had been used as brother soldiers by Lee's army, but at the Court House we fell into the hands of the dreaded "home guard."

We were searched, and robbed of everything valuable—watches, money, knives, extra blankets, and shelter tents, they telling us we should soon be exchanged, and could get more of the same kind. All that we were allowed to keep, except the clothing upon our backs, was our choice of an overcoat or a woolen blanket. Some of my comrades succeeded in secreting their money, and in some instances their watches. I saved my own watch by slipping it into my shoe under the sole and instep of my foot; and my money (about eight dollars) went into the lining of my jacket—both saved for a time. One poor fellow, with more pluck than discretion, tore his rubber blanket into shreds, but was rewarded by a blow upon the head from the sword of an officer. I saw the blow and was told that it caused his death in an hour.

About noon we started for Gordonsville, very much lighter loaded than the night before, and reached that place (about nine miles) in the afternoon. A train of box-cars was waiting, and we were soon hustled on board, packed sixty in a car. We rode thus all night, reaching Lynchburg early the following morning. General Longstreet was brought into the place on the train following ours, having been severely wounded in the second day's fight at the Wilderness. I just got a glimpse of him as he was borne from the train upon a stretcher.

We were marched outside the village half a mile, down through a steep gully, into a kind of natural basin containing perhaps five acres, surrounded on all sides by high hills, and overhead the blue sky. A brook, clear as the blue heavens above us, came leaping through it from the foot of the Blue Ridge; a prettier, more retired spot could not be imagined. Nature had done her best, and man absolutely nothing, for our convenience.

Here we remained one week, without any serious cause for complaint, except once they neglected to issue our daily allowance of hard-bread and two ounces of bacon. The weather was fair and warm, so we did not once think of shelter.

Additions were made to our number daily, so that at the end of a week we numbered three thousand. We had begun to congratulate ourselves upon having nearly enough to eat, and on the advantages of our prison over close confinement between brick walls. Many of my comrades were planning for an escape to the mountains, and were only waiting for a dark, stormy night to put those plans into execution, when it would have been a comparatively easy matter to pass our guard. But the chance was never given; instead, one morning all was

bustle and confusion, because we were going to be sent South for "immediate exchange," so we were soberly informed by the officers of our guard. Our exchange proved to be from the open air to the crowded, filthy rooms of a large tobacco warehouse at Danville, Virginia. For once, and the only time during our travels in "Dixie," we were crowded into the regular passenger coaches, instead of the box or baggage cars, and accommodated with seats, for our "exchange" to—Danville.

It took us two days and one night to make this journey of less than one hundred and fifty miles. The first day exhausted our provisions; the following thirty-six hours we subsisted upon faith and the beautiful scenery of the upper James River, where we saw substantial-looking plantations and a rich country, but thriftlessness was stamped upon it all.

Our arrival at Danville was not so much noticed by the townspeople as at Lynchburg. They had seen many a like deputation before, for we found several thousand of the "boys in blue" confined in the six different tobacco warehouses that the town contained. The prison selected for us was upon the bank of and overlooking the Dan River—a plain, brick, three-story building. Two hundred and fifty were packed upon each floor, giving each man a space of six by six feet, which made it very crowded. An approach to the windows was not allowed, and was considered to afford a legitimate target for the guard below.

Who ever saw a soldier that was not looking for something to eat? We had fasted thirty-six hours, and before examining our new quarters the first concern was for something to eat. Just before night corn-bread and bacon were issued to us in fair quantities.

This, then, was the exchange promised us at Lynchburg! To be sure, we were exchanged from the open air to close confinement between brick walls, our rations from hard-bread to corn-bread. The quantity of our rations was now sufficient, though the quality was doubtful; but quantity was the principal item with the majority of us, although the stomachs of many rebelled against the coarse corn-bread and fat bacon. The bacon had a habit of acting a little queer and lively at times, although we were repeatedly assured that it had been killed once more than two years before; the bread was never more than half baked; but the lack of fresh air during the heat of the day was the most unbearable. A barrel of water stood on each floor, and a detail was made from our number to keep the barrels full. I succeeded in being detailed for one day, and more fully appreciated the taste of fresh air obtained in going to and from the river than ever before or since, and would have esteemed it a privi-

lege to carry water the greater part of each day.

I met prisoners from the other prisons, conveying water, who had been confined in these tobacco houses for nearly two months, and they looked more like ghosts than human beings—hardly able to drag one limb after another, their skin bleached to a dead white, and their bodies thin with the appearance of transparency. I began to fear prison life more than ever. It was repeatedly asserted by the commanders of our guard that exchange or parole was not far distant; that news from our Government was expected every day of its readiness to receive us as fast as we could be shipped. We began seriously to doubt their sincerity.

The dispositions of old comrades were rapidly undergoing a change. They were not so ready to help each other, and do that for another which would in the least lessen one's own chances or advantages. If there was a selfish vein in one's disposition or temperament, that trait now began to predominate.

It is hardly right to call it a selfish trait; it was rather the instinct of self-preservation, an instinct that human nature will rarely resist to the death. I, for one, had great faith in the strength of human friendship, knowing from absolute experience what one friend will do and sacrifice for another; but here it would not do to reckon too much upon the amenities of our supposed friends.

Our life between the brick walls of the tobacco warehouses of Danville was of short duration, only six days, when the story was freely circulated, "to be exchanged by way of Charleston. Several of your transports already awaiting you there!" We had not heard of Andersonville, and did not then know that such a place existed. We had heard that some of our officers were very "pleasantly located" at Columbus, but were not aware of any place south of Virginia where private soldiers were confined. We knew that General Grant was pounding away at Richmond in a way that made it very unsafe for prisoners of war to be retained there. We were told by our guard that owing to the proximity of Lee's and Grant's armies they could not exchange us over the old route, by the way of City Point, so we were again made to believe and swallow the "exchange" lie. We left Danville rather elated with the idea of being able to see something of the Southern country as we journeyed to Charleston. I was among the first train-load, and learned subsequently that the prisoners were taken from Danville at the rate of one train-load each day. At that time there were seven or eight thousand in the different Danville prisons.

We were crowded, as usual, into box-cars,

sixty in each car, one sentinel posted inside at each door, and a number upon the top of each car. A special car was attached to the rear of the train for the use of the guard. This was the manner in which all our journeyings were conducted, forward and backward, while within the Confederacy. Lucky were the privileged few who could secure a standing-place by the open doors, or obtain a seat upon the floor of the car, with legs dangling outside. I usually obtained such a seat, reaching it in a quiet way, without any loud assertions as to my rights or superior powers, but squirming and squeezing myself into it in a very unostentatious but persistent manner. I wished to examine the country as we moved along, and it was impossible to do so except from the open door.

After riding a few miles we all left the train and marched sixteen miles over an unfinished section of the road. In going this distance we somewhere crossed the North Carolina line. We were marching to be exchanged, else the insufficient guard would not have succeeded in conducting us through this wild, unsettled country. As it was we took our own time, and on the whole made a comfortable march of it.

One evening we camped in a pleasant spot by the side of a clear stream of water. In the thicket of wild undergrowth that partly surrounded us the magnolia and sweet-bay trees were in full bloom, which loaded the evening air with a rich, sleepy perfume, very pleasant to the senses. We were hungry and our empty haversacks only laughed at us, but about nine o'clock a quart of flour was issued to each man; no salt to be had. Every other man soon had a fire of small sticks started, and by a careful inventory we discovered that about every third man was the owner of a tin plate, so we quickly formed clubs of three for baking purposes. A stick split at one end would grasp the plate like a pair of pincers, making a handle to our baking-dish. One kept the fire in operation by constantly feeding and blowing it; another procured the water and mixed the dough in our tin cups, and the third attended to the baking. In place of grease for the pan, flour was sprinkled upon it, which answered the purpose very well in preventing the dough from sticking to it. Owing to the unskillful handling of the plate it was frequently upset and its contents dumped into the fire, and the split stick would often burn off, causing a like result; but by eleven o'clock we all managed to eat a hearty supper of unleavened, unsalted cakes. Heavy as dough though they were, yet we hungry men never tasted food that relished better.

The following morning we were again

packed into the box-cars and journeyed south. The country in North Carolina through which we passed was desolate and barren in the extreme. It appeared to be a land that once was cultivated, but now worn out and left to grow up with what it would. Occasionally we passed through long stretches of the Southern pine; large, noble-looking trees, but all bearing the scar of the turpentine maker's ax, with here and there an old still, where a few years before the pitch obtained from the pine was converted into turpentine. About them were immense piles of resin. We met many negroes upon our route, but very few white men. The negroes had hardly rags enough about them to cover their nakedness, and when we met white men or women they were almost as shabby. Their houses were mere hovels, and bore no marks of distinction that would distinguish them from the huts of the negroes.

We stopped a few moments at one place that broke the desolate monotony — Charlotte. It was pleasantly located and contained some comfortable residences. Close by the depot, in a beautiful park, was located the female institute of North Carolina. The young ladies crowded the balconies and front yard of the seminary. They waved their handkerchiefs and flags of stars and bars. One young lady, evidently of the right stamp, cunningly grouped a red and blue ribbon with her white handkerchief in such a way as to catch our eyes, and one car-load of us honored her with three cheers. It was very soon hushed, however, by our guards, who inquired what we were cheering at. Of course they obtained no satisfactory reply. We knew that there was one young lady in the seminary who was on our side, and she acknowledged our cheers by a graceful bow, then quickly withdrew.

There were plenty of lone widows who gathered about the train, each with a fragment of something to sell. One had half a dozen ginger cookies in a peck basket for which the modest sum of ten cents each was asked; another had three-quarters of a sweet-potato pie, rather a doubtful compound, and asked only twenty-five cents a quarter for it, in Confederate money. One of my comrades, of the 1st Michigan, dickered with her for it, and finally obtained the whole three-quarters for five cents in silver. They seemed willing to take our greenbacks in exchange for their produce, but asserted that it was a prison offense to do so, and therefore dared not openly take them in presence of our guard. Another of my comrades sold his watch to one of the citizens of the place for \$212 of their currency, the watch being worth in ours about six.

Our stop at Charlotte was only about twenty minutes. We crossed the Catawba, and

several smaller streams, our approach to them being always anticipated by the swampy nature of the land on each bank. The rivers were sluggish, dark, gloomy-looking streams.

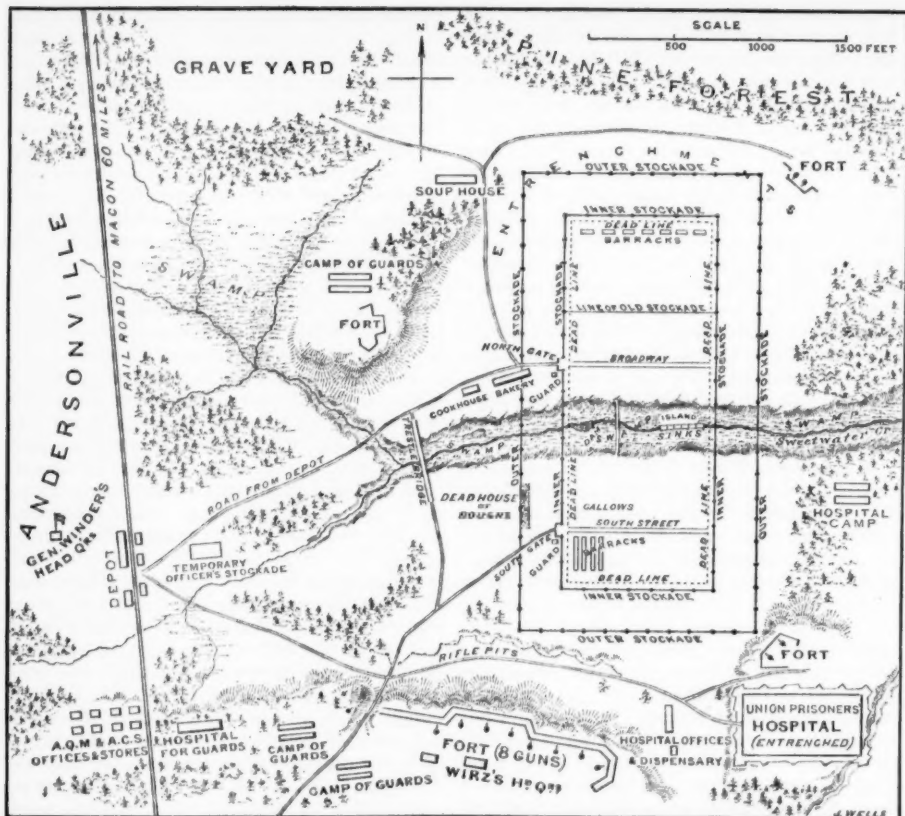
The first place of note met in South Carolina was Chesterville. We passed near the village just at nightfall, but made no stop until clear of its outskirts, when the train came to a stand by the side of a brook. The guard permitted our canteens to be filled with water from the brook, and also informed us that we would receive some rations of some kind before we were moved on. I never could discover the reason why we stopped at this place during the night, though the matter was pretty thoroughly discussed, for packed as we were, sixty in a car, there was but little opportunity for sleep. While moving on through the day new scenes were constantly opening up that served in part to help us keep our tempers in our crowded, cramped, and starved condition; but during this night there was nothing to interest, not even sleep, and furthermore we had had nothing to eat for the past three days.

As morning dawned we saw the officers and many of the men that composed our guard stringing back towards our train from the direction of the village. From their dogged, haggard looks we surmised that they had been indulging pretty freely in "pine top and sorghum," as whisky was called, so of course we got little consolation or relief from them. In a few minutes, however, we heard the cry from the rear end of the train, "Rations in sight! Rations in sight!" Sure enough, there they came. A single mule with a two-wheeled cart loaded down with rations of some sort in bags; their nature or quality we could not even surmise, although every guess of a Yankee was exhausted.

We were told by our guard that they would be issued to us after the train was under way. We saw the bags loaded upon the train, and immediately we started. Very soon the order passed along the train for a sergeant from each car to climb to the top and pass to the rear car for rations.

The sergeants soon returned and tossed a bag into each car containing — *corn!* There was a deal of muttering and cursing indulged in for a while, the import of which it is not necessary to repeat; but when we discovered that each of us would obtain nearly a quart, the growling and muttering subsided, or was confined to the unlucky few who had poor teeth. My teeth were good, my appetite was good, the corn tasted good; and, by diligent application, before noon my rations were well ground in the mill that nature provided.

All this time we were moving onward,



PLAN OF THE STOCKADE AND SURROUNDINGS AT ANDERSONVILLE.

The stockade was formed of pine logs planted in the ground. The inner or main stockade was twenty feet high; outside of it were two other stockades not far apart (indicated by a single line in the above plan), the inner one sixteen feet high and the outer twelve. On November 27, 1863, the site of the prison was chosen by W. S. Winder, son of General J. H. Winder who arrived to take command in April, 1864. The first detachment of Union prisoners reached the prison on the 13th of the previous February. Winder's reputation in connection with the Richmond prisons was so bad that the Richmond "Examiner" said, when he was sent South, "God have mercy upon those to whom he has been sent." Winder died Feb. 9, 1865. Captain Henry Wirz, who commanded the stockade, was a native of Switzerland, a physician by profession and before the war was a citizen of Louisiana. In August, 1865, he was tried by a Union Military Commission, and executed.

In the summer of 1864 Lieutenant-Colonel D. T. Chandler officially inspected the Andersonville prison; his report is dated August 5, and in it he begged the Richmond government to send no more prisoners to that pen and to remove all of the prisoners then there, above 15,000; that is, he reported that 20,000 to 25,000 prisoners ought to be provided for elsewhere. He also said in his report: "There is no medical attendance provided within the stockade. Small quantities of medicine are placed in the hands of certain prisoners of each squad or division, and the sick are directed to be brought out by sergeants of squads daily, at 'sick-call,' to the medical officers who attend at the gate. The crowd at these times is so great that only the strongest can get access to the doctors, the weaker ones being unable to force their way through the press; and the hospital accommodations are so limited that though the beds (so called) have all or nearly all two occupants each, large numbers who would otherwise be received are necessarily sent back to the stockade. Many—twenty yesterday—are carted out daily, who have died from unknown causes and whom the medical officers have never seen. The dead are hauled out daily by the wagon-load and buried without coffins, their hands in many instances being first mutilated with an ax in the removal of any finger-rings they may have. The sanitary

condition of the prisoners is as wretched as can be, the principal causes of mortality being scurvy and chronic diarrhea. Nothing seems to have been done, and but little if any effort made to arrest it by procuring proper food. The ration is $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of bacon and $1\frac{1}{2}$ pound unbolted corn-meal, with fresh beef at rare intervals, and occasionally rice. When to be obtained—very seldom—a small quantity of molasses is substituted for the meat ration. A little weak vinegar, unfit for use, has sometimes been issued. The arrangements for cooking and baking have been wholly inadequate, and though additions are now being completed it will still be impossible to cook for the whole number of prisoners. Raw rations have to be issued to a very large proportion, who are entirely unprovided with proper utensils, and furnished so limited a supply of fuel they are compelled to dig with their hands in the filthy marsh before mentioned for roots, etc. No soap or clothing has ever been issued. The present hospital arrangements were only intended for the accommodation of the sick of 10,000 men, and are totally insufficient, both in character and extent, for the present needs; the number of prisoners being now more than three times as great, the number of cases requiring medical treatment is in an increased ratio. . . . My duty requires me respectfully to recommend a change in the officer in command of the post, Brigadier-General J. H. Winder, and the substitution in his place of some one who unites both energy and good judgment with some feeling of humanity and consideration for the welfare and comfort (so far as is consistent with their safe keeping) of the vast number of unfortunates placed under his control; some one who at least will not advocate, deliberately and in cold blood the propriety of leaving them in their present condition until their number has been sufficiently reduced by death to make the present arrangement suffice for their accommodation; who will not consider it a matter of self-laudation and boasting that he has never been inside of the stockade, a place the horrors of which it is difficult to describe, and which is a disgrace to civilization: the condition of which he might, by the exercise of a little energy and judgment, even with the limited means at his command, have considerably improved."

crossing the Wateree River, making a short stop at Columbia, the capital of the State, but hardly long enough to get a sight of the city. I noticed, however, that it wore a deserted appearance, and contained many fine buildings. I obtained a glimpse of the prison, where several hundred of our Federal officers were confined.

After leaving Columbia we passed through no other town of any note in the State, and the same night, after crossing the Savannah River, which divides this State from Georgia, we reached Augusta. Here we remained through one night, and were permitted to leave the train and to camp in an open field outside the city. Extra guards were sent out to care for us, and about ten o'clock in the evening rations of hard-bread and bacon were distributed among us in fair quantities.

We were here informed that the reason of the lack of rations along our journey was the fact that the officers in charge depended upon chance supplies for the prisoners along the route, without sending any notice ahead of our approach; that the inland towns could not get together enough to ration us all without at least a day's notice. The trains that followed ours fared better.

Up to the time of our arrival at Columbia it had all been "exchange." Our guard and officers in charge talked "exchange"—exchange by way of Charleston. We talked "exchange." It was all "exchange." At Columbia a revolution took place. Many of us knew the lay of the land, and were aware that we must now take the Charleston and Columbia Road in order to reach Charleston. We gently hinted this fact to our guards, making eager inquiries regarding another fact, that we were taking the road to Augusta instead of to Charleston, but we could get no satisfaction from them.

The earnest discussions among ourselves soon reached the ears of the commanding officer, and he very quickly set the report into circulation that Charleston was so blockaded, in such a state of siege, that we could not be exchanged by that port; that he had received a telegram while at Columbia to take us on to Savannah for exchange. The majority were ready to believe and swallow this new dose, but several questioned whether we were now taking the most direct route for Savannah. The majority ruled, however; therefore it was voted, exchange by way of Savannah.

At Augusta there was a branch road for Charleston, but we did not take it. Our cramped condition in the box-car prisons was becoming unendurable.

We finally reached Macon. This was the point where the doubting ones were to decide the matter of exchange. Here the

road branched again, one section running to Savannah, and the other continuing south and terminating at Americus. At Macon we saw another prison where Federal officers were confined.

It had become a settled question in all our discussions that if we took the road from Macon to Savannah it was for exchange; if the other road, then a prison of some sort.

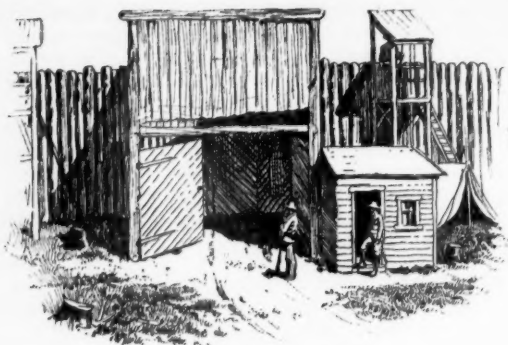
We took the road towards "a prison of some sort." The officers in charge, well knowing our destination, put a double guard over us and ordered a closer watch upon our movements. The inquiry was in every comrade's mouth, "Where are we going?" "What kind of a prison are they going to find for us?"

Our guard soon had an answer for us, because instructions were sent along down the train from the commanding officer that our destination, for a short time, was within a few miles of Americus; that the prison grounds were pleasantly located, well shaded by nature's forest trees; the "fence," as they termed it, inclosing two slopes or hillsides that were richly carpeted with grass; on the whole as pleasant a spot as the Confederacy afforded, and "too good for you Yanks anyway!"

It was near noon of the 20th of May, 1864, that our train came to a stop, in a clearing of the pine forest. We had been all expectation for an hour or more, straining eager eyes to catch some glimpse of our stopping-place. It was here before us. Looking from our position upon the railroad towards the southeast, at the extreme end of the clearing, some three or four hundred yards away, a cloud of smoke was curling upward from a rectangular, substantial-looking pen. Upon inquiry we were told, "That's where you Yanks will put up!"

We had little time for thought before a round-shouldered, blustering little man upon a white horse rode the length of the train, and with many a curse and oath ordered us all out. During our exit from the close, cramped quarters we had occupied so long a fresh guard came, in the wildest confusion and unmilitary order, from the direction of the smoke, and after much blustering and more cursing we were formed into two lines, giving room for us to pass between, four deep. After some more swearing the officer on the white horse placed himself at the head of the column and ordered us to march. This was Wirz, our prison-keeper, and unhappily our first introduction to him was not our last. Upon reaching the inclosure we halted while a part of our number were formed into a detachment, and the remainder were ordered to be placed upon the rolls of the older detachments already in the pen.

I have hesitated thus far to pronounce the



VIEW FROM THE OUTSIDE OF THE SOUTH GATE.
(FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME BY R. K. SNEDDEN.)

word Andersonville. We knew nothing, or had heard nothing, of the place, so we had not a moment's notice of the life we were about to enter upon. These many years after, the word "Andersonville" excites the same curiosity that it did before we entered upon the months of suffering that cannot be told. This, then, was Andersonville, or, as it was called by the guard, "Camp Sumpter." We entered it by a swinging door or gate, large, heavily ironed, and guarded.

As we passed within the doors were closed behind and heavily barred — closed upon me for five long months, and upon one-half our number for life. Our hearts sickened as we first looked upon the misery before our eyes. The attempt to picture our mental depression, as we took in, with one quick, swift glance, the condition of those who had entered before us, would be futile.

We joined inside the inclosure thirteen thousand of our comrades in arms, but they were not to be recognized. They seemed a different race of the human family, and vastly more squalid than any I ever had seen or heard of — emaciated forms, half human and half spectral, black with filth and smoke, and swarming with vermin. As we were driven like sheep into the stockade they crowded about us, making inquiries faster than they could be answered.

I think we were the first detachment of fresh prisoners that had reached Andersonville for two or three months. Those that we met there were immigrants from Belle Isle, Libby, and Danville, and all of them prisoners of from three to sixteen months' experience.

For convenience in drawing rations and being counted each morning they had been divided into detachments of two hundred and seventy men each, and one of their own non-commissioned officers placed over each company. Each detachment was subdivided into sections

of ninety men, with a non-commissioned officer over each, but we found the numbers of the detachments diminished fully one-third by deaths. I was placed in one of the old detachments, together with a number of my more intimate comrades — "Detachment 13, Squad 3."

The sun was giving us the benefit of its direct rays, which soon roused us, in a degree, from the stupor into which we had subsided as a partial realization of the situation crept upon our senses; and we began to make a move towards forming some kind of shelter to protect us from the scorching heat. My stock consisted of an overcoat — nothing more.

Richard Lovell, Richard Williams, and Charles Wilmarth, who had associated with me thus far, now proposed that we unite our stock, and thus build a common shelter. Our combined effects consisted of two woolen blankets, two overcoats, two case-knives, an apology for a pocket-knife, two tin cups, one tin plate, and three canteens; nothing superfluous, as can be readily seen, in necessary material for four men to build a house and begin keeping it with. We selected the best unoccupied spot for a location; with our case-knives and hands we scooped a level place upon the hillside barely large enough for our number to lie upon. It was necessary that we should have two upright poles and a cross pole, or ridge pole, in order to stretch our blankets in the form of a roof over our heads. We thoroughly searched the whole interior of the stockade for material enough for the purpose, but could obtain none without purchasing; and we finally bargained for three poles, each of them smaller than common bean-poles, by paying a dollar and fifty cents in greenbacks. Towards night we had finished our shelter, so far as lay in our power, but were obliged to leave both gable ends open, using our coats for protection between our persons and the ground.

We were very hungry, having had nothing to eat all day, but about the middle of the afternoon rations began to come in. They were loaded upon wagons, each wagon drawn by two mules, and consisted of coarse corn-bread and old bacon. Each wagon was accompanied by a guard while being driven within the stockade and distributing its load at the headquarters of each detachment. The detachment sergeants issued it in equal lots to the three squad sergeants, and they again, dividing it as equally as possible, gave to the ninety individual men.

I was somewhat curious to see the operation

of issuing the rations to so many men; how it might be done fairly, so that each would be satisfied. The sergeant in charge, seeing me looking on with so much interest, called upon me to assist. After the bread and meat had been divided into the requisite number of pieces they were placed upon a log, which I was informed was the property of the squad. One piece of bread, about half the size of a brick, and a piece of meat, as large as two of my fingers, was the ration for each man for a whole day.

It would be impossible for any man, however nice his judgment, to divide the bread and meat into exactly even pieces; some would have a mouthful or a mouthful and a half more than others, and some pieces would be better in quality than others: in either case an item not to be overlooked by starving men.

We were all numbered, and so soon as the rations were ready for delivery I was asked to turn my back to them; then the sergeant would place his hand upon one of the rations, at the same moment asking me what number should have it. I called out what number I pleased; and, not being able to see what particular ration the sergeant had his hand upon, no one could complain that any favoritism was shown. This was, in substance, the manner in which our rations were dealt out from day to day throughout the whole stockade.

As night came on I repaired to the shelter we had improvised, but not to talk with my comrades; neither did they show any disposition to converse during this first evening and night spent in Andersonville: our individual thoughts were too busy with themselves. I was trying to comprehend the situation, to weigh the probabilities of life or death.

Whatever other scenes or experiences may be in store for me, none can leave the deep mark of despair or the dark forebodings which took possession of my mind that evening. It was not the confinement within the stockade. It was not the fear of starvation. It was not the fear of exposure to heat, cold, or midnight dews. It was the spectacle presented by the thirteen thousand comrades whom we first found within that inclosure: it required no prophetic powers to convince us that they could never be men again.

Our prison was an inclosure of fifteen acres; the stockade was built of pine logs, hewn square, set into the ground about five feet, with fifteen feet above the ground, and set side by side so closely that no space was left between. Upon the outside of the stockade, and near the top, sentry-boxes were placed at short intervals completely around the whole.

Inside the stockade, fifteen feet from it, a slender railing was run, known as the "dead-

line," the sentries being ordered to shoot any person who set foot over it or in any manner interfered with it. Every night large fires were kindled of torchwood, or "lightwood" as it was called, forming two lines of these fires, one on each side of the stockade, some thirty or forty feet outside, and intended to light up the prison, so that no secret movement could be made under cover of the darkness of the night.

Upon two sides of the stockade, and some two to four hundred yards distant, were two earthworks, one upon either side, and each mounting four cannon. These were manned at all hours of the day and night, ready at a moment's notice to pour a destructive fire of grape and canister into the crowded pen.

The stockade inclosed two side hills, a brook, small and muddy, running through the valley between, dividing the inclosure into nearly equal halves. About three acres of this valley, most of it upon one side of the brook, but a part of it upon both sides, was a swamp, and uninhabitable, it being the upper part of miles of impassable swamp which stretched off to the eastward below us.

The cook-house, where all the bread was baked and meat boiled, stood upon this very brook, above and outside the stockade, so that all the greasy scum, refuse, and dirt from it came floating through the inclosure that we inhabited, upon the surface, or mixed with the water we were obliged to drink and to use for washing. The camps of our guard were so located that all their sewerage came down through our inclosure.

In building the stockade every tree within it had been cut, and although made within a heavy growth of the beautiful Southern pine — and this same pine was not worth here the labor of cutting it — not a tree was left for a shade from the scorching Southern sun, or to furnish us with material with which to build our own shelters, to say nothing of firewood for cooking purposes.

No provision was made, until near the very close of our incarceration at Andersonville, towards carrying off the refuse and sewerage of our prison, and no sanitary regulations had been put in force. The filth that accumulated through those long summer months can neither be described nor imagined. Most of it collected in and about the three acres of swamp, and I have seen that three acres one animated mass of maggots from one to two feet deep, the whole swamp moving and rolling like the waves of the sea.

We had no books, papers, or pamphlets; only a few Bibles brought in by the prisoners. I was fortunate enough to possess a copy, which was so well read by my comrades that nothing remained of it to bring away.

The thirteen thousand prisoners that we found in the stockade upon our arrival in May had, almost to a man, given up all hope of exchange or of ever reaching home again, and were every day and hour simply lying down to die. There was hardly a half-hour during the whole day and night but that at least one was passing away to his everlasting home. They had ceased to care for cleanliness, or to take any precautions for their health, though upon the arrival of our fresh-looking men they seemed to show a little more regard for their personal appearance and health. Upon our rallying them, some would brighten up and appear more hopeful, so that for a few weeks the death rate was materially reduced; but as the heat of summer advanced and the number of prisoners increased to thirty or thirty-five thousand, our death rate rapidly grew, and it was soon a common occurrence to carry out a hundred dead men from the stockade in one morning. Two hundred and twelve were carried out one day in August.

During the month of June the sufferings of myself and comrades were comparatively light; but about the first of July one of them, Charles Wilmarth, was taken sick, and very soon died. In his place we took a John Brown, another member and one of the recruits of my own regiment. Brown was about fifty years old, had served out his time in the English navy, had been several years a whaler, had been three years in our own navy, and knew nearly every important port in the world. He was the only man in the whole prison coming under my observation who did not seem afflicted by prison life. It did affect him, but in the form of a blessing rather than an evil. At the time of his arrival in the prison he was a mere brute, crazed with whisky; and his intellect, which was naturally strong, even brilliant, was nearly destroyed. After one month's abstinence he seemed stronger, healthier, and improving rapidly every day. His conversation, stories of his life, and brilliant qualities of mind were very entertaining to our immediate circle, and were of assistance towards keeping our spirits good. With all our sufferings this man proved to us, beyond a doubt, that there was one condition in this world that a man might reach worse than Andersonville.

We began to dig wells, as much for employment as anything, but yet for the purpose of procuring more and better water. We used an old tin plate or a split canteen for a shovel, and our haversacks for buckets to elevate the dirt. The soil was hard red clay, yet with our meager tools several wells were dug over eighty feet deep, and one that reached one hundred feet in depth. But the supply of water thus

obtained was very small, only satisfying the wants of the few who had the courage and pluck to dig.

Another industry was the digging of tunnels, which required great outlays of labor and cunning, with little inducements, and only a slight hope of escape. I engaged in a number of these operations, and there were forty or fifty tunnels in process of construction at one time. In several instances the operators were successful, and made good their escape from the stockade for a few days or weeks perhaps, but were almost invariably recaptured by the hounds and hunters. The majority of the tunnels were a total failure, except that they served to give employment and to keep hope alive. They were pretty sure to be discovered by our keeper Wirz, who had the aid of traitors among our own numbers, or of spies sent among us.

The mode of operating in one tunnel, in which I was engaged, and which came the nearest to a success, will be a fair sample of operating with them all.

One of the members of my company, who was brought into the stockade several weeks later than myself, had built a shelter of blankets and rags very near the "dead-line," which also brought his stopping-place within the shadow of the stockade as it was cast by the night fires from the outside.

This made a very convenient and safe place to begin operations from. Several of us made a social call upon this comrade, William Moore, late one evening, and broached the subject of beginning a tunnel from his domicile. He fell in with the proposal very readily, and we concluded to begin operations the next night. It was about the first of July, for I remember that upon the night of the Fourth of July, when the whole North was supposed to be celebrating the birth of our nation, I was five feet under ground, upon my hands and knees, in a hole barely large enough to crawl in, working inch by inch with an old case-knife and my bare hands, trying to find the liberty that the North was celebrating.

We first dug directly down into the ground a hole large enough for one to work in and about seven feet deep; then we began to dig in a horizontal direction, from its bottom, towards the stockade. Our mining operations were upon a small scale and very simple, our ingenuity being all engaged in keeping the work a secret from the guard and from the general mass of the prisoners. The shaft was only large enough for one to dig at a time, and that upon his hands and knees. The operator would loosen the hard clay with the case-knife, scrape it into one of our haversacks with his hands, and a comrade at the



SCENE NEAR THE NORTH GATE—DISTRIBUTING RATIONS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

entrance to the shaft would draw out the filled haversack by means of an improvised rag rope, replacing it with an empty one by pushing it in with a slender pole, this pole being spliced from time to time as the tunnel proceeded.

Now came the most particular part of the job: this dirt must be scattered upon or about the heaps of dirt thrown out from the numerous wells; and these wells were invariably near the center of the inclosure, not being allowed very near the dead-line. Several haversacks of dirt might be carried from our excavation without attracting the attention of the vigilant guard, but to carry them at regular intervals throughout the entire night seemed almost impossible.

But the stockade cast a shadow of thirty or forty feet, and in this shadow the sentinels could not distinguish objects in a dark night; therefore the comrade employed as carrier did not leave this shadow to approach the center of the stockade twice in the same place, and always with his load underneath his overcoat or blanket of rags. Twelve of us were thus employed upon this tunnel, six working every night. After the shaft had been carried beyond the first few feet it was impossible for one to remain within it longer than half an hour at a time without being overcome and rendered insensible from lack of sufficient air. Several times we had to drag a comrade from the tunnel in this condition.

We worked patiently and steadily nearly four weeks without detection, though several other tunnels were discovered and demolished

during this time. To keep the secret of its location safe, we made a shoulder upon the mouth of the shaft, and after nicely fitting some boards into it, the whole was covered six inches deep with dirt that corresponded with the soil at the surface of the ground, kept constantly ready for the purpose; then our comrade Moore and his chum spread their overcoats over all, and slept thereon the greater part of each day.

One night, after careful measurement, we ascertained that our shaft was eighty feet long. It was commenced twenty feet from the stockade; therefore we were sixty feet outside the stockade, and ten or twenty feet outside the usual line of fires. This was deemed sufficient; and we voted to suspend further operations and await the advent of a dark, stormy night the better to favor our escape through the tunnel.

About this time—the latter part of July—there was more loud talk of exchange. Reports of the resumption of the exchange of prisoners were common enough, evidently put into circulation by the authorities outside for purposes of their own; but this one, in particular, came so well recommended that it was pretty generally believed, for the following reasons.

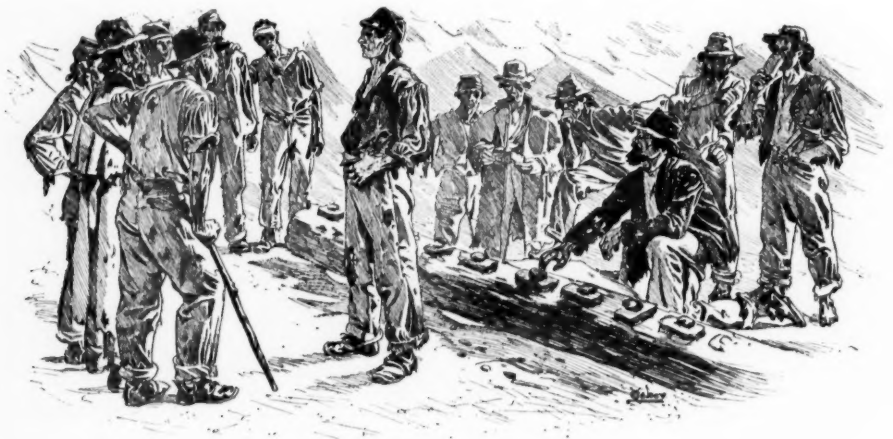
The only authorized representative of the Christian religion who possessed enough of it to visit the thirty thousand men in the prison pen was a Roman Catholic priest, Father Hamilton, who came in quite regularly, at least every Sabbath, for several weeks. He talked kindly to us, displaying much sympathy

for our condition, and administering the last rites of the Church to all the dying men who would accept, without any regard to individual beliefs. He stated that strong efforts were being made to bring about an exchange by both the North and South, and that their efforts would probably soon be successful. Upon the strength of this report we concluded to let our tunnel remain quiet for the time, thinking that if exchange failed we could have final recourse to it. The exchange did fail; and a heavy thunder shower loosened one of the timbers of which the stockade was composed, so that it settled into the shaft, discovering to the authorities our tunnel, and they quickly filled it up.

The sentinels and guard at Andersonville were "home guards," composed of boys from twelve to sixteen years of age, and of old men unfit for active duty. The older sentinels were not so rash or bitter in performing their duties, but the boys would often embrace the slightest opportunity for maltreating us. It was a common rumor that a premium—a furlough of thirty days—was offered for every prisoner shot by a sentinel while upon his post, and his

twelve acres of land. That was the highest number reached; and after July 1 the death rate equaled the recruits, the number being kept at about 35,000 by the frequent arrival of new prisoners in squads of from 50 to 500 each.

Until our numbers had been nearly doubled there was pretense of cooking the rations of corn-bread and bacon; but before the 1st of July they were issued to the majority of us raw—about one pint of coarse corn-meal and two ounces of bacon per man. This would have been preferred, only there were no adequate measures taken to supply us with fuel to cook it with. Loud and repeated complaints were made to the authorities, until they finally allowed small squads to go out each day, from two to four hundred in all, to carry in their arms the fuel to cook rations for thirty thousand men. If the rations could have been cooked in messes of hundreds or thousands, it is possible the fuel thus brought in might have been of some little use; but there were no cooking utensils in the prison larger than quart cups and tin plates, and the cooking by messes was an utter impossibility. These squads would



ALLOTING SQUAD RATIONS BY NUMBER.

positive orders were to shoot any one who encroached upon the dead-line in any manner. So well were the orders obeyed that hardly a day passed without some unlucky prisoner being shot at from a sentry-box, and I never saw or heard of the slightest fault being found with any sentinel for this shooting.

Although many were being carried to the burial-ground each day, the prisoners increased very rapidly till the 1st of July, when our number reached 35,000, all crowded upon about

rarely bring in any more wood than they used individually, and if any passed from their hands to that of a comrade it was by purchase at the rate of from twenty-five cents to one dollar per stick. The only way in which the great mass procured even the smallest amount of fuel was by hacking to pieces the stumps which were left within the stockade, generally using their case-knives for this purpose. In three weeks every vestige of a stump had disappeared; then the roots were dug; and



THE SOUTH HILLSIDE OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

within a very few weeks every foot of the ground inclosed by the stockade was cleaned of roots to the depth of six feet. In spite of all our complaints and begging, all our grubbing for roots, after exhausting all our ingenuity, thousands ate their corn-meal raw every day, and it certainly was not strange that so many perished in Andersonville from diarrhea alone. Add to the raw, coarse corn-meal the warm, filthy water which the great mass were obliged to drink, and one of the causes of the fearful death rate in Andersonville is explained.

About the middle of July the stockade was enlarged by an addition to its north end of about ten acres, which doubled our space, yet the fact was hardly noticed. It gave us for fuel the old section of stockade, which was rendered useless by being inclosed within the new, and ten acres more of stumps and roots, thus affording for three or four weeks some relief for the fuel famine.

There was a sutler located within the stockade, whose establishment contained a little flour, soda, salt, cream of tartar, pepper, sweet potatoes, onions, etc. The whole contents of the store could have been swallowed, at any one time, by ten of our hungry men in an hour. He charged one dollar per pint for salt, one dollar per quart for flour, ten cents each for very small onions, forty cents per pound for sweet potatoes, four to ten dollars per pound for tobacco, and everything else in proportion. A lemon did occasionally find its way within our prison, but I never saw one sold. I saw a few very small Irish potatoes that sold for five cents each, and were advertised to be excellent for scurvy.

Some time in July "cow peas" made their appearance, a vegetable that seemed to be a cross between a pea and a bean, and about the 1st of August they commenced to issue rations of these beans to some of the prison-

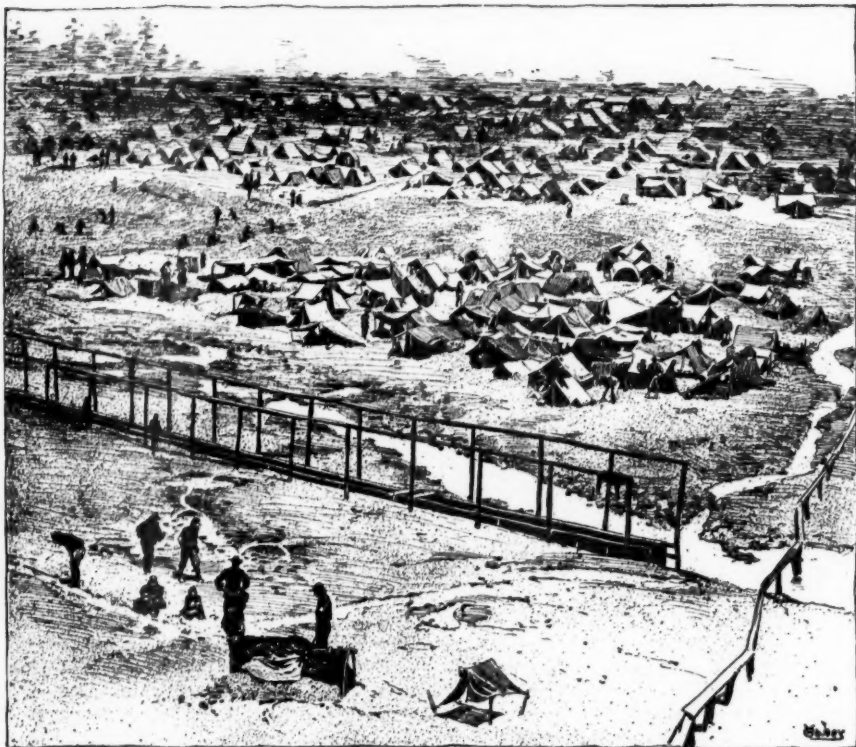
ers. The beans took the place of the corn-bread and bacon, and were issued to some raw and to others cooked; about half a pint of the raw being a day's ration, and two-thirds of a pint of the cooked.

About this time commenced the great mania for trade. One had two spoonfuls of pease which he would trade for half a ration of corn-bread; another offered half his ration of raw pease for a small morsel of bacon to cook with his remaining half. For a short time after pease began to come in as rations those who received them could readily exchange them for a double ration of bread. Trade grew rapidly among us, and soon one-half our number were trying to better their own condition by trading with one another and selling to the other half.

The Western troops, captured from Sherman's and Thomas's commands, were not robbed of their money and valuables, as were the Eastern troops, so there was considerable money floating within the prison among the privileged few; but it was constantly changing ownership, and finally it all got into the hands of the very few, except the greater part that found its way outside by passing through the sutler's shop.

A few, by sharp trading, commencing with a dollar or two, were soon worth their hundreds. Little stands were erected in all parts of the prison, those who could not erect a stand using their knees, upon which they would display perhaps half a dozen sweet potatoes, a pint of salt, two or three pounds of flour, a quart of pease, etc., all well covered with dust and flies.

The only living things that seemed to thrive at this place were the flies, and they swarmed. Everything was covered with them, and they were responsible for the maggots that kept the swamp a moving mass of corruption.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NORTH END OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

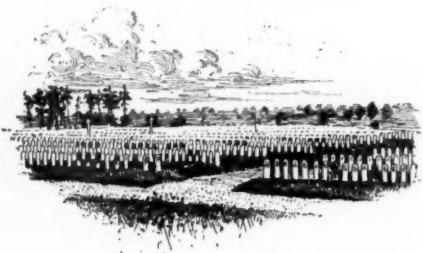
In the middle-ground midway of the swamp is the "Island" which was covered with shelters after the higher ground had all been occupied.

"Main street," as it was called, the driveway for the teams that brought in the rations, soon became the center of trade—our "exchange." Hundreds crowded it from early morning till late evening with their rations of bread, pease, or bacon to exchange or sell for something they had not got; and although tobacco was more plentiful than any other article in the Confederacy, it would take two days' rations of food to buy enough tobacco to satisfy an ordinary chewer or smoker for a day. I have seen one of these tradesmen sit within the "exchange" and cry out the good qualities and cheapness of less than half a pint of stewed pease for three long hours, and finally exchange the whole stock for three quids of tobacco; though not exactly satisfied with his bargain, all his murmuring would cease upon getting a taste of the precious weed.

"Here 's your fresh-stewed pease, well seasoned with salt and pepper, only fifteen cents a plate!" "Here 's your nice boiled bacon, only ten cents a piece!" "Here 's your pure, clean salt, only five cents a spoonful!" "Who 'll

trade a ration of pease for a ration of bread and bacon?" These were the constant cries from hundreds of lips along our "exchange" during the whole day. At the same time there was not food enough in the whole prison pen to give one-third of our number one meal in quantity, to say nothing of quality.

Several enterprising individuals commenced to manufacture beer. They procured a keg or barrel from the sutler, in which would be



NATIONAL CEMETERY, ANDERSONVILLE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

placed four or five quarts of corn-meal and as many gallons of water. After remaining in the hot sun for a day or two the mixture would become very sour; then the keg would be filled with water and the whole allowed to work itself clear, when it would be drawn as beer and sold for five cents per glass, or half-pint. At first it sold well, and tasted good; in fact, it was the only sour thing we could get; and it really seemed to check the ravages of scurvy for a time.

MILFORD, MASS.

(To be concluded.)

¹ In the official "Report on the Treatment of Prisoners of War" in the South, are printed several reports of Confederate surgeons and inspectors to the Richmond authorities, on the condition of Union prisoners at Andersonville. It is impossible, on account of the horrible nature of the details, to quote generally from them. The following, which is the report of J. Crews Pelot, Assistant Surgeon, C. S. A., for Sept. 5, 1864, inasmuch as it does not refer to the appearance and sufferings of the prisoners and to the worst features of their surroundings, may properly be quoted without omissions. It gives an idea of the destitution in the hospital, where it would be supposed special efforts would have been made to alleviate hunger and distress:

SIR: As officer of the day, for the past twenty-four hours, I have inspected the hospital, and found it in as good condition as the nature of the circumstances will allow. A majority of the bunks are still unsupplied with bedding, while in a portion of the division the tents are entirely destitute of either bunks, bedding, or straw, the patients being compelled to lie upon the bare ground. I would earnestly call attention to the article of diet. The corn-bread received from the bakery, being made up without sifting, is wholly unfit for the use of the sick; and often (in the last twenty-four hours) upon examination, the inner portion is found to be perfectly raw. The meat (beef) received by the patients does not amount to over two ounces a day, and for the past three or four days no flour has been issued. The corn-bread cannot be eaten by many, for to do so would be to increase the diseases of the bowels, from which a large majority are suffering, and it is therefore thrown away. All their rations re-

ceived by way of sustenance is two ounces of boiled beef and half pint of rice soup per day. Under these circumstances, all the skill that can be brought to bear upon their cases by the medical officer will avail nothing. Another point to which I feel it my duty to call your attention is the deficiency of medicines. We have but little more than indigenous barks and roots with which to treat the numerous forms of disease to which our attention is daily called. For the treatment of wounds, ulcers, etc., we have literally nothing except water. Our wards—some of them—were filled with gangrene, and we are compelled to fold our arms and look quietly upon its ravages, not even having stimulants to support the system under its depressing influences, this article being so limited in supply that it can only be issued for cases under the knife. I would respectfully call your attention to the above facts, in the hope that something may be done to alleviate the sufferings of the sick.

T. H. Mann, M. D.

In the above-mentioned volume may be found a "return" "for the month of August, 1864," signed Henry Wirz, which shows that on August 1 the prisoners numbered 31,678, of whom 1693 were in hospital. During the month 2993 died; 23 were sent to other places; 21 were exchanged; 30 escaped, 4 of whom were recaptured; but the depletion from death and other causes was more than made good by the receipt of 3078 new prisoners, so that on August 31 there were 31,693 in the prison, 2220 of whom were in hospital. Wirz says: "Perhaps 25 more (prisoners) escaped during the month, but were taken up by the dogs, before the daily return was made up, and for that reason they are not on the list of the escaped nor recaptured."

BURIED THOUGHT.

HERE in this four-cornered verse,
As within funereal hearse
Consecrated unto death,
Lies a thought that ne'er drew breath.

Curious mortal, ask not why
This fair thought was doomed to die;
All thy asking cannot reach
Thought that never grew to speech.

Guess not at the fitting guise
It would wear to mortal eyes—
Whether it were like a flower
For a maid to wear an hour;

It might have made you weep or laugh;
Now you see its cenotaph!
Go your way, whate'er it be,
And forget my thought and me!

Or a breath upon the air
That should faint none knoweth where;
Or a shaft at random flown
Into depths of skies unknown;

Or a clear and stirring note
From a trumpet's silver throat,
For the signal of a deed
That should meet a royal need.

This world, maybe, was not wrought
To the measure of the thought,
That the one who spoke its doom
Gave it silence for a tomb.

Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

FILIPPINO LIPPI, 1457-1505.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)



THE question of the parentage of Filippino Lippi has been referred to in the notice of the life of Fra Filippo, and the justice of Cavalcaselle's strictures on the tradition reported by Vasari fully admitted; but as the romantic interest in the younger painter depends in a certain measure on the story, it is well to state all the facts that have probably been the origin of it. No valid ground for the accusation of sacrilege against Fra Filippo existed. He retained his standing in the priesthood and his princely protection up to the time of his death; but the evidence that is adduced by Vasari of the alleged parentage is not, when we come to examine it, of any significance. It rests mainly on the facts that Filippino signed his work "Philippinus de Lippis" or "Philipus de Lipis," and that in the public accounts of the city of Florence he is called "Filippo Filippi" or "Filippo alterius Filippi"; but the practice of painters of that day was to take the names of their masters, for, there being no distinctive family names with the artisan classes, the name of the father was no distinction, while that of the master would always be sufficient for identification. Thus we find that in the register of Paduan painters Mantegna is called "fiuolo de M. (Magister) Francesco Squarcion," *fiuolo* being the diminutive for son; Pier di Cosimo is so called because he was a pupil of Cosimo Roselli; Marco Zoppo signs himself "Zoppo di Squarcione," Squarcione being his master; and similar instances are numerous. All that can be stated with certainty is that Filippino was born in Prato, where Fra Filippo had relatives and where he went to paint some of his most important frescos, and that the friar took an interest in him; but whether there was a relationship or not, and if a relationship, what it was, is uncertain. We do not even know the date of his birth. If the story of Vasari as to his parentage is true, he would have been born in 1460, and at nine have lost the protection and direction of his father, who, according to the same authority, committed him to the care of Fra Diamante, his assistant in the frescos at Spoleto. But the evidence of his work is that he was thoroughly imbued with the influence of the art of Fra Filippo, and that he must have been under his influence more than could have been possible at that age. Nor is

it conceivable that the "Vision of St. Bernard" in the Badia at Florence (the subject engraved by Mr. Cole) should have been painted when he was twenty years old. I admit the intervening influence of Botticelli, who was the pupil of Fra Filippo as far as he was the pupil of any individual master, but who certainly was of so strong individuality that he would probably have left a much deeper impress on Filippino, had he been his master, than he seems to have done. The connecting link which unites the three in one line is rather in the type of the head than in the technic. It is most probable that the two were pupils of Fra Filippo, and that Filippino was by some years older than Vasari makes him. Vasari seems to have been the first to assert that Filippino was the child of Fra Filippo by Lucrezia Buti, and the only datum he offers for this is the letter of Giovanni de' Medici to his agent at Naples alluding vaguely to some ludicrous mistake of the friar, which mistake is supposed to have something to do with the parentage of Filippino. I prefer to assume that Filippino was the pupil of Fra Filippo and was some years older than Vasari makes him. Cavalcaselle discredits the mastership of Botticelli; and certainly, while there is in the work of Filippino the strongest evidence of the influence of Fra Filippo in the vein of naturalism opened by the latter, and in which Botticelli, in common with other contemporaries, worked deeply, the color of Filippino is distinctly allied to that of Fra Filippo, and very little like that of Botticelli, save as all the artists of the Florentine school had in common certain canons of art which distinguished their work from that of contemporary schools and especially from the Venetian, and which produce the greatest confusion at times in the attempt to determine the authorship of unsigned pictures of the school. Thus, a certain one of the series of frescos in the Sistine Chapel is attributed at once to Perugino, to Pinturicchio, and to Botticelli; and admitting that the general verdict is in favor of Pinturicchio, as the highest authorities seem to incline, the fact that the question should be disputed shows that the internal evidence is not so clear as is imagined by the majority of students. One authority in Italian art, Venturi, accepts Botticelli. Cavalcaselle, once so inclined, now hesitates to pronounce; and Charles Murray Fairfax puts Botticelli out of the question.

This only proves, however, that the art of

individual painters of this school differed so little in its general characteristics that there is no room for that accumulation of superlatives which it is in the fashion to attribute now to one and then to another of its great masters. They were all well trained, and this was the principal question for the public of that day; as when the Pope wanted a sample of the art of Giotto and got a satisfactory *O*, so in the days of the Medici the man who was called to do public work was the man who had thoroughly mastered the handicraft of his art. Thus when Perugino, in association with others, was called to decorate the Palazzo Pubblico in Florence (1482), and declined on account of his engagements in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, Filippino was summoned to supply his part of the work at the same salary and on the same conditions. The Florentines were not munificent in paying their artists, and we have frequent occasion to wonder that the artist should have yielded to the demands of the municipality. Perugino was shrewd enough in such matters, and as there is no evidence that Filippino accepted this commission, it is probable that he was dissatisfied with the compensation and declined it also. The Florentines were too prone to consider the honor of serving the state as a large part of the reward.

Cavalcaselle notes, as one of the pictures which mark the best period of Filippino's art, the altarpiece of the Hall of the Eight now in the Uffizi, which is inscribed 1485. In 1487 Filippino received a commission for the frescos in the Strozzi Chapel in the church of Sta. Maria Novella which he executed only about 1503, having been called to Rome, where he decorated the chapel of Cardinal Caraffa in the church of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva. This work was completed in 1493, after which he returned to Florence and was invited to paint a picture in substitution to Ghirlandaio for the brotherhood of S. Francesco del Palco. A petition of the brotherhood is on record in which they pray that the town council of Prato will give them twenty ducats towards the thirty-five for which they had contracted with Ghirlandaio to have the picture painted. The council granted the petition, and Filippino seems to have received the same price as his more celebrated rival was to get. The picture is now in the Munich Gallery, and by this fine specimen of the artist's work we can judge something of the prices the painters of the beginning of the sixteenth century were paid. The price was equivalent to less than one hundred dollars. Filippino was, like most of his con-

temporary painters, strongly imbued with love for the antique, which is shown in the decorative part of his pictures; and he seems to have been a collector of antiques, as his son Francesco inherited a number which won him the friendship of Cellini. That Filippino was recognized as one of the masters of the craft of painting of his day is evident from the constantly repeated selection of him as appraiser or judge in reference to the work of other painters. He was one of those called to the council on the occasion of the restoration of the ball and cross on the apex of the dome of Sta. Maria del Fiore of Florence, in which all the heads of the arts of sculpture, painting, and architecture were assembled, and to that which was to select the place for Michael Angelo's "David."

Filippino married in 1497. Dohme says that he died of quinsy in 1504, while Vasari puts his death at 1505, which, if the German author is correct, is another impeachment of Vasari.

I am hardly more disposed to accept Cavalcaselle's estimate of the art of our painter than I was his estimate of that of Ghirlandaio. He condemns the frescos of the Strozzi Chapel as indicating the decay of his art: to me they seem only the throwing off of the formal restraints of his masters and the expression of his own individuality. They are as careful in the study of forms and types as anything he ever did; here and there less careful in execution, but simply showing less attention to the traditions in which he was educated, and for that reason more individual. The "Martyrdom of St. Philip" is an instance of both these tendencies. The head of the old man who is, in a manner most contemptuous of mechanical probabilities, trying to pry the cross into the hole dug for it, that of the Fra-Filippesque boy at the left, and that of the man with the ladder at the right, are in the old vein; and the general effect is masterly. The great defect of the whole is lack of dramatic feeling; one feels that things could not have happened so.¹ Filippino might have done like Ghirlandaio and maintained his work in a certain majesty by a more rigid adherence to academical canons; and he might have made his work as conventionally formal and dignified as Ghirlandaio's and as uninterestingly masterly. But he was tired of the rules which helped him while they kept him in; he gambols lamely but more content. He was not a great master, but one of those who are made by the art of others more than they make for others. While he conforms to his masters he seems himself a master, and technically he always *is* one.

W. J. Stillman.

¹ Woermann, who writes the notice in Dohme, considers imagination one of Filippino's distinctions, which only shows that the conception of the nature of imag-

ination in the writer is, as in most German critics, one of mechanical rather than of vital qualities.

FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife,"
"The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

XVI.

MISTRESS OF CHENAGE.

"We do not know when we shall pass through a day—the child of the sun—with never-failing good; for currents run this way and that, bringing both pleasures and sorrows."

"For the sower of the seed is the author of the whole harvest of mischief."



O Kelderby, between the sea and the mountains, winter came early. It was yet September, but the air was chilly, and nature was facing the inevitable with that sad patience which is so characteristic of the last days of autumn. The sea lay quiet, colorless, mournful. The mountain tops were invisible, their shoulders covered with a shady mantle of clouds, their feet sandaled with fir forests, sounding softly the lament of ancient days. Like a gloomy lake of purplish barrenness were the distant moors. Nearer at hand the cattle and sheep stood mournfully among the bracken, now every color but green—amber, crimson, lilac, ivory, and russet-brown. In the stubble crows were calling in hoarse, coarse voices to a flight of fieldfares rushing past them in hurry or fear. Where the meadows skirted the village boys were playing football, and old men leaning over the stone wall watched the ball rise against the gray sky, and listened for the thud with which it fell to the ground.

The baron saw these things with a sigh, and then turned to the windows which looked into the garden. The flowers, the bees, the birds, the butterflies, were all gone away. A solitary robin on a bare rose tree sang their requiem, or perhaps the song of their resurrection; for his trilling ended upon his highest notes, and had a tone of triumph in it. And in the garden there was still beauty. The eglantine rods waved their small scarlet balls; the ivy was chapleted with jet; the privet had black clusters that gleamed like glass. For these faithful plants wear their memorials of summer until the snow buries them.

Such scenes speak with solemn eloquence to

age. Kelder took the sermon into his heart and then turned his face from the outside world. The world inside was far more cheerful. The low, long room, with its dark walls, its handsome furniture, its bright hearth, was made still more delightful by the pleasantly thoughtful woman spinning in its light and warmth. For, in spite of her impulsive temper and ready tongue, Lady Kelder was capable of great restraints where her husband was concerned. She understood his revery. The patience of his face and attitude asked for her respect, and she gave it. She knew that his solitary and silent moods were peopled with far higher thoughts than she could share; then she was content to sit patiently in the outer sanctuary of his life. But when he pushed his chair towards the fire, and sitting down looked into her face with a smile, she gladly welcomed back to her a companionship full of sweetness and strength and confidence.

"We shall have a storm anon, Joan."

"I fear it. And, dear me! I do wish Nathaniel was at liberty to attend a little to his own affairs."

"He is constrained, and I trust willingly, to do his duty."

"A gadabout kind of duty it is. Never at home."

"I wonder, Joan, if Mistress Chenage went to Appleby?"

"Make yourself certain of it. Would Anastasia miss an opportunity to display herself? I am sure that the moon would sooner fail in her orbit. But you may certify all wonders now, for I hear my son's voice!" Her face shone, and she rose up hastily from her wheel.

Into the still old house there came with Nathaniel, not hurry or tumult, but a sense of most abundant life. His presence filled the room like sunshine. He kissed his mother and gave both hands to his father, and let his bright, sensitive face rest upon them, and upon each familiar object, with a proud thankfulness.

Quickly the whole house felt his home-coming. Voices and movements of unusual brightness and pleasant hurry passed through it. The baron, restless with expectation, walked up and down the room. Jael brought forward a small table and spread upon it spiced brawn,

cold partridge, and the wheaten loaf. An apple tart and a pitcher of thick cream edged the more substantial dishes. Wine and old October were placed within his choice. Lady Kelder watched these preparations with a thoughtful smile, and to crown them brought the chased silver tankard which she had given her son on his twenty-first birthday.

In a short time Nathaniel was ready for the meal. He had changed his clothing, and removed all traces of travel save such as defied outward renovation. But these were very marked. He was worn and weary-looking. His soul had evidently wasted his body. He had the appearance of a man who had lacked comforts, but who had not lacked fatigue and mental worry.

But it was pleasant to see the evident enjoyment with which he sat down to his own table—his grateful face, his whispered thanksgiving, the hearty, healthful portion which he meted out to his necessities. And though it may not be a very exalted pleasure to watch those we love enjoying a good meal, it is at least a very real one. The father and mother looked at the young man with delight, and doubled the delight by a constant interchange of glances which expressed their mutual satisfaction. And Nathaniel, though hungry, remembered that his parents had a very reasonable curiosity, and as he cut the generous slices of brawn he was saying:

"My Uncle Sanderson hath a very lively gratitude to you. Doubtless he will repay the gold, and in the mean time he hath given us a good gage for it. They were full of trouble, and my Aunt Ann had lost her health on the matter."

"Ann was ever a whimperer when things went not as she would have them. I hope now she will be so wise as to keep her husband out of folly. In these troublous times that is the first duty of wives."

The baron smiled faintly at this little home thrust, and asked, "What news have you of Cousin De Burg?"

"De Burg hath been strangely ill. 'T was feared that he would never recall his senses. God be thanked, that terror is passed!"

"In what condition is he now?"

"He is very weak. Two men carried him to his trial. One could have borne the burden, so much hath he fallen away."

"What hath been done in his affairs, Nathaniel?"

"He goes to London—to the Tower. His estate is sequestered to the Commonwealth, with such modest allowance from it as will pay his needful expenses in prison."

"I do not rejoice over him," said Lady Kelder, "though he has but gotten the wages he

earned. They who kindle a fire must put up with the smoke. And as he could not bear wealth well, he must learn how poverty will bear itself. Was Mistress Chenage at the trial?"

Nathaniel's face darkened as he answered: "She was there. I think, however, that the Protector himself judged both De Burg and Prideaux, or the one had got less than his deserts, and the other more. For Anastasia had won the judges ere her father came to his trial, and her passion at their decision in Prideaux's case showed that she intended him more harm than he got."

"George Fox has been in London again. He may have moved Cromwell about both men."

"Cromwell is froward in himself to render justice. But herein some one had taught him particulars, for after the judges were on the bench, and the assize opened, a special messenger arrived and delivered them in open court two papers, and I am most sure their superscription was in the Protector's handwriting. In De Burg's case the verdict was, without doubt, unexpected, for Mistress Chenage showed a temper of disappointment beyond all womanliness. Nor did she company with the judges afterwards."

"What said she, Nathaniel?"

"Dear mother, 't would be unprofitable and fretting to repeat her. She is the sort of woman who cannot miscarry in her undertakings without calling earth and heaven to witness what wrongs she suffers."

"Indeed, 't is said her tongue hath driven her husband beyond seas."

"Pray God her intents were not sharper than her words! I think, indeed, that Anastasia's heart is worse than her tongue."

"What mean you?"

"Nay, I will not shape my suppositions. I doubt that Chenage forgot that the enemy he neither suspected nor feared was the most dangerous."

"What heard you of his strange disappearance?"

"A confused report passed through my ears, but full of hurry and unlikely dread. Le Tall whispers of the Devil and bottomless perdition. Others say he prodigally threw his life away, and now sits in hell brooding o'er the unprofitable escape. 'T is certain his wife mourns not for his fate; she laments it o'er much. Great sorrows find not leisure for such complaining."

"Hath De Burg left for London?"

"He was most anxious to leave. The Tower is a palace to the hole in which he has suffered so much; 't is also, he says, 'a prison befitting his rank'; and, though he could scarce whisper, he made shift to tell me that King Charles would pay a brave rent for his lodging."

"Is there good-will between you?"

"He is as grateful as a man can be who reviles fate for giving him back life through such hands as mine. Anastasia travels with him. She will pillow his way with her enchantments. I think surely the officers on guard will carry him all the way in their arms if she but smile and ask them. Never has she been so radiantly beautiful, yet never have I thought her so little to be wished for, so much to be dreaded."

"We carry the character of our souls mystically in our faces, Nathaniel. What says the son of Sirach? 'A man may be known by his look, and one that hath understanding by his countenance, when thou meetest him.' If God giveth wisdom to conjecture the countenance, it is as legible as a book, read in less time, and far less apt to deceive us; but in this matter God speaketh often to men and they heed him not."

"You are quite right, Baron. As for Anastasia, the woman is pretty handsome, but she is no miracle. I can never believe her beauty able to smite any sensible man. Pray God she do nothing worse than smile her father an easy journey to a sad-enough place!"

Presently the baron said: "I have been thinking of Roger Prideaux. You say the Protector judged his case also?"

"I am sure of it. He has been fined three thousand pounds for his imprudent hospitality."

"A lighter punishment than I expected for him."

"Punishment is the wrong word, sir. Prideaux was unworldly wise, but otherwise guiltless of any fault; and Cromwell, who is a discernor of men and of spirits, knew so much."

"Were there any new particulars in the trial?"

"None. The evidence taken in Kendal was gone over but hurriedly, for the judges were aware that the Protector had already sifted it ere he advised the sentence."

"Did Anastasia appear against Prideaux?"

"Yea, and her fair face and bitter words had wrought his ruin if his case had not been taken into a higher court by George Fox. For surely I think it must have been Fox — or you, dear father?"

"I made no special pleading for Prideaux. Cromwell asked me concerning the man, and I spoke the truth as I believed it." Then the eyes of father and son met with an understanding in them, full of sympathy and gratitude.

"Was the Quakeress present?"

"Her evidence was required."

"Truly 't was a time for both women to make a show of their beauty and virtues! Let me see them as they appeared. I have the curiosity which is natural, I am sure."

"Anastasia was dressed in black velvet with many gold ornaments. She held a little court of the lawyers and magistrates, and her brilliant smiles won the jury ere they had seen the prisoner. When Prideaux entered she looked at him as the hunter looks at the creature already in the toils."

"And the Quakeress?"

"She sat with her aunt under the eyes of Anastasia, and within hearing of her malicious words. But Olivia's soul was refuged in a height beyond both."

"Was she looking handsomely? Was she dressed so as to win the good-will of observers?"

"She trusted in something more than beauty and fine raiment."

"Poor silly one! Has she no worldly wisdom? Could no one tell her that a good suit of clothes wins many a suit at law — that a fair face is a good case, as justice now goes?"

"Olivia wore the sober garments which best become a woman. She is lovely enough to need not the adornment of gay cloth and gold and jewels. I would that you had seen her. You would have thought better of all other women for her sake."

"Indeed, I know not. A woman so wondrous fair might surely have asked of her beauty whatever good influence it had to help her father's case. Men are men, and not angels, Nathaniel."

"Then men should not be tempted to injustice, even though it tended to mercy. Olivia had a surer friend than her own loveliness. 'God was on our side,' she said to me after the trial, 'Oh, I knew well in whom I trusted! I said, "Our Father which art in heaven, save my father." And he saved him.'"

"Yet he has three thousand pounds to pay."

"She prayed not for his gold, but for his life."

"Three thousand pounds! 'T is a big price for a single guest. He will entertain no more strangers, I think."

"Prideaux would shelter a flying man to-morrow. So would Olivia."

"These Quakers are good at holdfast. They get an idea —"

"A conviction, mother."

"A conviction, then — for instance, that it is wrong to give hat-honor to any creature, and they will rot in prison or hang in chains rather than uncover their heads. Faith! their religion is in their hats, as Samson's strength was in his hair. Surely, Nathaniel, they are very poor creatures. If they were not, some would say a good word for them. But Independents, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Episcopalians are all against a Quaker."

"I confess it. And there is excellent reason for their hatred. Men who can live a life of the

straitest piety and the most sublime faith without the help of churches must be stumbling-blocks and rocks of offense to the priests of every creed. Churches are everything to priests that Diana was to the silversmiths of Ephesus. No wonder they cry out, and make an uproar, and hale Quakers to prison. For their craft is in danger if men press beyond all forms and symbols and worship the Spirit in the spirit."

"Nothing but spirit, spirit, spirit, and not a word of sacraments and the ministry! No, I will not disdain the helps which God has provided. Losing myself in a wilderness, and knowing nothing, and being nothing, and having no will and no desires of my own, is but a poor exchange for the comfort of prayers and sacraments, and the shelter of the Church, and the advices of the priest. Until God gives me wings, I shall be so wise as to use my feet, Nathaniel."

The baron smiled, and Nathaniel leaned towards the earnest little lady and kissed her. She had the last word in the argument, and it satisfied her. With a more benignant face she asked, "What is to be done to that poor serving-man?"

"God has taken him. He was dying when I reached Appleby. Mother, I will tell you a great thing of that poor serving-man. He had saved three hundred pounds—he spent it all in Appleby jail. Many wretched men dying slowly for small debts he set at liberty. All prisoners for conscience' sake shared it to the last penny. In his thin, aged arms five men died happy for the great hope he had taught them. It appeared as if the strength and spirit of his youth came back to answer his great need of them."

"I think that he was a good man."

"Indeed, father, he was a soul of God's best earthly mold; wise in that learning that comes by reverence. Concerning the many entrances to scientific divinity Asa knew nothing at all; but he had found out the one only door to the kingdom of heaven."

"Is Appleby jail so bad a place as it is said to be?"

"'T is like all the jails in England, father; a hideous place in which dwell murder, envy, baleful destinies, squalid filth, wasting corruption, and many diseases. Birth is there, and death; slumber and wakefulness; the cry of the wicked in his punishment; the cry of the child in its innocent suffering; discordant clamors; the solemn whisper of prayer; yea, and the still small voice of God."

"Yet, Nathaniel, a hard place to die in."

"Asa lay down there as calmly as a child lies down to slumber on its mother's knee. 'T is beyond doubt that he had glorious com-

pany all down that 'narrow road shelving to the grave' which George Fox foresaw for him. And his last mortal word was a glad cry of recognition—Felicia!"

"Felicia?"

"'T was his wife's name. She left him many years ago."

"So does death make marriage."

The baron spoke with great emotion, and Lady Kelder lifted her eyes to her husband's face and caught the tender look with which he was regarding her. It was a moment in which all felt their immortality. But it is only for a moment the mortal can bear what is above mortality, and the first natural rebound of spiritual exaltation is to touch earth again. Lady Kelder rose, brought her wheel to her hand, and began to spin. And as she gently turned it she asked:

"Did Prideaux come back with you, Nathaniel?"

"No; the payment of his fine was to be secured, and certain formalities to be gone through, which may delay him several days. He is determined upon the sale of Sandys."

"That seemeth strange, Nathaniel," said the baron. "Three thousand pounds could not endanger Sandys beyond relief."

"And if it be truly got, it may be comfortably kept, Nathaniel."

"Yea, mother. Prideaux could keep Sandys, but his confinement hath changed him so much that he desires not to keep it. Seeing, and hearing of, and sharing in the affliction of his people, hath made his faith a burning flame. He will no longer dwell in comfort while they are scattered through all the dungeons in England. He has determined to join Fox, and visit the oppressed in every town, and minister to their bodily and spiritual necessities."

"The Vagrant Act is manifestly made for such traveling Quakers. He will be in prison again."

"In every prison he will find men to preach to, and friends to help."

"Self-denying, I confess. But what will become of his fair daughter?"

"She goes with her aunt to Mettelane." He rose with the words, and proposed to his father a walk among the farm offices. "The men are coming in from the fields," he said, "and I want to talk to them." In reality he feared any conversation with his mother concerning Olivia.

So they left the room together, and Jael entered as they did so. She began to clear the table, and for some minutes Lady Kelder did not speak to her. Among the white flax her white hands moved, and the wheel hummed gently to her indeterminate and changing thoughts.

"Jael!"

The woman stood still upon the hearth and looked inquiringly at her mistress.

"Jael, I have heard that the serving-man Asa Bevin is dead. I think surely that he was a good man,—in intent,—and it may be that God will accept the intention."

"Ambrose has told us about him. Ambrose went often to the jail with my young master. Asa Bevin did his whole duty. He always did that, did Asa."

"One should be sure that it is a duty, Jael, before we give life away. Life is a great gift. Happen the Lord likes us to value it."

"True, my Lady. But if you are going to do anything for other people's lives, you will often have to lose your own, and make no words about it. It is a grand thing, my Lady, to over-get the world, and count death eternal life."

"Unreasonableness is bound up in the heart of a Quaker. If Asa would have taken off his hat he could have kept out of jail and been alive to-day."

"Likely. More body and less soul had served him better for this world."

"What said Ambrose of the trial?"

"That the judges had ready-made verdicts. 'T is said that the Pro—"

"I know, and 't is like enough. Was Mistress Prideaux present?"

"At her father's side."

"And Master Nathaniel?"

"By her side."

"I feared it. God-a-mercy, Jael! what is to be done in this affair?"

"What we can't manage it is best to leave, my Lady. We only spoil what we have no charge to put different. Ambrose said a handsomer pair never stood together; and 't is certain that the Quaker maid far outshone the young widow—if widow she be."

"What was said of Mistress Chenage?"

"I'd as lief say nothing of her. She is a naught of all naughts. First ogling the judges, and then rating them, and anon turning on Master Nathaniel and Mistress Prideaux as if she had a mind to kill them. Most people thought her off-at-side with temper, and I am much of their mind: Handsome, but a bad heart in her. And, like the cats, never doing good but out of an ill intention."

"'T is said Master Prideaux will leave Sandys."

"I heard tell. 'T was a bad sign to see such heavy crops on the land, and I said so; a fey harvest—the last for him."

"In many things you are too superstitious, Jael."

"God-a-mercy! No, my Lady. I but read the every-day book open before my eyes.

Thus and so, from generation to generation; and why would n't it be true? When Lucy Halliday's baby died I said to her, 'Pour all your milk on the ground, or death will come again'; and she said, 'Nay, she would n't be that silly'; and so she kept her milk and lost the next bairn also."

"A pagan libation, Jael. Why should Christian mothers mind it?"

"I strain not my wits over why and wherefore, my Lady. Many happenings inner and outermer, and no reasons given us for them."

"What a noise the birds are making above the windows!"

"Fillip the sparrow. Brawling, impudent birds, always wrangling and always eating. Very common birds, my Lady. No quality among them. But when they are getting ready for bed it is near shutting-in time." Then Jael moved towards the door, and Lady Kelder began to turn her wheel again; but she sighed, and her face had the perplexed look of one who finds life a riddle beyond the solving.

Nathaniel had avoided a discussion concerning Olivia on the night of his return, but in the morning he voluntarily sought his mother's confidence. Something in his face and manner revealed his purpose before he spoke, and Lady Kelder was at once in arms. She lifted her face with a smile to meet him, but she inwardly resented the fact that Olivia was to be forced upon her notice. She had a score of more interesting things to discuss, and she thought Nathaniel might have waited her pleasure. In fact, she was very much in the same temper that made the wolf find the lamb guilty of disturbing the stream, whether the stream flowed up or down.

She talked nervously and hastily of the dahlia bulbs and the apple gathering; of Nathaniel's own need of a new velvet suit; of his father's failing health; of her own numerous household anxieties. She felt her son's divination of her motive, and at last she could no longer talk against the pained intelligence of his face. She became suddenly silent, and then made as if she would put by her wheel and leave the room.

"Stay, mother. I wish to speak to you about Mistress Prideaux."

"God's mercy! Am I never to lose the echo of a name so hateful to me? I have done my best to avoid this question; if you force it, Nathaniel, you must take the result from me."

"I do so love the girl, dear mother."

"Faith, sir! If confessions are to be made, let me tell you—I do so hate the girl."

"But why?"

"There is neither why nor wherefore about it. You have no right to ask me why.

And indeed I have other questions of far greater weight to occupy my conscience with."

"I intend to marry Olivia Prideaux, mother."

"Well, you have said so before. But between saying and doing is a big journey."

"Her father is determined to go to the American colonies. I have won the girl's love. If I marry her not, I force her to a long and dangerous voyage, and a life for which she is totally unfit. 'T is my part of honor, as well as of love, to offer her now the protection of my name and home."

"Well, then? What home?"

"Kelderby is so large, mother."

"'T is a world too small for Olivia Prideaux. And here she comes not while I stand as its mistress. Bring me a daughter like Mary Bellingham, and I will share all I have with her; or your cousin Singleton; or even Jean Raby. Faith, Nathaniel, though I love a good woman, I care not for saints and angels—till I have a translation."

"Dear mother, be patient with me. Will you let me have the use of Swaffham Manor House? You go not into it, nor nigh it, and it is quite empty."

"Swaffham! My own dower house! No, sir! If your father dies before I do, I must go to Swaffham, and you will bring that Quakeress here. Do you think I will give fate such an opportunity? To step down from Kelderby to Swaffham is ill enough, but to take her place, and let her take mine—that is a thing beyond my contemplation, and ought to be beyond yours. A good son has never dared to think that his mother was mortal."

"Be not so unjust in your words, mother; your thoughts, I know, condemn them. And if you will not love my wife, to force you is above humanity; I must pray God—"

"No, sir! I charge you make no such prayer for me. And as for a home, why go you not to Sandys?"

"Sandys is to be sold."

"To pay the Quaker's fine?"

"No 'needs be' for that end; but, as I told you, Roger Prideaux goes to America, and will turn all his estate into gold."

"Faith, if he goes nigh to the Plymouth Colony he will get his deserts. Brave Endicott and the priests who whet the swords and knot the scourges for him are such men as fear not to handle Quakers, be they men or women."

"Dear mother, 't is the thought of this, and of Olivia's upright soul, and of her danger—"

"There is no occasion for Olivia and her father to cross oceans in search of such dangers. Because they are stubborn in folly shall

I give up my home to save the girl? I trow not!"

"One room, mother—"

"If she had one room I should feel her in every room. I will not have her here, nor in any place that is mine. Take that for your answer, sir. And I shall count you very much mine enemy if you name the girl in my hearing again."

She rose up with the words and looked steadily at her son. Her face was flushed, her head thrown haughtily backward, but through her misty, troubled eyes her heart denied every cruel word she had uttered. And her son's attitude smote her. He stood by the high oak chimneypiece, his teeth firmly set in his under lip. Despairing anger widened his mournful eyes. He was the image of one who had been wronged by a love that should have succored him. She could not bear to leave him without a word more like conciliation, and with the open door in her hand she said gently:

"Any girl but this girl I will love for your sake, my son."

"There is no other, mother."

Then she closed the door and went upstairs and cried bitterly, and would listen to none of Jael's comforting because she was sure Jael in her heart sided against her. She complained that she had no friend in her trouble, not even the baron, who ever since he saw Olivia in London had been weak-hearted, and she verily believed double in the matter.

Perhaps the baron was; at any rate his authority was sufficient to prevent the open score of perpetual discussion. Nathaniel went to and fro between Kelderby and Sandys, and his visits were not commented on. And precious as the last sands of life were these hours to the lovers. For they knew that as soon as Sandys was sold some change must come. They inquired not of the future; but took day by day as a special gift of happiness.

In December Roger unexpectedly closed the house. He was going through England with George Fox, and perhaps also he thought that Nathaniel was acquiring an undue influence over his daughter. So Olivia went to Mettelane with her aunt, and fair Sandys was left alone with its memories.

Just before Christmas Nathaniel was one day on his road to Mettelane, and on Kendal bridge he met Anastasia face to face. She had a strange gentleman in her coach, and three serving-men rode behind her. She looked at Nathaniel fixedly, with burning eyes, but this day Nathaniel did not salute her. Never before had he failed to uncover his head when they met, and she was passionately angry at the implied slight. She put her head out of the window of the coach, and called after him:

"So-ho, cousin! Are you become a Quaker that you refuse me hat-honor? Or has the Quakeress forbidden you? Faith, you are a very scurvy fellow, and I have a mind to send my footman to chastise you." The words were emphasized by the mocking laugh he knew so well, and for a moment his face burned and he had a desperate longing to make her companion pay for the impertinence. Then he thought of Olivia and the temptation passed with the thought, and he rode onward whispering her name.

Anastasia was going to Chenage. She was going to carry out a little scheme of revenge which she had long contemplated, and she was in high spirits. Her meeting with Nathaniel made her dull and gloomy. But as soon as she came in sight of the gray, mournful-looking house she flung aside the depression. A dazzling light sprang into her eyes. Her lips parted in smiles. Her cheeks flushed vividly, and she impatiently pushed from them the long, drooping curls of her dark hair.

The gates were locked, and the dogs prowling about the inclosure like wild beasts. Their furious barking, and the clatter made upon the gates by her attendants, at length brought both Gilbert and Thomas to demand the reason of it. They were confounded by the apparition of their mistress. They trembled at the sound of her voice, at the nameless atmosphere she brought into the house with her.

Never had a meal been cooked in Chenage with such expedition as was cooked for Anastasia that day. While the servants were all busy about it, muttering beneath their breath their fears and their opinions, she suddenly stepped into the kitchen and asked if they had heard anything of their master. And there was so much suspicion and anger in her voice that only Audrey found courage to answer with a short but positive negative.

Anastasia fancied there was a tone of insolence in the word, and she looked at the woman. It was a cleaving glance. It made Audrey remember all the cruelty and petty insolence of her small triumphs. It made her heart turn cold with fear. It made her resolve to leave Chenage on the following day. Even when her mistress went back to the parlor she could not join in the low, timorous conversation that followed. She went to the door and looked out. It was snowing and the cold was intense. But she whispered to herself, "To-morrow I go, if she stays."

Five minutes after she had made this resolution one of the men brought from London by Anastasia informed Audrey that she was wanted. An excessive terror seized her; she went trembling to answer the call. She was at no time a pleasant-looking old woman.

Cruelty, avarice, sensuality, had left their marks upon her hard face, and her bleared, soulless eyes essayed in vain their usual insolent stare. When Anastasia looked at her, she dropped their fat lids and stood in half-rebellious humility before the mistress whose wrongs and sorrows she had so often insulted.

"We will go through the house, Audrey. Get the keys and unlock the rooms."

"They are unlocked, mistress."

"All of them?"

"I would n't wonder, mistress. Master liked them unlocked; he did that."

Anastasia laughed, but it was a laugh which made Audrey wish that she had not spoken of her master.

"Go before us."

From parlor to chamber they went, Audrey first, Anastasia and the stranger following. She called him Captain Temple, and she had a good deal of conversation with him regarding improvements and refurbishing; and Audrey understood from its tone that it was the intention of Anastasia to live at Chenage a great part of her time.

"If Roger Chenage should come back," she said with an indescribable air—"if he should come back, I wish to be here to welcome him." Audrey listened to her with fear and wonder. She was constantly appealed to regarding the traditions of certain rooms; but ever, amid her babbling recollections of former squires and dames of Chenage, she was trying to recall the special indignities and unkindnesses she had offered to its present mistress.

In a little corner room of the second story, which afforded a magnificent view of the country, the party stood silent for a few moments, and Audrey, dropping a most unusual courtesy, turned to leave.

"Stop. We have not yet seen the upper floor."

"The garret, mistress?—the lumber-room? There is nothing else."

"Only the most interesting room in the house, the room in which Lady Cecilia died—I mean in which she was done to death. Captain Temple is a relative of hers; he wishes to see it, Audrey."

"I protest, mistress."

"I protest, Audrey, that you will open it."

With a white, sullen face Audrey produced the key and preceded the party upstairs. In a few moments they stood within a large apartment containing nothing whatever but the iron staple and chain and bracelet, as Chenage had described them. It was lighted by several windows, but the chain was too short to admit of a prisoner reaching any of them. Captain Temple looked the horror he felt. Anastasia touched the instruments of cruelty, and then turned to the trembling woman at her side.

"How long was the Lady Cecilia a prisoner here?"

"Eleven years. She was mad."

"No wonder. Who had charge of her?"

"I—I was very kind to her."

"The better for you; for 't is said her ghost walks here all night, and I intend you to keep it company. Well, if you did her no wrong you need not fear it."

"Mistress, have pity!"

"Such pity as you gave you shall have."

"I shall die; I shall die of fright!"

"Faith! No one will be sorry. So this was to have been my chamber,"—she looked with kindling anger around her,—“and you, woman, my jailer! Give me the key of the bracelet."

"Mistress!"

"Give me the key."

She was in a blazing passion, and the stamp of her foot on the floor was like a blow to the almost fainting woman. But she put her hand in her pocket and found the key, and with an almost inarticulate cry for mercy she handed it to Anastasia.

"Captain, lock the ring round her right wrist. It is your part of a righteous retribution."

Then the woman groveled in abject terror and humiliation at Anastasia's feet, and Anastasia spurned her away with loathing and hatred. There was no pity in her reproaches; there was still less pity in the stern silence of the man who was Lady Cecilia's avenger; and in a few moments Audrey was learning by personal experience something of the misery she had inflicted.

"Make haste to die; it is your only hope of release." And with these words Anastasia locked the door and went leisurely with her companion down the dark, winding staircase. Her light laugh and the tapping of her shoes on the oak floors were strangely distinct in the uncanny silence of the lonely house.

After she had eaten and drank she called in every one of the old servants of Chenage and dismissed them. Gilbert, who had been all his life in the house, pleaded that he had no relatives left and knew not where to go.

"I will warrant you have money saved, for you are a thief. I have seen you selling the wheat out of the granary."

"The master has four hundred pounds and some more of mine."

"A likely story, truly! Where is your proof? and I will pay you."

"Alack-a-day! I have never a scrap of writing. The master knew; the master knew—"

"For my part I am sure that you are an impudent liar."

"Audrey knows too, mistress; Audrey knows—"

"Audrey, indeed! Audrey will say whatever I want her to say. Audrey is in my service now, and I will keep her where you cannot teach her what to say. Thomas, be off from Chenage by noon to-morrow—by daylight were better, lest worse befall you. Had you also money with the master?" Then, turning on the women, she said with a double fierceness: "Nan Kerr, I hear you came from Carlisle. Be as far as you can on the way back to Carlisle ere my sleep is over. Jess, 'pretty Jessie,'—so your master called you, I think,—you are a bad wench, and out of house you go at daylight. Wages, did you say? Not a farthing bit. The master owes you money belike, also. Such a parcel of rogues in a house! I wish I may keep my temper long enough to clear it of you."

"Mistress, mistress, I cannot leave Chenage!" cried Gilbert, piteously. "I am an old man. I have no home but Chenage. I have no friends."

"Bethink you, sirrah. One day I wished to leave Chenage to see my friends, and you told me that the dogs would not permit me. The dogs can drive out as well as in. Do you understand?"

"God help me! I am old and friendless, and my gold is gone."

"Ask the Devil's help; 't were better you did not remind God of your existence. Ask the Devil's help. He knows you."

"Mistress," said Jess, "I always liked you. I will serve you faithful. Let me stay. 'T is a long way back to Conistone, and over mountains—" Then Jess ceased speaking, for she saw her mistress toss her head and turn on her heel with an impertinent shrug, and she suddenly remembered that she had once answered her in the same manner. The action was too cleverly imitated to be mistaken, and the girl knew that all her entreaties would be in vain.

"All of you go, the sooner the better, and leave behind you some token for the constable. I know not what you may have taken from the house, but faith! I'll find that out ere long. And, in earnest, I hold none of you innocent about the master. 'T will be seen yet that you did for him in some way. I find myself unable to endure you longer."

Then she turned her back upon the wretched group, and putting one hand upon Captain Temple's shoulder and one foot upon the bright brass fender, she began to sing, swaying herself to the melody with careless and graceful movements.

Temple looked at her with wondering admiration. He was an old man, and his strong face was bronzed with long sea-service. In an accidental meeting with Anastasia in London he spoke of his aunt's marriage to a Chenage,

and then he heard of her miserable fate. He had been accustomed to "right his own wrong"; he understood the feeling of Anastasia, and shared it. Her spirit was admirable in his eyes, and he rejoiced in the "accident" which had made her free. Her singing pleased him; he listened with a smiling face, and at the close of the verse said:

"Compute me how much gold the young Earl of Southport would give to be here in my place."

"He is but a poor fellow, Captain—a poor fellow who knows not what opportunity may do for love"; and then, laughing, she sang with a meaning and spirit not to be mistaken:

"A silly shepherd woo'd but wist not
How he might his mistress' favor gain;
For on a time they met but kist not,
And ever after that he woo'd in vain.
Silly youth, why dost thou dally,
Having time and season fit?
Never stand on 'shall I,' 'shall I,'
Nor commend an after wit.
He that will not, when he may,
When he will, he shall get nay."

As she finished the song she brought the chess-board and arranged the pieces for a game with her companion. And she made her moves with as much consideration as if they were her only interest in life. The terror in the lonely room upstairs, the fear and anxiety in the kitchen, gave her satisfaction. She found pleasure in reflecting that her abrupt dismissal would send her men and women into the world under suspicions they could not remove—that they were all without money, in a lonely, mountainous country, in midwinter, and at a time when there was a superfluity of servants.

After she had got a checkmate she pushed the board away, and, sitting in the firelight, she told such tales of her miserable marriage that the old man listening wished with a great oath that he had Chenage and all the servants of his wicked will under the hatches of his ship. And then such a strange light flashed into Anastasia's face that he stopped speaking and looked at her in wonder. Just a little more, and he would have read the whole story in her eyes.

He went to sleep trying to find it out. Anastasia slept not at all. She walked to and fro in the large, dim room, stopping to throw a fresh log on the fire; or to look at herself in the darkling mirror; or to open the door, and, standing with head thrust forward, listen for any unusual noise downstairs—or upstairs.

She was on the watch, and would be until she had freed the house of every one connected with Chenage. "And then," she said softly, with a sigh of satisfaction—"and then we

shall attend to Prideaux and the saint Olivia. Ha! ha! Revenge is a tasty morsel. No wonder the gods kept it for their private share."

At length she sat down before the blaze, and flung off her shoes and gown and all the restraints of her fine costume, and dozed, and dozed, and mused, and dreamed, until the pallid dawn showed her a white, frozen stretch of moorland, and a sad, shivering group of men and women fighting their way across it.

She watched them a moment or two, and then cuddled herself comfortably among the lamb's-wool blankets and dreamed of what she had been thinking—the great drift by Chenage Scaur, which might, might—which might—be so dangerous for them.

XVII.

PARTING.

"But love can hope where reason would despair."

"Their free-bred soul
Went not with priests to school,
To trim the tippet and the stole,
And pray by printed rule;
But they would cast the eager word
From their hearts' fiery core,
Smoking and red, as God had stirred
The Hebrew men of yore."

"THE first cock of hay drives the cuckoo away"; and the Mettelane meadows were all sweet with hay, and the Mettelane woods empty of cuckoos. But the garden was ablaze with roses, and from the thickest coverts came the music of the nightingale; in the day singing of the invisible sun treasured in his soul, in the misty midnight dreaming aloud his hymn of impossible love—"O sun! O sea! O rose!"¹

It was the longest day in the year, and there were at least a dozen men and women making hay in the High Meadow. Nathaniel and Olivia sat under a great oak, both a little flushed with the unusual exercise. Olivia's hood was on her lap; Nathaniel had also uncovered his head, and the cool west wind fanned them with the green leaves of the outstretched branches.

They were very happy. They were together, they had forgotten all time past, and they were not inclined to wonder about the future. They knew that when Sandys was sold there would be a great change, but until then they were taking the counsel of the wise son of Sirach, "Defraud not thyself of a good day."

Never had Nathaniel seen Olivia so charming. With the innocent gaiety of a child she told him all about her simple life. Her head was resting against the huge brown trunk, her

¹ Rückert.

little feet just escaped the hem of her white dress, and their bronzed morocco shoes and silver latches gleamed among the green grasses around them. Sometimes they were silent for very happiness, and then they listened smiling to the rude chant of the laborers as they followed one another through and through the swaths of drying grass.

"Oh, the haymaking! the haymaking!
And the shaking,
And the raking,
And the very merry making,
Of the hay, of the hay!
Of the hay, hay, hay!"

The musical repetition of the word, and the rhythmic step, and the charm of voices in unison, was chorus to the drama in their hearts.

Suddenly Nathaniel felt an impulse irresistible and delightful—a little madrigal long forgotten sprang to his lips, and he gave it utterance in a voice clear, and strong as the heart from which it came:

"Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela!
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa faint they lie,
Is fair Samela!"

"As fair Aurora in her morning gray,
Deck'd with the ruddy glisters of her love,
For she's Samela!
Like lovely Thetis on a calm'd day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancy move—
Shine fair Samela!"

"Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue
And Juno in the show of majesty,
For she's Samela!
Pallas in wit, all three, if you will view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity
Yield to Samela!"

To Olivia, ignorant of the gods of ancient days, there was no express meaning in the words. But the *dulcet* measure of the music was a charming force. They rose, and hand in hand went through the fields singing of "Fair Samela." For when the heart is full of rapture it recovers its spiritual language, and breaks forth into singing. The words make little matter. Nathaniel had not thought of "Fair Samela" for many a year; it was a song without words, as far as Olivia's intelligence of them went; but its *allegro maestoso* melody, full of slow periods and long movements, expressed, far beyond human language, the ravished perviviveness of a love so noble that

it must look to eternity for its highest fulfillment.

Softer and yet more penetrating grew the iterated lines, the words became living words, they floated into the warm atmosphere and lingered there. And the lovers felt no weight of mortal flesh, but seemed to float and glide with them through the glowing evening atmosphere, as if their will were motion and their love gave them wings.

At the garden gate Nathaniel ceased singing. They were going to enter common life again. They could hear Aunt Hannah calling to a servant to hasten the sunset meal, and the dairymaids in the home meadow calling the cows to the milking. But before he opened the gate he took Olivia in his arms and kissed the rosy blush upon her cheeks, and the love-light shining through her dropped eyelids, and the almost visible love-words upon her lips:

"Dearest Heart! Mine, and only mine?"
"Thine, Beloved, and only thine."

The words were like a golden band between them. Their clasped hands typified it. They stood still a moment to listen to a song-sparrow. He was singing on tiptoes, sparkling all over with little cries of happiness. The box trees diffused a woody fragrance, the gold-dusted snapdragons, the stocks in scented blow, the white and purple frillaries, and the sweetwilliam's homely smell—were part and parcel with the marvel of the golden skies. Noticing nothing particularly, they felt the influences of every flower, and every song, and light, and shadow. They were so happy they forgot to hope and they forgot to fear. The present moment was a full cup.

With a low laugh they crossed the door-step together, and saw Roger Prideaux sitting at the open lattice. He turned to them a face full of affection, but they knew that they had come to a sorrowful hour. Roger was much changed. His face was lined with thought and suffering, his eyes were full of piercing inquiries, there was a lofty scorn of all human ambitions on his brow. He talked with Nathaniel, until the business of the day was over, about the sufferings of the Quakers and the rapid increase of the persecuted sect.

"But I have preached to the prisoners and the oppressed a great crusade, Nathaniel," he cried. "We are going to America. In the silent forests of the new land the world has yet no thoroughfare, and we shall have peace and freedom to worship God."

(To be continued.)

Amelia E. Barr.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

On Lack of Conscience as a Means of Success.

A LITTLE experience in life makes it plain that one element of what is called "success" consists in a certain toughness of the conscience. By "success" we mean, of course, worldly success under the present conditions. We do not mean the true and high success, the conduct of one's life in all honesty, with the rewards of a pure fame and the better rewards of conscious clarity of purpose, and fairness of action. We mean that men of business who are trying to live up to an ideal are very apt to find less scrupulous men passing them at certain points, and sometimes permanently outdoing them in the mere race for wealth, from the fact that the latter are less hampered at critical moments by conscientious considerations.

It is true that "honesty is the best policy" in the long run, and as a rule even in ordinary business affairs; and it is true that many men make a complete failure in life by disregarding this maxim. It is true that honesty is one of the forces of worldly success; it is also true that dishonesty is one of the forces of worldly success.

The honest reader will perhaps ask, why this praise of dishonesty. But we are not praising dishonesty; we do not think it commendable in any way: on the contrary, we think, just as the honest reader thinks, that it is in every way condemnable and contemptible. We are, however, stating a palpable and provable fact — namely, that in the present constitution of society a lack of conscience may be an important, even a deciding, element of worldly success.

The point that we are getting at is this: namely, that it is easier to reap a certain kind of worldly success without conscience than with it; and that, therefore, the conscienceless man who reaches enormous wealth or high worldly position is not nearly so clever a fellow as his admirers think he is and proudly proclaim him to be.

We believe this to be particularly true in political life. Under the thoroughly un-American system of spoils and patronage, and by means of the prevailing system of corruption at the polls, it has been of late years prominently demonstrated that some of the highest public positions can be reached in America by men of well-nigh the lowest character. Now one reason that these men succeed is that "nothing succeeds like success"; and that even men themselves personally honest have a certain admiration for the ability of the conscienceless man of success. Our present effort is to remove a part of the credit of the successful rogue. If he is less admired perhaps he will be less successful; and if he is better understood perhaps he will be somewhat less admired. Well, then, it is a fact that the successful rascally politician, while doubtless having a certain amount of natural "smartness," is, in reality and upon close examination, not nearly so "smart" as he superficially appears to be. Under the spoils system, which is only partly abrogated in the United States, it does not take — how

ridiculously true it is that it does not take — great abilities to insure success in the corrupt maneuvers of the political field. The only wonder is when, under present conditions, a thoroughly scrupulous leader appears in local or general politics. To win success without resorting to the usual unscrupulous methods,—that is the test of real force,—there should be the focus of admiration.

The principle is true in ordinary business; it is true in politics; it is particularly true in the journalistic world. It is a harder task, it requires more genuine ability and greater "staying power," to reap worldly success in this field scrupulously than unscrupulously.

The fact is that there is altogether too much reverence for rascals, and for rascally methods, on the part of tolerably decent people. Rascality is picturesque, doubtless, and in fiction it has even its moral uses; but in real life it should have no toleration; and it is, as a matter of fact, seldom accompanied by the ability that it brags.

One proof that the smart rogue is not so smart as he thinks, and as others think, is that he so often comes to grief. He arrives at his successes through his knowledge of the evil in men; he comes to grief through his ignorance of the good in men. He thinks he knows "human nature," but he only half knows it. Therefore he is constantly in danger of making a fatal mistake. For instance, his excuse to himself for lying and trickery is that lying and trickery are indulged in by others — even by some men who make a loud boast of virtue before the world. A little more or less of lying and trickery seems to make no difference, he assumes,—especially so long as there is no public display of lies and tricks,—for he understands that there must always be a certain outward propriety in order to insure even the inferior kind of success he is aiming at. But, having no usable conscience to guide him, he underrates the sensitiveness of other consciences,—and especially the sensitiveness of that vague sentiment called "public opinion,"—and he makes a miscalculation, which, if it does not land him in the penitentiary, at least makes him of no use to his respectable allies; therefore, of no use to his semi-criminal associates; therefore, a surprised, miserable, and vindictive failure.

New York's Reformed Electoral System.

THE State of New York has now the most thoroughly reformed electoral system of all States in the Union. The enactment of the Saxon Ballot Act, after three years of discussion and repeated failures, was the first step, and the enactment of Saxton's Corrupt Practices Act, the first American imitation of the English act of that name, was the second, though curiously enough the second step was taken first. The new ballot law, though the outcome of a compromise, is really an excellent measure. It differs from other American ballot laws in several respects, but only in relation to methods of operation. The vital principle of a secret

official ballot, printed and distributed at the public expense, is retained inviolate.

In nearly all other American laws, which, like it, are adaptations of the Australian system, the names of the various candidates are printed upon one large ballot. In some of these laws the names are arranged in party groups with the party name or title or sign printed above each; in others, the names are arranged in alphabetical order under each office, with the politics of each candidate indicated after his name. Under the New York law the names are arranged in party groups upon separate ballots, but with no party names above them, and with nothing to indicate the politics of the candidates, after their names. The voter will receive a set of ballots, numbering as many as there are parties or factions or movements making nominations, and a blank ballot containing only the names of the offices, but all will be printed in exactly the same manner, with no distinguishing mark as to their political character. Each ballot will have a coupon attached to it upon which the ballot clerk must write his initials before he hands the ballots to the voter, together with the voter's number, which is also entered upon the tally list. The voter must take his ballots into a secret compartment and there prepare one of them for voting. He can paste or write upon it any name he pleases, can paste on it a complete ballot, or can write an entire new ticket on the blank ballot. When he has finished, he must fold all the ballots in such a way as to conceal their identity and leave the coupons exposed, and emerging from the compartment must present the ballot which he wishes to vote to the clerk in charge of the ballot-box, who, after identifying him by the numbers on the coupon and tally list, must tear off the coupon and deposit the ballot. The unused ballots, after their coupons are removed, must be deposited in a locked box provided for the purpose.

This is the secret official ballot in all its simplicity and perfection. No ballot can be voted save one received inside the polling place. No ticket peddler or other electioneering agent is allowed within one hundred and fifty feet of the polling place. A boss or a briber may give a voter a "paster" and get the latter's promise to use it, but he cannot follow him to the polls to see if he keeps his bargain. All ballots are to be printed and distributed at the public expense; so that there will be no longer any excuse for heavy "assessments" upon candidates for election expenses, including the hiring of large gangs of ticket peddlers and "heelers." The law provides for nominations by petitions, so that one thousand men by favoring the same candidate for governor, or the same candidates for an entire State ticket, can have the name or names of their candidate or candidates printed upon all the ballots and distributed in all the polling places on equal terms with the nominations of the regular political organizations. Three hundred citizens of New York City or Brooklyn can, in the same way, secure a nominee for mayor, or any other city or county office. Here is a weapon ready at hand for use at any time against caucus tyranny, which is destined at no distant time to abolish the caucus entirely—at least in its old and most pernicious form.

With a ballot law of this kind as a basis for electoral reform, a Corrupt Practices Act which aims to abolish bribery of all kinds from elections can accomplish a

great deal, provided it is a comprehensive and adequate measure. Mr. Saxton's act of that name, which became a law before his ballot act did, cannot be called such. It had a serious defect, which was at once revealed at its first trial after a municipal election in Albany. It required the sworn publication after election of all campaign receipts and expenditures, by candidates or their agents, but neglected to make the same requirement of campaign committees. The result was that the candidates evaded the law by simply stating the sums they had paid to the committees. The governor recommended an amendment extending the provisions of the act to campaign committees, which passed the Senate but failed in the Assembly. This Corrupt Practices Act is very interesting as constituting the first application to American methods of the principles of the English act which were discussed in *THE CENTURY* in February last. It is a decisive and important step in the right direction, and can be briefly summed up in three parts.

1. *Provisions against the briber.* These are very minute and specific and the penalties are very stringent. Any person is forbidden, either directly or indirectly, by himself or through any other person, to influence the vote of another in any possible manner, either by bribery, loan, persuasion, promise of money or office or anything of value, intimidation, threat of loss of employment or reduction of wages, use of so-called "pay-envelopes," betting, coercion, restraint, or any means whatever. Any person is forbidden also to induce another, by any means whatever, to refrain from voting. Any candidate convicted of bribery or undue influence of any kind mentioned in the law, either by himself or through an agent, will be liable to imprisonment of not less than three months nor more than one year, and will be obliged to forfeit his office in case of election.

2. *Provisions against the bribed.* These include all the forms of bribery and influence mentioned as unlawful for the briber to practice, and forbid any voter to submit to them, either by himself or through another, either in voting or in refraining from voting. The penalty for violation of these provisions is imprisonment for not less than three months nor more than one year, and exclusion from the right of suffrage for five years.

3. *Provisions for sworn publication of campaign expenditures.* These can best be given by quoting the text of the law, which is as follows:

Every candidate who is voted for at any public election held within this State shall, within ten days after such election, file, as hereinafter provided, an itemized statement, showing in detail all the moneys contributed or expended by him, directly or indirectly, by himself or through any other person, in aid of his election. Such statement shall give the names of the various persons who received such moneys, the specific nature of each item, and the purpose for which it was expended or contributed. There shall be attached to such statement an affidavit subscribed and sworn to by such candidate, setting forth in substance that the statement thus made is in all respects true, and that the same is a full and detailed statement of all moneys so contributed or expended by him, directly or indirectly, by himself or through any other person, in aid of his election.

It will be observed that not only every candidate who is elected, but "every candidate who is voted for," must file these sworn statements. The law goes on to specify that all candidates for State office must file their statements with the Secretary of State, and all

those for local offices, with the county clerk. Failure or neglect by any candidate to file such statement will be a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment of not less than three months nor more than a year, and, in case of an elected candidate, by forfeiture of his office also.

The chief defects in the bill are its lack of an express prohibition of assessments or levies upon candidates by political organizations as the price of their nomination; its failure to require sworn publication of expenditures by all campaign committees as well as by candidates; its failure to put a maximum limit to campaign expenditures, as the English law does; and its neglect to fix a penalty for making false returns. The assessment evil is a very serious one; and while it may be mitigated by the requirements of the Saxton law, it cannot be wholly destroyed. Publication of the receipts and disbursements by campaign committees is fully as important as that by candidates. The bill which passed one house of the Massachusetts legislature in 1889 required such publication both by candidates and by committees, and fixed a penalty for false returns. It is much to be regretted that Senator Saxton did not imitate it in this respect. In most other respects his law is superior to the Massachusetts proposal. As for a maximum limit, it may be found that that feature of the English law cannot be put in practical operation here. We have so large a number of offices that a limit in each case would be very difficult to fix.

The great point gained by the Saxton law is publicity of expenditures. We have never had this before in this country, and its possibilities of good are illimitable. In regard to "assessments," it will be extremely difficult for New York City candidates, who have heretofore paid from \$5000 to \$25,000 for a nomination, to conceal that payment among the items of a sworn statement in which they are required to give "the specific nature of each item, and the purpose for which it was expended or contributed." In short, publicity, the most deadly enemy of corruption in government everywhere, will under this law be brought to bear upon corruption in elections, and the result is certain to be in every way beneficial.

A Recent Sermon.

SUCH sermons as that preached by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, on the "National Sin of Literary Piracy," and one recently preached by the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, touching upon the present condition of New York municipal affairs and the consequent duty of Christians, help to keep alive the respect of the world for the office and calling of the Christian ministry. We have already spoken of Dr. Van Dyke's most clear, eloquent, and patriotic restatement of the eighth commandment in connection with intellectual property.

Dr. Parkhurst's sermon happens to apply to the state of things in a single city, that city, in shame be it spoken, the "chief" one of America. But how many cities in America are governed in a manner which represents the wishes, the tone, of the more decent inhabitants? and in how many American cities would the preacher's words apply with stinging effect? The earnest preacher describes the group of men who permeate the public offices of New York City in lan-

guage as accurate as it is damning. Let us hope that nowhere else would just this description prove true, but let us acknowledge that in scarcely any American city where it is largely profitable to steal are all the offices manned by men of such character that private moneyed institutions would select them for positions of similar responsibility.

Dr. Parkhurst says with regard to the men who dominate New York municipal life that "their only title to candidacy was their deviltry, and their only apology for being elected the apathy of the saints and the subserviency of respectable men to political bossism." He adds:

We maintain in this city schools of the prophets, we ship missionaries to all countries, and we annually export tons of Bibles and evangelical literature, and yet there is not concrete holiness enough on Manhattan Island to insure us against a system of political brigandage that excels even the organized outlawry of Italian banditti in the monstrosity of its demands and the frank cheerfulness of its methods.

It is as much a Christian's duty to love his country as his God. To an American the Stars and Stripes ought to be as much of his actual religion as the Sermon on the Mount. It is as much the duty of a New York Christian to go to the polls on election day as for him to go to the Lord's Table on communion day. What is needed is a Christian conscience vital and real enough to damn iniquity even when it would be more convenient to have it taken up into glory. So that if you are a Democrat and hear a Democrat lie, you will be prepared to brand it as a lie then and there. If you are a Republican and know a man is a bribe-giver, you will be prepared to brand him as a bribe-giver, even though he be a Republican and worth a good deal to his party.

If a Christian minister, with noble frankness, thus must needs remind members of Christian churches of their civic duties, need the churches be surprised if those who are not actually within their fold, but whose whole hearts are engaged in the attempt to establish really free institutions in the New World, look with astonishment upon the lukewarmness of professed Christians in matters of such vital and enormous import? Every Christian church is a society for the cultivation of the highest and purest ethics; every community in the United States has at least one of these societies; the larger communities are crowded with them. Are these numerous, these busy and well-equipped, these dominant societies having the effect they should have upon the standard of public morals? Do known scamps constantly get to be aldermen, mayors, legislators, governors, representatives, senators—here where hundreds and thousands of these societies for the culture of the highest ethical standards are sprinkled thickly through the land? Are men of known lack of conscience openly intrusted with the management of local or general elections and election funds? And are political tricksters and notorious corruptionists associated with, trusted, supported, by prominent members of these ethical societies, these Christian churches?

If these things are so,—if Dr. Parkhurst is right,—to what influence shall we look for the purification of public morals? "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets," like Dr. Parkhurst, "and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them."

Tom-toms in Politics.

WHILE the din of party strife is for the moment unheard, let us do something to encourage urbanity in politics, though it be no more than to turn our thoughts

in that direction. Let us think "malice towards none, with charity for all," even when the campaign is on and kindly sentiments are drowned by the tom-toms of the politicians and the party newspapers.

To be sure, party warfare is the natural condition of representative government. Men will always struggle for political principles and for the honors — and the spoils — of office only less fiercely than on the battlefield for national existence. And a more personal element enters into the question: men will fight just as desperately for their good names as for their lives. When the political tom-toms sound false abuse, tom-toms are sounded in reply, and the opposing forces, with unseemly noise and hideous masks hiding their better natures, go forth to defeat and victory.

Mental qualities, personal tastes and temperament, undoubtedly do much to place a man in this, that, or the other party; and some men are so constituted as to be repelled by the idea of absolute allegiance to any party. The latter prefer to solve the issue for themselves, and to train, for the time, with the party they think is in the right or is provided with the safest leaders. They are a useful class of citizens, and are more conscientious than ambitious, because it is their part to serve, not to play the master. When they announce a choice the leader of their present alliance says, "Well done"; but the leader they have turned from sets the tom-toms ringing with execration. So soon as their conscience carries them again in the other direction, praise and penalties are reversed. It is as true in politics as in business and in war that the strong leader who welcomes accretions is most ruthless in his feelings towards the cooled partisan or the withdrawing ally.

These personal traits, that help to determine a man's politics, draw him naturally into certain social sets and business relations. His amiabilities, therefore, are in danger of being cultivated on partisan lines. Though

kindly in heart and courteous by nature he is capable of treating a political opponent with insolence expressed in the words of a blackguard. His feelings may be more or less involved in the abuse, but the leading motive is the time-honored necessity of beating the tom-toms. Public meetings and political clubs (and no matter how generally cultivated and high-toned the members of the latter may be) indorse and cheer resolutions that stigmatize the opposing party as base in principle and motive; and they even find it within their dignity to throw low epithets at the names of "the enemy's" leaders, even though in doing so they may be dishonoring the very public offices it is the object of their efforts to fill with their own leaders. Men seem to lose the inbred manners of civilization in beating the political tom-tom.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a rule that appeals as little to a political opponent as it applies to him — when the campaign is on. And even in the lull of political strife the Republican is prone to wonder if his Democratic fellow-citizen is kind to his horse; and the Democrat, on his part, has a suspicion that his Republican neighbor supports his "style" by neglecting to pay his bills; and each respects the Independent only because, perchance, he is lending his vote, and while he is lending it.

In arguing for better thoughts and kindlier manners in political life we are, of course, paying tithes to Utopia; yet it will do good to remind ourselves after our party has been abused, and our chosen leaders defamed, that the only weapon that fills the commonplace void of routine politics is the childish tom-tom, strident and smarting perhaps, but not death-dealing, and that public men and public bodies are to be respected in proportion as they refrain from beating it. The world, by this time, ought to be too old for barbarous methods in the exercise of the duties of popular government — the most civilized of all human actions.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Inside Facts of Lincoln's Nomination.

THERE is a chapter in the history of the Chicago convention of 1860 that nominated Abraham Lincoln which has never been written. A majority of the delegates elected to this convention were favorable to the nomination of William H. Seward. That he was the favorite of the party there was no doubt.

At this time it was admitted that there were four doubtful States — New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois. In order to elect their candidate it was necessary for the Republicans to carry three of these States. A majority of the delegates from the doubtful States were of the opinion that neither one of these States could be carried by William H. Seward if he should be nominated by the convention. This opinion was freely expressed among the delegates, and was generally believed, and it was this belief that prevented his nomination.

The State conventions of Indiana and Illinois had each instructed their delegates to vote for Abraham

Lincoln; a majority of the delegates from Pennsylvania presented the name of Simon Cameron; while those from New Jersey were desirous to secure the nomination of William L. Dayton. These names were urged because the delegates from these States were satisfied that William H. Seward could not be elected if nominated, and were of the opinion that some other candidate could.

The fact that William H. Seward could not carry the doubtful States was pressed strongly upon all the delegates, and they were told that his nomination would surely defeat the party, and insure the success of the Democratic candidate and the party's policy for the extension of slavery.

The convention was appointed to meet on Wednesday. On Tuesday a committee from Massachusetts and some of the other New England States, with John A. Andrew at its head, visited the delegates from the four doubtful States. Mr. Andrew was the spokesman for his committee. He stated that it was the desire of all that the party should succeed;

that he and others from New England were in favor of William H. Seward, but that they preferred the success of the party rather than the election of any particular individual; and when it was made apparent to them that William H. Seward could not carry the doubtful States and that some other man could, they were willing to give up Mr. Seward and go for the man who could make victory certain. "You delegates all say that William H. Seward cannot carry the doubtful States. When we ask you who can, you from New Jersey give us the name of William L. Dayton, a most excellent and worthy man in every way, and entirely satisfactory to us; but when we go to Pennsylvania they name Simon Cameron; and Indiana and Illinois, Abraham Lincoln. Now it is impossible to have all these three candidates, and unless you delegates from the four doubtful States can agree upon some one candidate, whom you think can carry these States, we from New England will vote for our choice, William H. Seward of New York; but if you will unite upon some one candidate and present his name, we will give him enough votes to place him in nomination." The talk of this committee made a profound impression upon the delegates from the four States, and the necessity of uniting upon some one candidate was felt by all. If they could unite on some one, then there were men enough ready to nominate him. If the four States did not agree, but persisted in putting forward the three candidates, then William H. Seward would be nominated and the party defeated. This was the manner it was presented to them, and certainly a very large majority of all the delegates from the four States so regarded it. The responsibility of the situation was felt, but the difficulty was not an easy one to overcome. Most of the delegates had been instructed, or at least had been elected with the understanding, that they should vote for one of these candidates. To break from them and vote for some one else was not a very easy or pleasant thing to do. This was the situation when the convention assembled on Wednesday. The writer of this was placed on the committee on resolutions, and after the adjournment on Wednesday took no part in the convention until Thursday noon, at which time the committee on resolutions had agreed upon their platform. He then learned that a sub-convention of the delegates from the four doubtful States had been called at the Cameron rooms in Chicago, and that it was then in session. He proceeded there at once and found it organized, with Governor Andrew Reeder of Pennsylvania in the chair. Much discussion was going on, and it was very evident that nothing could be agreed upon in this sub-convention. The writer proposed to Mr. Judd of Illinois that the matter should be referred to a committee of three from each State to be selected by the States. Mr. Judd made this motion and it was carried, and the delegates from each State appointed its committee. The writer cannot remember all the names of the different committees. From Illinois a committee of three was appointed with Judge David Davis at its head; from Indiana, a similar committee with Caleb B. Smith. From Pennsylvania, David Wilmot, William B. Mann, and Judge Purviance were appointed. From New Jersey Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Ephraim Marsh, and Thomas H. Dudley. This committee met at David Wilmot's rooms the same evening (Thursday) at six o'clock. The whole

committee of twelve were present. They remained in session from six until eleven o'clock in the evening. At ten o'clock the white head of Horace Greeley was thrust into the room. He asked if anything had been done, and was told that nothing had been. It was then, under the belief that the committee had failed to agree to anything, that he telegraphed to the "Tribune" that William H. Seward would be nominated the next day on the second ballot. This telegram appeared in the paper on Friday. Thus it is that "man proposes, but God disposes." After Greeley had left, one of the committee from New Jersey proposed that they should ascertain, so far as they could, the vote that each of the three candidates, Lincoln, Cameron, and Dayton, could command in the convention. This canvass was made, and it was found that Lincoln was the strongest candidate; that he could obtain more votes than either of the others in the convention. This fact being ascertained to the satisfaction of all the committee, one of the delegates from New Jersey asked the committee from Pennsylvania, if New Jersey would give up Dayton and vote for Lincoln, whether the friends of Cameron would also agree to support Lincoln. The committee from Pennsylvania stated that they had no power to bind their co-delegates, but that they were prepared to recommend it, providing the committee from New Jersey would do the same. After some discussion this was agreed to, and Abraham Lincoln, so far as this committee of twelve from the four doubtful States was concerned, was agreed upon as the candidate for the Presidency. The understanding was that the three committeemen from Pennsylvania were to submit the conclusion of the committee to the delegates from that State and urge upon them its adoption, and the committee from New Jersey agreed on their part to submit the matter to the friends of Judge Dayton, and to urge upon them the ratification of the action of the committee to vote as a unit for Lincoln. A meeting of the delegates from New Jersey who were friendly to William L. Dayton was called at the Richmond House the same night at one o'clock. All of Judge Dayton's friends were present, and after they had been informed what had been done by the committee of twelve, they ratified it and agreed that after the complimentary voting was over they would vote for Lincoln. The Pennsylvania delegates met the next morning (Friday) at nine o'clock, and after hearing the report of their committee agreed to cast their votes for Abraham Lincoln, after giving complimentary votes for Simon Cameron. The committee of twelve, before they adjourned after agreeing upon Abraham Lincoln as their candidate for President, consulted upon the question of Vice-President and selected Henry Winter Davis of Maryland; and Judge Davis of Illinois, his first cousin, was appointed to telegraph him and ask if he would accept, if nominated. An answer was received from him the next morning that he would not accept. But for this refusal Henry Winter Davis would have been placed upon the ticket with Lincoln. Before the committee of twelve adjourned it was agreed to keep the proceedings private, except to those who were immediately interested. In consequence of this injunction, the action of the committee was not generally known among the delegates when the convention assembled on Friday morning. The States were called alphabeti-

cally. New Jersey was called before Pennsylvania, and on the third ballot, when this State was called, the writer, who had been selected to make the break, arose and stated that on that ballot he should vote for Abraham Lincoln, and he was at once followed by all the other friends of William L. Dayton, who voted for Lincoln. On the same ballot when Pennsylvania was called the delegates from that State voted for Lincoln, as had been agreed upon. This gave Lincoln the four doubtful States and virtually nominated him. As soon as this was seen, some of the States that had voted changed their votes, and others that had not voted cast their votes for Lincoln, giving him a majority of the whole convention and thus nominating him. I am not aware that this part of the history of the convention has ever been made public. It is but right and proper that it should be given to history.

CAMDEN, N. J.

Thomas H. Dudley.

University Extension and the Science of Teaching.

In failing to give direct instruction on the education of children the universities and colleges are guilty of a great wrong in thus neglecting that training which fits for the greatest responsibility of life. The indifference of the higher institutions of learning to the subject of education is also greatly responsible for its being the one great subject about which educated men generally are most ignorant.

As influences upon the lower orders of society must come from the higher orders, it is almost useless to expect any more general interest in education until the universities set the example and give to its study the prestige and the means for research and investigation given to other and less important subjects. In thus reaching out to help the teaching profession to a broader and deeper knowledge of educational principles, the universities will be brought to see their own needs and their neglect of the most important thing in life—the bringing up of children.

It is a mistake to think that a knowledge of the philosophy and science of education belongs only to the teacher. The teacher's influence and power is very great, but it is small compared with that of the parent: therefore how important to the parent is the knowledge of child-nature in its physiological and psychological aspects; the value and order of certain studies; the respective worth of educational practices and the principles upon which they are based, etc. The overwhelming amount of evil that is due to ignorance of these things on the part of parents, together with the irresponsible and unthinking way the duties of parenthood are as-

sumed, demands the attention of thinking men, and calls for some solution—some instruction from the centers of thought and learning. However, the growing need for educational knowledge will continually force on the higher institutions of learning the necessity for giving to educational research and study the moral support and the opportunities it so fairly deserves.

The world needs teachers, great ones, teachers for children and teachers for the people, and it is the university that should supply these by widening its functions and becoming, as it should, the great teacher of the people. University extension in this country is only in its infancy, but its value and practicability as demonstrated in England and Scotland assure a large and vigorous growth. University extension, too, is suggestive of such a wide scope of activities and influences that it is to be hoped that through this means will be begun in the near future some work for humanity, some work for the enlightenment and the moral uplifting of the masses. The extension of university privileges and influences to the school and to the people is a sign that the university is beginning to assume its proper sociological function.

"THE TEACHER."

Mary Hargrove Simpson.

Bloodhounds and Slaves.

IN THE MARCH CENTURY I notice an interesting article, "Bloodhounds and Slaves."

Many a Southerner will smile as he reads: "I suppose it will hardly be believed, but, as a fact, dogs were rarely used in the South for tracking human beings. I never knew of a case where they were used in Virginia. . . . I saw but one pack in Georgia, . . . and I never heard of a pack in Alabama." This only shows what Mr. Nelson knew, saw, or heard, and proves nothing as to facts. His conclusions are misleading. I, too, lived many years in Alabama, and knew, saw, and heard of many packs that were kept and trained to follow the trail of runaway negroes, and I knew several men who made it their principal business to capture fugitives.

I have often seen dogs on the trail, and have seen the runaway brought in as the result of the hunt. These dogs were not bloodhounds, though often so called. Nor were they little foxhounds, from which there was no danger, but they would bite, and, as a pack, would tear a man down. Safety for the pursued was in taking to a tree.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Observer.



BRIC-À-BRAC.



MARY. And what do the notes be, Andy?
ANDY. I can't tell them off; but had I me flute I c'd play them.

Amateur Photography.

I FELL in love with Phyllis Brown:
She was the nicest girl in town.
Her father had a bank account
Of a superfluous amount;
And so the more I thought of it
The clearer seemed the benefit
That such a union would confer
At least on me — perhaps on her.
For she was pretty. Such a nose!
Such grace of curves! Such tint of rose!
Such sylph-like elegance of pose!
Such sunny eyes of heavenly blue,
With little cherubs peeping through!
Such golden bangs! — Oh, every *such*
Was the superlative of much!

And educated? She could speak
Italian, Spanish, Volapük,
French, Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch,
And every language born of Babel —
To read and speak them she was able.
So learned, pretty — rich besides;
Yes, she would be the gem of brides!
And I, though poor, had every taste,
The wealth of Kroisos would have graced;
So I resolved to risk my fate
In winning such an equal mate.

At first my chances promised fair:
She met me half-way everywhere;

Accepted my civilities;
And sometimes made me ill at ease
When I on parting held her hand
And felt that mute "You understand,"
Expressed by just the faintest squeeze.
(I cannot think she was a flirt,
And yet she did it to my hurt!)

One day I crossed the Rubicon:
I knew her father would be gone;
I rang her door-bell inly bent
On knowing if she would consent.
She sent me down a little note,
The coolest that she ever wrote:

"Excuse me, please, from seeing you,
I've something else that I must do;
I'll see you later if we live."

I asked the footman if he knew
Why such an answer she should give;
The servant shrewdly shook his head;
"She's busy, sir," he gravely said,
"Developing a negative!"

Nathan Haskell Dole.

Love-making in Hay-making.

LOVE's time is his own,
In frigid or torrid or temperate zone.
In winter or summer or springtide, or whether
The sunshine is glorious or winds stretch their
tether

To batter a city or play with a feather.

Love will have his way,
Whatever the weather;
And yet in the days that are gone, as to-day,
The making of love and the making of hay
Somehow go together.

Love's way is his own,
In frigid or torrid or temperate zone.
And whether at noontide, at eve, or at morning,
He comes as he chooses, and comes without
warning,
And prisons and barriers are but his scorning.
So Love has his way
In spite of the weather;
But why in the present and past, tell me, pray,
Do making of love and the making of hay
Always go together?

Zitella Cocke.

Reflections.

It has often been said that the world consists mainly
of fools, and one proof of it is that each individual fool
is eager to apply the statement to humanity at large.

A MAN's money is the acknowledgment of how much
he has done for somebody else.

A MAN that can tell good advice from bad does not
need it.

THE last half of a religious controversy generally
consists in concealing the fact that neither party knew
what he was talking about.

HE who tries to solve the problem of his own exist-
ence will find that it takes just a little longer than a
lifetime.

Charles D. Stewart.



MADONNA AND CHILD, BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI.
(DETAIL FROM "MADONNA, CHILD, AND ST. JOHN," IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.)